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THE

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A

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CONDUCTED BY LAYMEN.

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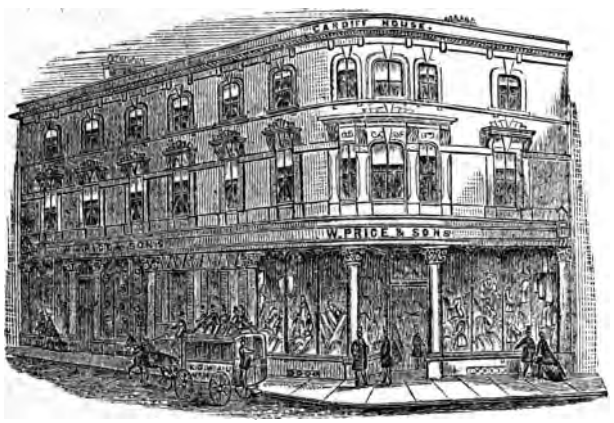
NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

So far as the limited space at our disposal will permit, we shall at all times be willing to insert any communications from the Clergy or Laity of general interest to the Church in Wales. A synopsis of papers read at Ruri-decanal meetings will be inserted if addressed to the Editor of "The Churchman in Wales," care of Messrs. Lewis and Williams, Cardiff, before the 20th of each month. Correspondents will, of course, observe the usual regulations of the Press, viz., writing legibly on one side of the paper only, and when using a "nom de plume," sending at the same time their name and address privately to the Editor.

Advertisements, and other matters connected with the business portion of THE CHURCHMAN IN WALES, to be addressed to Mr. Robert Simpson, *Western Mail* Office, Cardiff.



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MONTHLY

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NEW SERIES.

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Vicar of Grinshill, Salop.

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THE CHURCHMAN IN WALES.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

ON WALES & ITS CHURCHES, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

INTRODUCTORY.

No. I.

From the earliest periods of their history the people of Wales have been interested in theological pursuits. Before the introduction of Christianity, the British Druids were authorities in Druidism; and it is well known that the young men of Gaul resorted to Britain for instruction in their religion. The precise time when the doctrine of the meek and lowly Jesus was introduced into the island is involved in great obscurity. But it must be borne in mind that the work of grace, like the work of nature, is silent in its operations—

> "For nature—only loud when she destroys—
> Is silent when she fashions."

Therefore the first fashioning of Divine life in the souls of Britons is not registered on the roll of history like the invasion of Julius Cæsar, or the battles of Caractacus, because mankind always bestow more applause on their destroyers than on their benefactors. It is immaterial in what particular year of the first, second, or third centuries Christianity was first planted in the land. It is a fact that it did exist here before the end of the third century, and that it has remained here until the present time.

It is an inestimable privilege, involving grave responsibilities, that many of the Churches in Wales are still standing probably upon the same spot where a Christian Church has stood for nearly fifteen hundred years. Of course it is not contended that the same architectural building is standing now. The original structure might have been made of wood, or of watling, and the dead stones and the living stones may have been again and again replaced by others; but there stands the Church now, where it has stood, in

all probability for nearly fifteen centuries. Llandaff Cathedral is one of those places. Before the Saxon landed on these shores—before the Bishops of Rome claimed universal empire—before Mahomet was born—before the Danes and the Normans had ever been heard of—there stood a Christian Church at Llandaff.

We may picture to our imagination successive generations of men, coming and going like the leaves in spring and autumn; living and breathing in that neighbourhood like men are living and breathing now, and going with their wives and their little ones to Llandaff to worship the God of their fathers—the same Father, Son, and Holy Spirit that is worshipped there now. During this long period the surroundings of the place and all that is called the progress of civilization were again and again changed, and the topography of the district may have altered, but the worshippers had the same human flesh and blood as those who worship now, the same God at Llandaff whom their fathers worshipped there before them. The Venerable Bede, and other writers, have informed us how the sites of old churches like Llandaff were consecrated by the British Christians. It appears to have been customary for some holy man of exemplary piety to dwell upon the spot, usually at the Lenten season, for forty days, which were spent in watching, fasting, and prayer—imploring the blessing of our Heavenly Father upon the worship there to be offered up to Him. Looking back upon the past now, we can understand how the prayers of many of these holy men may have been answered; but looking down through the vista of futurity, at the time when they were dwelling on these sites in seclusion and prayer, the hope could scarcely have been indulged by them that after the worship of 75,000 Sabbath days had passed by, their descendants would still be worshipping the same King—Eternal, Immortal, Invisible—on the same spot where they were then praying to Him.

Recalling the fact that several European nations did not receive the light of gospel truth until many centuries after Britain, and bearing in mind that the early Asiatic Churches which were illumined by the first rays of the Sun of Righteousness, watered by Apostolical benedictions, and fostered by revelations of the Spirit, fell from their first love, and had the golden candlestick of gospel light taken away from them, the thought is a solemn one for Wales and the Welsh in the present day, that the privilege of receiving the "torch of truth" through so many generations involves the responsibility not only of letting the light shine before men, but of handing the "torch" down to generations yet to come; and depend upon it, we, who are living in Wales in this age of secularism, when for the first time in the history of England it has been discovered that a national recognition of Christianity is not a benefit to the country, shall have to answer each one for himself, whether he be bishop, priest, deacon, layman, or nonconformist, if by his indifference and negligence he betrays that trust which God has committed to him for the benefit of others, and fails to transmit to

posterity the same inheritance of truth which was bequeathed to him by his ancestors. In this age of secularism, superstition, and infidelity, when indifference to truth and error is disguised under any name that may resemble liberality, many believe that Christianity might be left in the land to adjust itself to the laws of supply and demand, and then, *if the voice of the people no longer desired it, it would be no loss to the nation to be without Christianity.* These advanced Republicans have simply to look at the present condition of those early Asiatic and African Churches whose candlestick has been taken away from them, notwithstanding all their primitive privileges, and then they may form some idea of the position which the inhabitants of Britain might have held in the history of the world if the light of truth had been taken away from Britain at the same time that it was removed from the early Eastern Churches. It is a remarkable fact that the only conquest which the Romans made during the first century of the Christian era was the remote island of Britain, which thus became linked with the vast empire of Rome. Looking at the condition of the island—of the Church of Christ—and of the Roman Empire, as they stood in the first century, there is no process of logical deduction, and no theory of natural development, by which the human mind could have anticipated the present condition of the Roman and the British Empires. Ought not every inhabitant of Britain then to be grateful to the Sovereign Disposer of events for the instrumentalities by which this country has been so greatly blessed?

About 1275 years since, in A.D. 597, the Saxon Church was first planted in England, by the monk Augustine, who subsequently became the first Archbishop of Canterbury. At that time the ancestors of the Welsh people occupied not only the present Principality, which then extended from Gloucester to Liverpool, but in the north of England the kingdom of Strathclyde, which included the greater part of Lancashire and the counties of Westmoreland and Cumberland, and extended from the river Mersey to the Clyde, also belonged to the Welsh people; whilst in the South of England West Wales embraced the present counties of Cornwall and Devon, and a considerable portion of Somerset. At that time the Saxons held possession of the remainder of England, which previously belonged to the Welsh, and which had been wrested from them by slow degrees during the preceding 145 years, at a terrible cost to both parties. It was at that time in these districts, and previously to A.D. 449, over the whole of England and Wales, that the ancestors of the Welsh people enjoyed the organization of a Christian Church under episcopal government, discharging educational, pastoral, and missionary functions for many generations before the Saxon Church was planted in England.

There are many historical reminiscences of the early British Church still to be traced in South Wales, from the time of its original purity down to its subsequent declension. Some of the oldest churches, *it is supposed*, are still called after the names of

their founders, who were probably, in many cases, the holy men who prayed for the prosperity of the churches upon the same sites where they now stand.

The Churches of St. David and other Welsh Saints were of a later date, but they preceded by 300 years the churches dedicated to St. Michael, which were not erected till about A.D. 800, when the British and Anglo-Saxon branches of the National Church became more intimately associated, and another 300 years had passed away, when Popery and Mariolatry had increased all over the world, before any churches in Wales were called after St. Mary, and these are still found chiefly in districts where the Normans lived (*vide* Rees' "Welsh Saints").

It is evident, therefore, that the National Church of England and Wales, like the river Severn that flows between the two countries, had its origin in remote antiquity. Like the Severn also, it had other rivers flowing into it. In the same manner as the confluence of two streams is called "Aber" in Wales and "Inver" in Scotland, so the older stream of the British Church had its Aber-Saxon, its Aber-Dane, and its Aber-Norman periods. It is clear also, not only from the history of the Anglo-Saxon Church, but also from the purer source of the British Church, as well as from the Norman Church of a later period, that the imperfections of our common humanity floated down the stream of time like the waters of the Severn, holding in suspension the earthy matter of the Midland Counties, and receiving the pollutions of the Wye, the Usk, and the Avon, which flow into the Severn from opposite channels. In the same way as the Old Catholics are now attempting to purify the Roman Catholic Church in Germany, so our ancestors, three centuries since, attempted to purify the National Church of England. In the providence of God that result was brought about very much like the commotion by which the earthy matter in the Severn is filtered and deposited in the Bristol Channel before it flows into the Atlantic Ocean.

The Christian philosopher, therefore, can look at Rationalism, Ritualism, Romanism, as well as Quakerism, and 120 other "isms" at present adopting the Christian verities outside the Church of England, as the little creeks and bays surrounding the great ocean of Universal Truth, where the shallower waters become obscured by the ebb and flow of the ocean tides.

Some such idea as this seems to have pervaded the judicious mind of the great authority on Church polity, when he said (Hooker 3-1, p. 14), "As the main body of the sea being one, yet within divers precincts, hath divers names, so the Catholic Church is in like sort divided into a number of distinct societies, every one of which is termed a Church within itself." And whilst quoting this idea of Hooker in a note, Bishop Wordsworth remarks, "The Catholic Church is compared by the Christian Fathers to the sea, as being diffused throughout the world; as being like the *sea, one; as having* one name, that of the Catholic Church; and

as containing within it many Catholic Churches, with various names, as the sea has many various bays and harbours in it." (Theophilus Anglicanus, p. 134. London, Rivington, 1869.)

In accordance with these views, it is our intention to contribute occasionally to the *Churchman in Wales* a series of dissertations on Wales and its Churches, ancient and modern, at different periods of history.

THE EDUCATION OF THE POOR.

Thirty years since Mr. Gladstone was called upon unexpectedly to deliver the inaugural address at the opening of the Liverpool Collegiate Institution. His speech on that occasion made a considerable impression on the public mind, and manifested intellectual powers of no common order. In a few opening sentences, he said, in effect, "that the great and permanent purpose of education was not so much to furnish a man with tools and instruments whereby he might form and fashion all things to his will and pleasure, as it was to form and mould the man himself—so to develop his faculties, so to cherish the imperishable seed of eternal life within him, that, recognizing that which was the condition of his parents before the fall, he should recognise the great truth that to recover that position was the end and object of his existence on earth; that as union with God was the law of man's original nature, so re-union with God is the great and permanent purpose of his being, and for which not only his secular position, not only his social position, but whatever is his, and whatever is around him, constitute the great discipline devised by Divine wisdom for the purpose of contributing to the accomplishment of that great end—the renovation of the nature of God in the race that have fallen away."

Since those words were uttered, great changes have passed over the mind of the speaker, and over the face of the country; but it is gratifying to find, after all the changing scenes of thirty years, that from the same platform in Liverpool Mr. Gladstone's views of the nature of education are apparently unchanged. In December, 1872, he said: "The entire nature of man is the garden which is given him to cultivate. We cannot, as a nation, or as individuals, do well if we do not provide for the soul as well as the body; but neither can we do well if we do not, according to our means, provide for the mind as well as the soul. This is the principle enshrined and represented in this institution, as it is in every ancient university or college, and it must be in every institution which aspires to superintend and promote anything which deserves the name of the higher education."

Contemplating the aspect of the times from the Liverpool platform, Mr. Gladstone noted the rapid growth of wealth and of in-

fidelity in the land. He thought more wealth had been made in this little island since the commencement of the present century, than in all the preceding ages from the time of Julius Cæsar. Referring to the increase of infidelity, he said: "It is not only the Christian Church and the Holy Scriptures, or Christianity itself, which are attacked, but the disposition is boldly proclaimed to deal alike with root and branch, and snap asunder the ties which under the venerable name of religion unite man with the unseen world, and lighten the struggles and the woes of life by the hopes of a better land."

Connecting this evidence of the Prime Minister of England with the historical fact that in all ages "pride and fulness of bread" have preceded the ruin of nations, it must be admitted that we are living in eventful times. The infidelity of the present age is a polished, an intellectual, and an insidious infidelity. It differs greatly from the coarse blasphemies of Tom Paine and the French revolutionists of the last century. "Its motto is no longer that of the unbelieving Pharaoh, 'Who is the Lord that I should obey his voice?' It resembles more nearly the 'hail-master' and the kiss of the false apostle." (*Birks' Bible and Modern Thought*, page 2.)

The exaltation of intellectual culture above religious principle is the characteristic of the times. Satan himself is the embodiment of intellect without God, and his likeness is impressed upon this age. He is holding out to men now intellectual baits in the same way as he tempted our first parents; and men seeing that the fruit is to be desired to make them wise and to be as gods, eat of it as readily now as Adam and Eve ate it in Paradise, and then they get behind some high flown names of liberalism, or secularism, or universalism, or any other "ism" or "schism" by which they can hide their naked consciences from the presence of God.

Not only do we find Mr. Bradlaugh contributing an article to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, but openly co-operating with Mr. Miall in disestablishing and disendowing the National Church. Nonconformist ministers forget that Christ has no agreement with Belial, and that infidels have a rod in pickle for Christian ministers of all denominations. In the *National Secular Almanac* for 1873, edited by Bradlaugh and Holyoake, at page 16 we read as follows: "Already both Christian and Freethinker are mustering their forces for the coming winter campaign, and there are sounds of approaching strife in the air. The Freethought party are full of hope, and confident of success; while the Christian Evidence Society, though evidently very much disheartened, are well supplied with the sinews of war in the shape of hard cash. All over Europe the state of public feeling reminds one of an engraving which appeared in the *Graphic*, entitled, 'Italian soldiers and Roman priests: which shall go to the wall?' and in which a party of soldiers are passing under a gateway through a crowd of priests, whom they are resolutely elbowing out of their way, and driving up to the walls on each side. In like manner, priest and parson *are* being sent to the wall when they

make themselves too intrusive, being at other times tolerated with a sort of pity, as useless men who must not be allowed to become dangerous. This feeling is specially marked in Germany and Italy."

Such is the natural result of Secularism. Shall it go down to posterity that the descendants of the English Puritans of 1662—the Nonconformists of England and Wales in 1873—preferred Secularism in company with Bradlaugh and Holyoake, to the catechism of the Church of England in company with Latimer, Ridley, and the "noble army of martyrs?" However much Liberationists and Leaguers may hide themselves behind high-sounding names, or shelter their personal responsibility in a crowd, the obvious results of their individual efforts in excluding the Bible from the education of the poor, and in disestablishing and disendowing the National Church, must be, as Mr. Bradlaugh evidently expects, to strengthen the forces of infidelity in the land, and to do that work in which Satan delights, viz., to shut both God and His word out of the hearts of mankind. Perhaps some one will say these views are antiquated, uncharitable, and unsuitable to the progress of "modern thought." Whatever our estimate of "modern thought" may be, we are happy to find some of the wisest and best of modern Nonconformists differing from Leaguers and Liberationists. "Along with progress," says Dr. Bonar, "the age boasts of its *liberality;* identifying liberality and liberalism. Let us see how far it can make its boasting good. True liberality is a blessed thing, for it is but another name for the love that beareth all things, that thinketh no evil, that rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth. With this, however, the liberality of the age has nothing in common. Its essence is indifference to sin and error. Its object is to smooth down the distinctions between good and evil; between holiness and sin; between the Church and the world; between Protestantism and Popery; between the belief in God's word and Infidelity and Atheism. (*Man: his Religious World*, page 147-8.)

We see then the different forces which Satan in this age is marching and concentrating in support of Infidelity. Now, whatever may be the shortcomings of the Church of England, she may rejoice in bearing the reproach that she has consistently maintained for many centuries the religious education of the poor. Early in the 17th century, schools were established in different parts of the kingdom for the education of the poor, and the canons of the Church commanded every parson, vicar, and curate, to examine and instruct the youth and ignorant persons of his parish in the Commandments, the Creed, and the Lord's Prayer, and diligently to instruct them in the Church Catechism, on pain of being reproved by the bishop for the first offence, and of being suspended for the second. The efforts of the clergy were supplemented in 1698-9 by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and in 1706 "the good example of the Church of England in founding schools had diffused itself through other Protestant states and kingdoms, which, after our model, were setting up the like charity schools in Holland, Switzerland,

Prussia, Saxony, and even in Moscovy." The late Sir Thomas Phillips has traced the history of education in England as well as Wales, and he has shown what noble efforts the Church of England has made at different periods "to educate all poor children in the knowledge and practice of the Christian religion, and to teach them such other things as were suitable to their condition of life." Early in the present century the mechanical arrangements for abridging the work of instruction, adopted at Madras by Dr. Bell, and almost simultaneously in London by Joseph Lancaster, occasioned an angry and unprofitable controversy, to which sectarian influences largely contributed, and led, in 1811, to the formation of the "National Society for the Promotion of the Education of the Poor in the principles of the Established Church throughout England and Wales," and in 1812 the British and Foreign School Society was established, for promoting the education of the labouring and manufacturing classes of society of every religious persuasion, to the formation of which the labours of Joseph Lancaster materially contributed. (*Wales, Sir Thos. Phillips'*, page 299.)

These two societies then embodied the voluntary principle of education for the poor, as represented by Church of England and Nonconformity. As we have already seen, there were originally parochial schools, but when the Government began to appreciate its duty in educating the poor, it treated the matter as a religious duty, and addressed itself to these two societies, to be the almoners of the bounty of the State, for through them, and them only, were the first grants made. The principle which the Government recognised in granting aid to schools was simply that of "helping them who help themselves," which is a principle always acceptable to the self-reliant character of the British race. Conclusive proof of that fact is afforded by the relative proportion of children at school to the whole population of England and Wales at different periods. In 1803 there was 1 in 17½; in 1833, 1 in 11¼; in 1851, 1 in 8·36; in 1858, 1 in 7·7. (*Rep. Com.*, 1861, p. 294.) But it is in the thirty years which elapsed between 1839 and 1869 that the stimulating effects of the Government grant are seen in the building of schools. From 1839 to the end of 1868, the Parliamentary grants for school buildings amounted to £1,495,610, and there was subscribed during that period by the various religious bodies, to meet those grants, as follows: Church of England, £2,875,195; other bodies, £597,646. (*Rep. Comm. of Convocation*, 1870, p. 13).

This shows at a glance how much voluntary work the clergy of the Church of England did in building schools in the period which elapsed between 1839 and 1868. But their efforts were still greater in supporting those schools after they were built, which we shall see by looking at the one year 1868. During that year the voluntary contributions towards the support of schools in England and Wales were, from the Church of England, £308,311, and from other religious bodies, £79,278 (Rep. of C. of C., 1870, p. 13).

But the Church had other schools besides those receiving State aid, in the following proportions:—Inspected schools, 9,894; uninspected schools, 6,656; total, 15,550. But let us go back again, and see the various sources from which the support of Church of England Schools was derived in the year 1868. We have already seen that £308,311 came from voluntary contributions. There were from school pence, £301,199; from Government grants, £307,079; from endowment, £37,748; from other sources, £27,010: showing that, exclusive of the Government aid, the Church of England raised and spent in one year £664,270 upon the education of the poor. But, in addition to that sum, she provided in the same year, 1868, not less than £498,000 for the support of other schools—besides £16,613 for normal schools —making the contributions for education in one year by the Church of England, a total of no less than £1,178,883. (Rep. of C. of C., 1870, p. 16.)

From the same authority we learn the fact that any deficit in these schools is generally supplied by the treasurers, who are in many cases clergymen. And further, it was stated in the Report of the Duke of Newcastle's Commission, that of £4,518 contributed by voluntary subscription towards the support of 168 schools, 169 clergymen contributed £1,782, or £10 10s. each; 399 landowners contributed £2,127, or £5 6s. each; 217 occupiers contributed £200, or 18s. 6d. each; 102 householders contributed £181, or £1 15s. 6d. each; and 141 other persons contributed £228. Those figures speak volumes, not only for the pecuniary sacrifice, but for the educational energies, of the Clergy of the National Church throughout England and Wales. Still, justice would not be done to them if we did not further show the relative proportion of Church schools in the rural parishes of Wales (exclusive of Municipal Boroughs) where either 4·5ths, 7·8ths, or 9·10ths of the population are alleged to belong to the Voluntary Churches. According to the latest parliamentary returns relating to Elementary Education (civil parishes, 1871), it appears that the number of schools in the 13 counties of Wales and Monmouthshire connected with the Church of England or National Society was 743; British and Foreign School Society, 271; Wesleyans, 6; other Protestant Dissenters, 51; Roman Catholics, 29; Presbyterians, 0; Jews, 0; no religious body, 260; no returns, or refused to make returns, 157. Now if it be true that 7/8ths of the population of the district are nonconformists, it ought to follow, if the nonconformists have done their duty, that they have provided 7/8ths of the Schools—yet the fact is that the Church of England has really provided more Schools than all the nonconformists put together! The Church of England has provided 743 Schools, and the nonconformists only 624. If the Church of England had done no more relatively to her proportion of the population than the nonconformists have done to theirs, she would have contented herself with providing 89 *schools, but* as we have shown above, she has actually

provided more than eight times that number. In other words, the clergy in the rural parishes of Wales and Monmouth have made, approximately to the population, eight times greater efforts to educate the poor than the Nonconformists, the Roman Catholics, and the Non-Religionists put together.

These figures again tell their own tale in favour of the voluntary educational work of the Church of England. It is clear, if the Voluntary Churches had undertaken their due proportion of voluntary work in educating the poor, that the occupiers of houses and lands in this country would have been saved the infliction of an educational rate, which, under all circumstances, must amount to five times the charge of Church Rates, which were considered to be a grievous burden. Now, the Elementary Education Act of 1870 was intended to supply the natural deficiencies of the voluntary system of Education. The natural weakness of voluntaryism in all things is simply this—that the willing horses do all the work, whilst the lazy horses do nothing. The Elementary Education Act of 1870 was intended to supplement, and not to supersede, existing voluntary efforts in the education of the poor. At present, for every shilling obtained from Government the Church of England spends about half-a-crown, obtained from other sources, in educating the poor. Is it not absurd, then, to talk about economy, in the present times of heavy rents and taxes, and high-priced provisions, and then say to the Church of England—we prefer being additionally rated, to pay all the 3s. 6d. rather than you shall have one shilling from the Government and find the half-a-crown out of your own pockets? That is just in effect what the Birmingham Education League is now saying to Churchmen.

But the League is trying to say something more to the people of England. During the last session of Parliament, there could have been no better evidence that the people were in favour of the religious education of the poor than the simple fact that 215,565 persons petitioned the House of Commons in its favour, whilst only 74,199 petitioned against it. Yet, in spite of being in a minority in the country of nearly 300 per cent., the Birmingham League is using every effort to prohibit the poor parents having any freedom of choice in the education of their children, and compelling them, under severe penalties, to send their children to schools where no religion is taught, and at the same time forcing everybody else to pay heavy rates for these schools, whether they like them or not, and this (O Heavens!) is called religious liberty. We will now hasten to the conclusion of this disquisition after the favourite formula of the Attorney-General, and we ask—

1st.—Would you be surprised to hear that the Established Church has done three times more voluntary work in educating the poor than the professed Voluntaries have?

2nd.—Would you be surprised to hear that the professed Voluntaries object to the National Church educating the poor by voluntary contributions, and are trying with all their might to suppress the voluntary system of education in the Church of England by "a process of slow and painless extinction?"

3rd.—Would you be surprised to hear that these would-be rigid economists and strenuous advocates of liberty are suddenly becoming unbending enforcers of compulsory rates, and despotic tyrants over poor parents?

4th.—Would you be surprised to hear that the same people whose consciences compelled them to part with their chairs and tables rather than pay Church Rates, are perfectly easy and unconcerned about enforcing a secular rate upon Roman Catholics and others, who conscientiously object to secular education?

5th.—Would you be surprised to hear that those who are most anxious for liberty of conscience, for themselves, have seldom been willing to grant the same liberty to others?

NOTE.—Since this article has been in the printer's hands, the National Education Union have issued their third annual report, from which we extract the following facts, in further confirmation of the statements made above. "At the time of the passing of the Elementary Education Act, 1870, it was found that the National Church had so energetically availed herself of the provisions of the various codes of education, that from seventy to eighty per cent. of the children under instruction were found in her schools. In public week day schools there were of those who passed their examination, belonging to the Church of England 74 per cent., to the Church of Rome 6 per cent., to the Wesleyans 6 per cent., to all others 14 per cent. Up to that period the friends of religious education had accomplished over 90 per cent. of all that was done for the education of the poorer classes. The partizans of the League in 1868 combined to subvert the then existing systems of religious education, and to set up a compulsory code of National Education professedly unsectarian, but really secular in character."—*Manchester Courier, Jan. 23rd, 1873.*

It has been shown above, that in the year 1868, for every shilling obtained in Government grants the Church of England spent about half-a-crown, obtained from other sources, being no charge to the public for the education of the poor, and, it may be instructive to contrast that state of things with the expenditure of the School Boards for the year ending the 29th of September, 1871. It is stated in the above Report that £1200 were spent in education, and £32,000 in expenses, so that out of a half-a-crown paid by the ratepayer, 2s. 4¾d. went towards expenses of School Boards, and 1¼d. to the education of the poor. We commend these facts to the common sense of farmers, shopkeepers, and other householders, who will shortly be waited upon by collectors of heavy School Board rates, at a time when provisions were never so dear, and local taxation never so high as at present, and then let them remember that these rates were enforced upon them by men who were shouting retrenchment, economy, and voluntaryism at the same time.

HAND SHAKING.

"There is nothing more characteristic," said Sydney Smith, "than shakes of the hand. I have classified them. There is the high official—the body erect, and a rapid shot shake near the chin. There is the mortmain—the flat hand introduced into your palm, and hardly conscious of its contiguity. The digital—one finger held out, much used by the high clergy. There is the *shakus rusticus*—when your hand is seized in an iron grasp, betokening rude health, warm heart and distance from the metropolis, but producing a strong sense of relief on your part when you find your fingers unbroken. The next to this is the retentive shake—one which, beginning with vigour, pauses, as it were, to take breath, but without relinquishing its prey, and before you are aware begins again, till you feel anxious as to the result, and have no shake left in you."

STRAY NOTES ON RURAL DEANERIES.

NUMBER I.

THE Rural Dean has been a recognised officer of the Church of England for nearly a thousand years. It would be interesting to trace the changes which have passed over the urban and rural population of England and Wales during that time, as well as to notice the relations in which the Rural Dean has stood to the clergy and laity at different periods.

We intend to send occasionally to *The Churchman in Wales* some stray notes on this subject, as well as on the modern condition and capabilities of rural deaneries. But we purpose first to publish, as space will permit, a MS. letter on rural deans, of the Rev. John Whitaker, the author of the "History of Manchester," who died A.D. 1808, aged 73, at Ruan-lanihorne, a small parish of 450 inhabitants in Cornwall, of which he was rector for 21 years. This letter is dated June 11th, 1796. It bears the Tregony post mark; is addressed to the Rev. Mr. Lynn, Liskeard, and was found by the writer between the leaves of a presentation copy of Dansey's "*Horae Decanicae Rurales*," 1835, purchased some months since from a second-hand bookseller in London. Whether or not this MS. letter of the author of the "History of Manchester" has ever been printed before, it is still interesting as having been written forty years before Dansey's standard work on Rural Deaneries was published.

It commences thus :—

"My dear Sir,

I take a large sheet of paper in order to enter fully into the business which you mention concerning the Rural Dean. I formerly published a dissertation on the antiquity and duties of this ecclesiastical officer in my "History of Manchester," quarto, 1-380-387, and of this I will give you an abstract before I speak to your own designs.

The Rural Deans are coeval with the formation of parishes, and appear in the nominal laws of the confessor, settled everywhere in their deaneries among our Saxon ancestors. In the kingdom of France, where ecclesiastical records have been more carefully preserved than in England, and ecclesiastical notices therefore are more numerous, we see the deans established in their deaneries, and making visitations through them, as early as the year 850. Even several years before, we find them there invested with a considerable authority, and acting as judges in courts immediately below the archdeacon and bishop. And the whole of our spiritual police in England, we must remember, was introduced among us from the country of France. Greatly, then, is Bishop Kennet mistaken in supposing the office of archdeacon to be less ancient than that of rural dean. The one is just as ancient as the other. As justly mistaken is he in his attempts to magnify the antiquity of rural deans; when, unfaithful to his own design, he dates the commencement of them sometime subsequent to the reign of Alfred. But his antagonist, Mr. Johnson, has wandered still further from the truth in his contrary design to lower their antiquity when he reduces it even to the eleventh or twelfth century. The rural dean was instituted at the same time with the parish priest of the Saxons.

No small portion of the episcopal authority was consigned to the rural dean.

Equally an ordinary; equally a prelate with the archdeacon and bishop, he was yet subordinate to both. He appears, very early, subject to the former on the continent, being declared in 850 to be actually ministerial to him, and mentioned many years before as a personage next in authority to him and the bishop. He appears equally subordinate in England, being early and repeatedly called the dean of the archdeacon, and his province the archdeacon's deanery; the jurisdiction of the archdeacon reaching from the first over all the deaneries. Very erroneous, therefore, is the opinion of Bishop Kennet on this point; and the rural dean was so far from being an officer of higher dignity than the archdeacon, as this antiquary contends, that he was not even equal, and was actually subordinate to him.

In this state of subjection, however, the authority of the dean was very considerable. The great machinery of ecclesiastical discipline indeed was managed principally by him. He had a settled jurisdiction over all the clergy and laity in his deanery; and was invested with a coercive authority over the goods and persons of offenders among the former. During the vacancy of any church in his province, he ordered the lands to be cultivated, and was re-imbursed the expenses by the next incumbent. Him he inducted also, and without a fee.

But as the Ordinary and Prelate of his deanery, he visited the clergy of it, like the archdeacon and the bishop, and went once a year like them. The primary object of his journey was to examine the demeanour of the clergy and the laity, in order to promote the interests of religion in both; and the second was to inspect the state of the structure with the condition of the furniture in the churches, and keep the ecclesiastical houses in good repair.

These visitations, like those of the archdeacons and bishops, were made personally to every beneficed clergyman. Like them, also, he had a right to a procuration from each for one day's entertainment for himself and his attendants. The number of those was very properly limited by law—the bishop being confined to a train of twenty horses, or thirty at the most; the archdeacon, to five or seven; and the dean, to two. Thus the procuration became gradually so fixed and certain that it was frequently changed into a pecuniary payment as early as the year 1200, and has long since settled into a positive sum."

(To be Continued.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE PULPIT AND THE PEW.

To the Editor of the CHURCHMAN IN WALES.

SIR,—The relations between the pulpit and the pew, suggested by your correspondent opens up the question of the human government of Christian Churches, about which much angry discussion has taken place. There can be little doubt that the same human thoughts of government have found expression in the ruling of Churches, as in the ruling of States. Both Church and State go back to the Father of a family as the original type of government, modified afterwards in various ways according to circumstances. Not only did the patriarchal form of civil government prevail all over the world in the earliest times—but down to the present day the Bishop of every diocese with his pastoral crook in his hand, embodies the two ideas of the father of a family and the keeper of sheep. The keeper of sheep alongside the father

of a family are the two types of human and divine government, which run all through the sacred records from Abel the first, keeper of sheep, to the Good Shepherd himself, and were perpetuated in his last directions to S. Peter, to feed his sheep and lambs, as well as in S. John's address to little children. The problem to be solved in the human government of Churches and States is the same as that which every father of a family has to solve in his household—viz.:—how to combine the greatest amount of liberty with obedience to authority. This was the problem tried in paradise when the authority of the Heavenly Father was ignored. In modern times, one part or the other of the problem is often ignored in the human government of States and Churches. The Roman Catholic Church for instance has secured the authority, without recognizing the liberty, whilst the Nonconformists frequently take the liberty and forget the authority. The true relation nevertheless between the occupants of the pulpit and the pew, is that of a well ordered and affectionate family, and this is also the earthly symbol of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. This subject is capable of considerable expansion, and cannot be "boiled down" into one letter.

I am, yours, &c.,

January 18th, 1873. A LAYMAN.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESSFUL PREACHING.

Many rules of eloquence have been set forth, but, strange to say, the first and most essential of all has been overlooked, namely, Charity. To address men well they must be loved much. Whatever they may be, be they ever so guilty or indifferent, or ungrateful, or however deeply sunk in crime, before all, and above all, they must be loved. Love is the sap of the Gospel, the secret of lively and effectual preaching, the magic power of eloquence.—*The Abbé Mullois.*

A WORD TO THE LAITY. THE SECULARISM OF LIFE.

Despite the natural instinct that tells us we are wayfarers, there are those who tell us that the journey of life itself is everything, and that there is no ultimate destination beyond what we call the journey. This is done either formally or informally—formally by infidelity, on its active side, when avowed and professed; and informally by that indifference which is practically atheism, on its passive side. Men profess secularism, the science of time, instead of religion, the science of eternity. Not that they are formally secularists, meaning by this that they are members of a quasi-philosophical sect numerically small, but that, in effect, the objects of this passing life are paramount, and the realities of a future life *possess no reality* to them. Their system, whether systematised

or not is selfishness. There are men who have formally constructed a science of selfishness or secularism. There is a system of morals, and even a system of religion—Paley's,—based upon selfish motives. The illustrious Göethe was perhaps the one above all others who weaved a very attractive and plausible theory of human life, teaching men to derive all the enjoyment they can from this world, irrespective of what revelation tells us concerning the laws of a future state of existence. Men who have never reduced their rule of life to a system, or defined it into a formula, practically endorse these conceptions, and carry them out through all the details of their existence. Despite the instinct that whispers to them that they are only pilgrims through this world, this world is their all in all, and their vague theological speculations—whether manifested in a formal religion or a formal abnegation of religion—are inoperative in reaching the deeper sources of the heart, or in colouring the transactions of life." (*The path on earth to the Gate of Heaven.* Rev. FREDERICK ARNOLD, M.A. London, Warne, 1866.)

CHURCH LESSONS FOR YOUNG CHURCHMEN.

THE EVILS OF CHURCH SCHISMS.

Who can suppose it to be agreeable to the will of God, that the Church of Christ should be split up into contending sects; many refusing to hold communion with each other, and all separating themselves from the Church of England as the National Church of the country? And yet we must give each of them credit for conscientiousness. But thinking that we are right, does not make us right; does it? Can you give an instance from Scripture?—St. Paul, before his conversion (Read Acts xxvi., 9; also, Rom. x., 2). To be conscientious, therefore, and earnest, and full of zeal for our religious opinions, does not of itself prove that we are pleasing God. We must first be sure that we have a clear knowledge of God's will. Now, where is it said in the Bible that, because we individually disapprove of certain things in any particular Church, we ought to separate ourselves from it? When things went wrong in the Churches of Galatia and of Corinth, did St. Paul tell the faithful Christians to go out of them, and establish new sects for themselves? Is this anywhere said?—No. When St. John gave Christ's message in Rom. ii., 20, to the Church at Thyatira, because it "suffered" false teaching to seduce the people, did he say to the faithful: "You must not stay in such a church; you must leave it and form a new one for yourselves."—No. Why, then, should any persons *think it is the* will of God for them to do so now?

Why should impatient people establish Free Churches of England? On the contrary, separating themselves from their brethren because they may think them wrong, is as clearly against God's holy will as possible. Can you give me a proof? (Turn to I John, ii., 19). And now look at Jude 19: "These be they that separate themselves." Thus, you see, the dividing and separating plan of action does not appear to be most according to the will of God, or to the mind of the Holy Spirit. Do you remember what St. Paul said to the Romans when they were quarreling amongst one another about eating herbs and meats, and keeping holy days and festivals? (Rom. xiv., 1-10). Did he say to these objectors: "You must support your rights of conscience. If you think your brethren are doing wrong, you must separate from them?" On the contrary, he rather counselled forbearance and toleration. He recommended, as in chap., xiv. 3-5, peace and goodwill on both sides, because he wished to preserve them all in unity. And don't you think that this is just what St. Paul would wish still? Can you give a proof?—Yes: Eph. iv. 3. Is that what the Lord Jesus also wishes? (read John xvii., 21). You see from this that our Lord's heart was not only fixed upon His people living together in spiritual unity, but also in visible unity. Yet in these days many persons seem to think they are at liberty to split up the Church and divide it into as many sects as they like without grieving the Spirit of Christ. What should they rather do? Yes; bear each other's prejudices, and not make their differences, however conscientious, the cause of schisms and new sects.

Some of you may say, perhaps, "Then why did the Protestants separate from the Roman Catholic Church in Germany and Switzerland and Holland?" The answer is, that they did not voluntarily leave it, but were excommunicated and driven out; so that their separate existence became an actual necessity, and the real sin of the schism lay with Rome herself. It must also be admitted that the Church of England has not always been sufficiently tolerant and gentle toward her disaffected children—some of them, at one time, being not so much wilful separists, as having been almost driven into separation by an unnecessarily harsh treatment. It is only just to draw this distinction; and it should make us tender in our judgment of Dissenters.

I hope, however, when you grow up to be your own masters, you will not say to yourselves, "It doesn't matter whether I leave the Church of England or not. It is all the same whether I go to church or chapel, so long as I am conscientious and earnest." No, my young friends, you must let your consciences be guided by God's will; and you have seen that it is not His will for Christians to be voluntarily separating themselves from one another, just because they cannot agree on all points of doctrine and practice."—(Pages 3—5, *Gladius Ecclesiæ.* By the *Rev. J. H.* TITCOMB, M.A.)

CAMDEN HOUSE, CHISLEHURST, WHERE THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON III. DIED.

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON III.

THE grave has just closed over one of the most remarkable characters of modern times. The Emperor Napoleon III. is dead, than whom no man had ever more romantic a life or experienced vicissitudes more extraordinary. That life has come to an end. At a village in Kent, in an English villa, which our artist has graphically depicted, the dethroned Emperor breathed his last.

The death of such an one is surely a sermon to all. How it stamps "Vanity" on all below! The dead man was born in a palace amid the thundering of cannon, had been a wanderer, a conspirator, a powerful Emperor; and has at last closed a singularly-chequered career, by dying of a painful disease, an empoverished exile in a foreign land.

Under these peculiar circumstances, the following incidents, which were narrated by different speakers at recent prayer-meetings in London, will be perused with interest by the Christian reader.

Rev. Francis Tucker said:—

"I cannot forget, as I stand here now, and think of the solemn event which has just happened, a morning I spent in Paris four or five years ago. My friend on my right (Mr. Davis, the Honorary Secretary of the meeting here), who breakfasted with me, in the course of the meal, said: 'I am going to see the Emperor this morning.' 'Indeed!' said I, what is your errand?' 'I am going, with his full permission and approval, to introduce to him our friend, Mrs. Fowler, of Tottenham;' a name, I daresay, known to many, and loved by all to whom it is known. She has come over to Paris chiefly that she may utter a few words of Gospel counsel and Christian exhortation to the Emperor of the French. I remember Mr. Davis saying to me when breakfast was over, 'Well, this is really an interesting fact, let us fall down on our knees at once, and ask God's blessing on this interview;' and down on our knees we sank and prayed. When I met Mr. Davis at the close of the day, I asked: 'Well, how about the interview with the Emperor?' and I remember his answer was to this effect: 'He received Mrs. Fowler and myself with great kindness, and quite alone. Mrs. Fowler had written out her address and read it to the Emperor, and handed it to him. The Emperor expressed himself as being under great obligations, and added something to this effect: 'My sentiments in religion are perhaps nearer to your own than you have imagined. There is very little in the address which you have read to me, to which I do not subscribe.' Mr. Davis subsequently handed him a copy of the Scriptures."

At another meeting, the Rev. Denham Smith said:—

"The last time he saw the Emperor Napoleon was, when the Imperial equipage containing the Emperor, drew up at the door of an hotel at which he was staying. He at once went to his store of books, and selecting three, entitled: 'How to be Saved,' 'How to be Happy,' and 'How to be Satisfied,' called two of his little children to him, and told them to give them to the Emperor in as nice a way as they could. They went up to his carriage, and never, he believed, were books received *more politely* and thankfully than the Emperor received *them from the hands of* those little children, who received his *Majesty's warm thanks for the gift.*"

CHURCH WORK AND CHURCH HINDRANCES.

BY THE BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER AND BRISTOL.

THE work of the Church is missionary—missionary among our masses, missionary in the crowded court and in the spreading suburb, missionary wherever labour or poverty, misery or neglect, may have more closely aggregated our people. Now the fact on which I desire more particularly to dwell is this,—that our work is not only more urgently needed than ever at the present crisis, but that we have influences, strange and spreading influences, now to take account of, which are hourly working against us, and on which a few serious words may not unfitly be spoken at the present time.

Three influences are there which tend to make our arduous work more arduous, and yet at the same time more necessary, alike for our Church and our nation.

In the first place, we have now forced upon us the serious fact that the struggle between labour and capital is deepening, and that the relations of employers and employed are becoming daily more anxious and disquieting. Combinations and strikes, sufferings and retaliations, close the ears to the Gospel message and steel the heart against its gentle pleadings. To the forlorn and the wretched, Christ crucified is never pleaded in vain; but to those from whose hearts love has been driven forth by bitterness and antagonism, the preaching of the cross is, alas! only too commonly a foolishness, and the call to Christ unheeded and unavailing. And yet now is the very time when all the holy and gentle influences of the Gospel are most needed in men's hearts; now, if we would really save souls, we must labour more earnestly than ever; now, when class is becoming alienated from class—now is it that the binding power of Christian love should be set forth more warmly and tenderly. May God help us and quicken us, for missionary effort was never more called forth than now it is by the sad exigencies of the times, and by the ominous movements of society around us.

Let me now name a second influence that is frightfully telling against our work, and weakening and dividing us when we have more than ever need to be mutually helped and united. Need I say that I am alluding to the increase in religious opposition that is now showing itself in many quarters? Never have I spoken otherwise than kindly of Dissent; never have I said one hard word against our Nonconformist brethren; nay, rather my text has been, "Christ is preached, and *therein I rejoice* and will rejoice." But what am I to say now? *Suppose I could* tell you that a zealous public journal was sending

ound from city to city and town to town its specially paid enumerators, o count up all those to whom Christ had never yet been preached, and vas then preparing to call on Church and Dissent, for love of Christ ru cified, to unite together in bearing his blessed Gospel to these poor forlorn children of darkne s—suppose I could now tell you that, with what warmth and what joy would such an announcement be received! There is not a Churchman who would not hear such tidings with thankfulness. But what, alas! is the true state of the case? Why, that just at this time, when the union of religious men is most needed, when class interests are making separations already wide still wider, when infidelity is spreading, and wretchedness deepening,—just at this time men are counting up sittings and calculating areas, not to invite those who never worship to occupy them, but simply to supply a basis for an argument against the existence of a National Church! It cannot be disguised, political opposition to the Church of England, to that Church that is truly the poor man's Church, is an influence against work such as ours that must be taken into sad and serious consideration—an influence that is telling against all vital religion, and is chilling the love for saving souls more even than the very irreligion against which we are struggling.

There is yet a third influence that is, alas, often combined with this, now showing itself with increasing distinctness, which is, that rising against established law and order which prophecy tells us is the last and worst sign in the world's history. Every day brings us some startling illustration of the spread of this influence. Consider, for example, what a meaning there is in such a fact as this, that very recently a Resolution was proposed at a public meeting in London, by one who avows himself an infidel, as an addendum to words proposed by a minister of religion, and as an addendum in the direction to which I am now alluding. And yet no word of protest. The chairman does not leave the chair. The dangerous words are accepted, and religion and infidelity remain, in this matter, in their startling co-operation.

With such influences as these against us — widening class separations, increasing religious animosity, and developing revolutionary effort, the peaceful work of the Church of England, work such as ours, is sorely tried. But we must go forward with increased courage. The Church of England has two mighty missions,—the one to give daily religious teaching to her children in her schools; and in this work it is now clear that she stands forth unaided and alone. Her other work is to bring home, by missionary effort and pastoral visiting, Christ's name to all within our Christian land. This work, as *I have* now shown, has to be done more *zealously and more devotedly* than ever, even because it has to be done *in the face of silently increasing* opposition and mysterious developing *antagonism. But let no one* be faint-hearted. There are cheerin

again that they will make us thank God and take courage. So let us only see more than the things that are against us as they really are, and we shall be encouraged after. Our cause is holy, and it has already been greatly blessed. In the light of that blessing let us go forward in hope and cheerfulness. Our poor all in all—let us do our duty in them for Jesus's sake.

THE DOOR-SCRAPER: IN THE FIRST IN EXAMPLE.

A LITTLE man who was engaged in rural school work in a small village, saw that many of the children, and especially the boys, were very careless about their appearance. They played in the road, getting their feet muddy, until the bell rang when they rushed into school, mud and all, giving the room a dirty appearance. The teacher resolved to correct this want of neatness, and finding a piece of an iron hoop, he hammered one end in the door-step, and the other in a stake driven in the ground. This made a very good scraper, and as soon as the children saw it they scraped away as if life depended on it, for it was a new thing to them. That day there was less dirt than usual in the room. The teacher next managed to get a mat which he placed on the step, that the children might wipe their feet after scraping them. The children soon began to take pride in having the schoolroom clean, and the teacher being encouraged had the floor newly scrubbed. This made such a change in the looks of the room that the children scarcely knew it when next they entered.

Among the scholars was a little boy of the name of Freddy. His parents were poor and had a large family, and were not very cleanly about their house. When the teacher put a scraper at the schoolhouse, Freddy thought it would be a good plan for his house. Finding an iron hoop on his way home from school one day, he picked it up, and that afternoon his house had a scraper. When his father came home with muddy feet he saw the scraper, and cleaned his boots before going into the house. Freddy next obtained the skin of a sheep which had been killed by a dog. Of this he made a door-mat, so there was no longer any excuse for dirty feet or dirty floors in that house.

The first step in the road to neatness prepared the way for others. Freddy's father got some lime and whitewashed the wall, and his mother gave the floor a good scrubbing. With a clean floor and a white wall, the old tin pans and cooking vessels looked dingy and black: so in a few days they were cleaned up, and looked almost as good as new. The next step was to procure a cupboard to put them in: which was done by getting a neighbour, who was a carpenter, to make it, while Freddy's father cleaned the carpenter's garden. Then the mother thought the floor would look better if it was painted: for they were too poor to buy a carpet. Freddy went at once to a carriage painter not far off, to ask how much the paint would be worth. This man, who knew the little boy, obtained from him the whole story of the scraper and its results, and told him he would give him the paint if he would make him a scraper just like his own.

"Thank you, sir," said Freddy. "Mother can take the money and buy the Bible now."

"What Bible?" inquired the man.

"A Bible for me to read, night and morning, just like the schoolmaster. I shall be so glad when I get it."

"Why," said the painter, "your mother need not buy a Bible. I have some to give away, and you may take one home with you if you won't spill any paint on it."

Who can tell how happy that little boy was when he went home with his paint pots in his basket, and his Bible under his arm! The floor was painted, and the Bible was read and its lessons practised; and the family who commenced by having clean feet, were not satisfied until, through the grace promised in the Bible, they obtained clean hearts.

So much for the door-scraper.

SERMON.

THE ARK OF GOD IN THE HOUSE OF OBED-EDOM; OR, THE IMPORTANCE OF RELIGION IN A FAMILY.

2 Sam. vi. 11, 12.

IN the Old Testament we read of three arks, and we may gather important lessons from the consideration of each, under the teaching of the Holy Spirit.

The ark built by Noah teaches us that man can only find security in the refuge appointed by God Himself, that is, in Christ, whose blood and righteousness, received by faith in the heart, can alone give peace to the sinner in this life, and secure him eternal glory hereafter.

The ark of bulrushes, in which Moses lay, tells us of God's providential care. His providence directed Pharaoh's daughter to it, touched her heart with pity, and the child's life was saved. Thus Jehovah cares for the least and feeblest of His children, who are redeemed by the blood of the Lamb.

The third ark is the ark of the covenant, placed first in the tabernacle in the wilderness, and afterwards in the temple at Jerusalem. Its history affords many a lesson, but the one we now desire to draw the attention of our readers to is this, that the presence of God brings death to His enemies, but blessing to those who love Him. The context tells us that, when the ark was placed in the temple of Dagon, the idol fell, and was broken. Whilst it remained in the country of the Philistines, many of the people were smitten with emerods, and died, but when Obed-edom welcomed it into his house, a rich blessing came with it.

We are not told what the blessing was. Perhaps, from being a poor man, as Josephus states, he suddenly became rich; or it might be an unexpected restoration to health; or that his circumstances and family alike prospered; and, what was better than all this, the peace and love of God shone both upon him and all belonging to him.

In olden times men believed that a stone was to be found which

would change everything it touched into gold. Well, the philosopher's stone has been found: it is the blessing of our heavenly Father. "The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich; and He addeth no sorrow with it" (Prov. x. 22). It makes a country prosperous and happy (as in the case of England since the Reformation); it makes good husbands, good wives, good parents, good children, good masters, good servants; it enters into a man's home, and transforms it into a little Eden; it makes home so happy, that in some measure it becomes "Paradise regained."

Consider also the blessing belonging to a Christian family, in contrast with the curse that rests upon the home of the ungodly.

Side by side does Solomon place these two:—"The curse of the Lord is in the house of the wicked: but He blesseth the habitation of the just" (Prov. iii. 33). The curse of the Lord is no light matter; it may not show itself at once, but the end will be, that house must fall.

Some twenty-five centuries ago a king lived in much pomp, and was "clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day." Seated on the throne of a great nation, he thought he never could be moved. But one element of stability, and that a chief one, was lacking. Not one spark of the fear of God was to be found in either king or queen. No king "was like in iniquity unto Ahab, whom Jezebel his wife stirred up." The grossest idolatry, together with the shedding of innocent blood, brought down a double curse from the Almighty. Nor was it without its terrible fruit. A few years pass by, and Ahab is slain in battle, while accursed Jezebel also miserably perishes. Her carcase is devoured by dogs, and their whole posterity is brought to an untimely end.

Just as much now as then, does the curse of the Lord bring after it fearful consequences. It may be manifested in different ways, but it is no less certain. A man is prosperous in all outward circumstances —in his family, his business, his health; but if God's blessing be unasked—if these daily gifts of His providence be thanklessly received; if the Bible be not read, and family prayer be neglected, we may be sure that a dark cloud is resting over that house that will break one day, not in mercies, but in judgments.

The family is a nursery of happiness and usefulness on earth, and for rest and glory in the great family in heaven, where, as the proverb says, "Like seed, like harvest." Byron's mother would become frantic with passion, and throw the tongs at him in early childhood; hence he became wild and ungovernable. Cowper's mother was all kindness and affection; so her memory clung to him with fondness all through life, though she died before he was six years old.

Then there is nothing that binds a family together so much as evangelical religion. Strong natural affection indeed does bind closely together some families. It is a most precious gift, and ought not to be undervalued; it is an excellent handmaid to religion; but can we doubt that the grace of God in the heart forms a still stronger tie? It holds out where natural affections fail; besides this, it purifies and deepens *natural affection.* Among the godly members of a godly family there *is one Father, one Saviour,* one Spirit, one Book, by which all are *comforted, and all* are directed; one Mercy-seat, where all alike *worship; one Home,* to which all are tending.

In the great sorrows which fall upon a home there will be common ground for comfort and hope. The blessedness of the Lord's presence is then great indeed; the old promises shine forth with a brighter light. As the lamp in the railway carriage, though unperceived before, is at once seen and valued as soon as the dark tunnel is entered, so many a text of Scripture seems for the first time to be really precious when dark days are appointed to us.

But the full blessing is reserved for the time when the whole is regathered in a better world, for every family, passing one by one behind the thin veil that hides us from the future state, will meet again. What will be the unutterable joy should all be found safe—not one dear face absent?

An old house in Edinburgh, of several stories high, was tottering, and had long been in a dangerous state, but those who lived in it apprehended no immediate danger, and still remained beneath its roof. One Saturday, near midnight, the house gave signs of falling. A father hastily awoke his wife and children. He hurried them, as they were in their night clothes, into a neighbour's house. Scarcely had they crossed the friendly threshold when their own house sunk, and many were buried in the ruins. He looked around him to see if all his dear ones were safe. One was absent. Shortly after, the missing child, he found, had made her escape by another way. Who can tell the deep gladness of that father's heart as he beheld his wife and nine children now gathered in safety around him?

This joy was great, but is a feeble picture of that which will be far greater. Think of the members of a Christian home all meeting hereafter around the throne of Jesus, all rescued from the sinner's doom, all drinking of the same cup of bliss, all sitting down at the marriage-supper of the Lamb, all within the walls of that heavenly city, where pain and sorrow and death can never enter.

In conclusion we point out the special means by which a family may hope to secure the blessing of the Lord, and foremost we place—

I. *Hearty religion in the heads of the family.*

Consistent piety in a single member of the family may ultimately be the salvation of the rest; but until father and mother, if both are alive, are decided in their Christian course, we have no reason to expect the special presence of God in the midst of the house. It is vain to look for a good crop from bad seed, or for clusters of grapes from a thorn bush; so it is the exception to find true religion in the younger members of a family if it be otherwise with the parents.

II. Secondly, then, we point out the *importance of family prayer.*

To read together the Word of God, to bend the knee at the throne of grace, may be a blessed preparation, under God, for the united worship of the whole family above. Let a portion of Scripture be very distinctly read, after a brief prayer for Divine assistance. Then let the prayer be hearty and fervent, and not too long; bring every family matter before the Lord, from time to time, with all due reverence.

III. *Maintain family discipline.*

It is the *will of God that parents* should exercise control over their *children. They must command* that which is right and forbid that *which is wrong. God praised* Abram because He "knew that he

would command his children after him to keep the way of the Lord." It was the ruin of the house of Eli, that his "sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not."

IV. Lastly, *pray much for the conversion of every one of the family.*

Let each believer in a house consider it a bounden duty never to let a day pass by without his naming before God each member of the family. Upon the mother, however, rests much of the responsibility connected with the children. She is more constantly with them, and it is most natural that her prayers should incessantly be offered in their behalf. See the difference between a mother who neglects the souls of her children, and one who labours and prays for their salvation.

A young man was condemned to death in Glasgow for a most brutal murder. His mother entered his cell. The son fixed his eyes upon her, and said, "Mother, had it not been for you, I should never have been here." "I am sure," she said, "I never taught you any harm." "I am sure," he answered, "you never taught me any good." From that moment his lips were sealed, and to the fatal hour he never spoke another word. *Here was the reward of the neglectful mother.*

Now for the other side of the picture.

John Newton learned to pray at his mother's knees. She was taken to heaven before he was eight years old. At sea, in the midst of many dangers, his agonizing prayer often was, "My mother's God, the God of mercy, have mercy on me." His mother's prayers were answered at length, and he became "a burning and a shining light" as a clergyman of the Church of England—an encouraging lesson to mothers to persevere in their good work. For nearly twenty years the seed lay apparently dead in Newton's heart, but then it sprung up and bore fruit, sixty, yea, an hundred-fold.

O happy home! where with the hands of prayer
Parents commit their children to the Friend,
Who with a more than mother's tender care
Will watch and keep them safely to the end.
Where they are taught to sit at Jesus' feet,
And listen to the words of life and truth,
And learn to lisp His praise in accents sweet,
From early childhood to advancing youth.

THE FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

SECOND DAY OF FEBRUARY.

"And, behold, there arose a great tempest in the sea, insomuch that the ship was covered with the waves: but He was asleep. And His disciples came to Him, and awoke Him, saying, Lord, save us: we perish. And He saith unto them, Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith? Then He arose, and rebuked the winds; and there was a great calm."—Matt. viii. 24—26.

'TWAS a calm and pleasant evening
On the twilight-mantled hill;
The dying day was lying
All calm, and hushed, and still;
In the west the gold light sparkled,
Like the waters of a rill.

The busy day was over,
And Christ was with the few
Who longed for the sweet eventide,
As weary children do;
And the Saviour's words of gentleness
Fell on their souls like dew.

"Go with us, Lord," those fishermen
In earnest accents cried,
"Out on the lake's calm waters,
E'en to the other side;
The air is soft and fragrant,
And we take the current tide."

They placed a pillow lovingly
Beneath their Master's head,
And lightly o'er the tranquil lake
The little vessel sped;
From His gentle breathing soon they knew
That Jesus slumberèd.

The cloud they had not noticed
Grew larger, darker now,
And the spray was wreathing whitely round
The small boat's dripping prow;
Each turning to the Master cried,
"Awake, and help us, Thou!"

It was an angry tempest,
Yet I wonder at their fear,
When He, the Ocean's Governor,
Was lying there so near;
"Oh, sleep not, Master!" this their cry,
"Our fainting spirits cheer."

And He arose, and hushed the wind,
And said unto the sea.
"Peace! be thou still!" The billows all
Lay down obediently.
"Why are ye fearful?" saith their Lord,
Somewhat reproachfully.

"How is it that ye have no faith?
Could ye but trust my care
When Judah's waters all were smooth—
When Judah's skies were fair?
I slept, but my protecting love
Is sleepless everywhere!"

So, children, as you onward steer,
Over life's changeful tide,
In storm or calm, in cloud or light,
Let *your souls in* peace abide;
Take Jesus with you, you shall reach,
Safely, the other side!

DORA'S MISFORTUNE.

WILFUL DORA.

PRIDE GOETH BEFORE A FALL.

LITTLE Dora Green's mother was ill in bed, and her eldest sister Mary had many things to do, and was very busy. "Dora," she said, "will you sit by baby, and mind him whilst I go to the shop?"

"But Dora, though she was but five years old, had a great will of her own, and did not like sitting still in the house. "No, sister," she said, "I should like to go to the shop instead."

"But I am afraid that you are not strong enough to carry the things."

"Oh, yes I am," said Dora; and she popped on her hat, and ran off with the basket.

Mary loved Dora very much, and was always kind to her, and she was grieved at her little sister being so self-willed.

"Do you think that you can carry all this load, my little maid?" asked the man at the shop, as he packed the things into the basket. There was lump sugar, and brown sugar, too, and tea and pepper, and there were eggs, and I cannot tell you what beside.

"Oh, yes," said Dora, drawing herself up and trying to look tall; "I am five years old, and very strong too."

"Mind that you do not tumble down, then;" and, as he said this, Dora marched out of the shop.

But as she walked along, the basket seemed to get heavier and heavier, and Dora wished more and more that she had done as her sister desired; but her pride did not let her set her load down or rest. However, she got within sight of home, and then who should come trotting round the corner but neighbour Blake's black dog Nero, who came scampering after Dora as soon as he saw her for a game at play; but she was always terribly afraid of him, and started to run.

Now, running with a heavy basket on your arm, and whilst you are looking back to see if a black dog is coming after you, is not easy, and after a few steps down went Dora all along in the mud, and out rolled all the parcels—tea, sugar, pepper, and other things beside—in the dirt, and smash, smash, went the eggs. As for Nero, he trotted off about his own business.

When poor little Dora got up, her nice pinafore was covered with mud, and she began to cry bitterly with pain and shame, and so loudly that out came sister Mary. Mary did not scold when she saw that Dora was very sorry and very much ashamed of herself. She only wiped her tears and kissed her, and gave her a clean pinafore. But you may be *quite sure that it* was a long time before Dora was so *proud of her own strength* again, or so unwilling to do as her sister *told her.*

A PEEP INTO AN IRISH CABIN, BY AN IRISHWOMAN.

WELL, it is an unfortunate thing to be Irish. The unlucky adjective conjures up before the mind's eye of quiet, orderly English folk, images of rebellion and unrest, figures of creatures whose minds are as innocent of discipline as their feet of shoes. Truly, when one reads such additions to advertisements as "No Irish need apply," and on visiting the Irish quarter of English manufacturing towns finds it invariably the lowest, the dirtiest, and the most disorderly, it needs some moral courage, even in her warmest advocate, to acknowledge affinity with the sons of "Ould Ireland." In contemplating these features of Irish life, even a true-hearted "child of the sod" feels sorely tempted to adopt Boswell's apologetic tone, and falter out, "It is true. I *was* born in Ireland, but it wasn't my fault; I couldn't help it—indeed I couldn't help it." A plague to the Government, a sorrow to the Church, no wonder the *Times* should call us, as it once did, "an impossible people." But the Christian labourer who has listened to the touching tale of romantic affection, who has heard the stricken and forsaken wife sadly, but not reproachfully, exclaim, "Och! then, am'n't I the lavins of sorrow and grief?" knows what powers are running to waste in those ill-regulated minds, and what loving hearts are beating under those tattered garments. Ay, we are a queer people, as becomes evident sometimes even to ourselves, with our lofty aspirations and deficient practice, our feelings of intense devotion, and confused ideas of *meum* and *tuum*. But have patience with us, ye good, proper English folk. You shall see what we will do yet, for all that's come and gone. We may yet have thrifty Sheridans and rational Goldsmiths, for be sure there is power within us. Guided and controlled by your wisdom, whilst encouraged by your kindly words and friendly hand, you shall see how we will put our own shoulders to the wheel and work. Ay, and work it out of the rut, too. It is true we must have our "wee bit jaunty;" we must be allowed to indulge our smiles and our tears, and not be too severely judged for our occasional sprees. We shall not work the worse.

"A merry heart goes a' the day,
A sad un tires at a mile a."

If a peep into an Irish cabin will help to rouse your sympathy for us, then for once you shall play eavesdropper, and overhear our conversations. You can go in easily enough, for the door is ajar, like that of all Irish cabins, for the freer ingress and egress of the pig, the children, and the hens. Take care you do not stumble into one of those little pools of dirty water which collect in the hollows of the mud floor. In the cottage of the Irish Roman Catholic, I am sorry to say, they lie there day after day, unmopped up. The occupant is a woman with whom I had become acquainted during occasional visits to the sea-side, between Killiney and Bray. On my first visit she was lying on a low settle, moaning as if in great pain.

"*What's the matter* with you, my poor woman?"

"*Och, then, it's throuble*, and sorrow, and hardship that's the *matther with me, and* isn't it enough to ail any one?"

"But you seem in great pain; is there nothing that would relieve you?"

"The grave will soon relieve me. Och, but it'll be pleasant to lie down and sleep there!"

"Have you a sure hope of heaven? Without that, death is the worst of evils."

"Och, then, if throuble and sorrow like mine won't take a body to heaven, I don't know what will."

"Do not trust to such an idea. The blood of the Lord Jesus Christ alone can atone for sin."

"I'm sure if ever any one suffered punishment enough, I did! It is very hard if a poor body is not to have more favour at the last day than a rich one that lived in ease and plenty always. It's easy for them to be good."

Lying on a straw mattress, and greatly irritated by the flies which buzzed about her, it was vain to talk to her, and I asked for her husband.

"Och, sure, don't you know that it's *that* that's frettin' me. It's frettin' brought on all my sickness. He's emigrated. Matters got worse and worse, and Judy, my fine girl (you remember Judy?), was lookin' paler and sicker-like every day. A lot of the neighbours was goin' off, and I said to him, 'Now, Maurice, it's no use stayin' here any longer, slavin' and starvin'. Take Judy with you, and go off to Ameriky, and it's bringin' us all after you you'll be.' Well, he looked downcast and sorrowful enough, and said, 'And sure you wouldn't have me go and leave you behind me?' 'I'll go afther you, dear, I said, and bring the childher with me when we hear news of you.' I little thought," she added, "how they'd have to lay me in the grave afore they'd go."

One day when I went in she was looking more wildly desponding than ever, and I said to her—

"Do you feel worse? Is there anything the matter?"

"Och, sure there's a letter from Maurice, and he sends me three pounds, and bids me have myself and the childher ready to folly him by spring."

"And does it not give you pleasure that your husband is faithful to his wife and children?"

"Och, yes, but I'll never folly him, and the doctor says I'll wear a long time, and they must lave me in the grave afore they go; and who will look to them then? But here's the letter;" and she drew it from under her head. It was a touching epistle, with its odd spelling, and ill-shaped letters. It was very short, but had evidently cost the writer a long effort. "Read it aloud," she said; but when I came to one expression, "If I had Pat here, I could have him at a good school every day," I stopped, for the settle shook with her convulsive sobbing. "Pat's dead!" she almost shouted; "he died in the summer of scarlatina. He'll never see me nor Pat again."

"Be comforted. Cast all your sins on the Lord Jesus Christ, and then you will all meet in heaven."

"Yes, yes. Pat's last words were, 'Don't fret, mother, I'll make a bed for *you in heaven;*' and he'll keep his word."

"*Ah! trust in the Saviour.* Abandon every other hope."

"*Sure and so I do.* Isn't there a picture of Him there? Billy

some blunder missed their first chance, it was not until after an arduous chase of many hours, that the leading boat at last succeeded in overtaking, and making fast to the whale. A long and desperate struggle ensued, the second crew quickly coming to the assistance of the first; but line after line from both was expended by the animal, which proved to be of the largest size, and of immense strength and tenacity of life. It tried every means to escape; sometimes "sounding," *i.e.* descending perpendicularly to a vast depth into the recesses of the ocean, until the enormous pressure of the superincumbent water was more than even its huge strength could bear, and it was forced to return to the surface, along which it would then rush with such velocity, dragging both boats after it, that the water, divided by the sharp bows, curled high in two solid walls on either hand. At length, however, its speed began to slacken, and the whalemen, anxious to secure their prize before darkness set in, advanced to finish him, and four more lances were rapidly hurled into the body of the monster, which, apparently exhausted by its preceding efforts, lay passive on the water. No sooner, however, had the last steel penetrated, than, as if the stimulus had roused anew all its vital energies, it hurled itself half out of the water, and, swinging its ponderous flukes high up in the air, struck two tremendous blows in quick succession, one of which fell upon the foremost boat, cutting it completely in two, and scattering its occupants (one of whom had his thigh broken) in all directions. After doing this mischief, it again sounded; and, hastily picking up their companions, and placing the wounded man in the bottom of the boat, the rest, undaunted, impatiently awaited the coming up of the animal to breathe. But they waited in vain; their prey had escaped them. In his last desperate effort to free himself, he had (so I was told, at least) dived so deeply, that, with his strength exhausted, he was unable again to rise, and dying below, sank still deeper. The disappointed whalers sat in silence, watching their lines disappearing fathom after fathom, until the last yard was gone, when the bowman, who held his tomahawk uplifted ready to strike, was compelled to let it fall and sever the rope, lest the weight of the descending body should drag the boats down with it into the abyss.

Wearied with their long day of fruitless toil, and depressed at their ill-fortune, the men prepared to return to their ship, which had long before sunk beneath the horizon; for, being calm, she could not make sail to follow them. After pulling for some hours, however, they felt a slight breeze spring up, which they knew would bring her down; and, after awhile, a rocket ascending showed her position; and this signal was repeated every half hour, until the vessel was within a few miles. They had been resting on their oars for some time, but had once more resumed them upon noticing that the breeze was dying away, and their ship likely to be again becalmed, when all at once a sound struck upon their ears, which made each man pause in astonishment. It was a groan, or rather a hoarse, heavy, smothered kind of moan, which seemed to be borne to them from across the waters; but *whether from near at hand*, or far away, they could not tell.

The men stood up in their boat and listened. The night was cloudy and dark; but the line between sea and sky was sufficiently distinct to show to their practised vision the form of their own

vessel, which was now only three miles away; but no sail was visible on that part of the horizon from whence the sounds appeared to come. Thinking it possible, however, that some shipwrecked boat's crew might be in their neighbourhood, they joined together in a shout; but there was no response audible. All at once, however, some flashes of light gleamed across the distant darkness, and a bluish glare shone out for a minute or two, flickered, and disappeared. At the same moment, a distant piercing cry, followed by moanings similar to the first they had heard, rose on the night air. In all their experience, whether on sea or land, they had never heard sounds like them, and, amazed and startled, and with all the superstitious fears excited, to which sailors are prone, the men in the boat whispered their conjectures to each other.

"There's nothing as I know of that swims the sea or flies in the air, could make those sounds," said one. "If there was any craft anywhere within miles, we could see her sails plain enough; we are too far out at sea for any coasters carrying cattle. Besides there's no such trade on this coast, and we're eight hundred miles from it."

"If it's from a boat, what kind of a crew must she have? That's what I want to know," said a second. "I know what it is to be adrift and perishing. I was one time on a raft with twenty more, for two and thirty days, and a whole lot of 'em went mad and died raging, from drinking the salt water, and yelled and fought, and throttled each other till they were pitched overboard; but then, these here sounds aren't human like."

"Couldn't be a whale, Bill, that made that moanin' noise?" asked another of the boatsteerers, who was a veteran salt, having followed his calling, as a sealer and whaler, in all parts of the world.

"Well, it might be—that noise might; though twarn't exactly like it neither. I've heard 'em too often, not to know 'em. Sperm whale don't roar much; but right black, or Greenland species, common all over the world, you can hear, at times, miles away. I remember once, when I was in New Zealand—we was a Bay-whaling near Hokianga—we killed a cow whale and her calf, and towed 'em into the bay. Well, the old bull, he come in from sea at night-fall, and kep' up such a moanin' and roarin' it was pitiful to hear him. He knowed his missus had gone in there, you see, and he was a callin' on her to come out; and for nigh-hand on to a week, every night, he'd tack about in the offing, until daylight, waitin' and callin' her. Twarn't till we stripped the blubber off her, and towed the carcase out to sea, that he gave in and left."

(*To be continued.*)

RITUALISM AND FOREIGN MISSIONS.—It has recently been stated that in seven of the leading ritualistic churches in London the subscriptions to foreign missions only reach the sum of £7 13s. 2d. for a whole year. It is fair to add that one of them contributed £5 12s. 10d. to a special fund for Honolulu; but even with this extra effort the total is not raised to £14, and the average is not £2 a-piece. These seven churches contributed between them £13 7s. for foreign missions. And yet the incumbent of one of them, before the Ritual Commission, stated in his evidence that the cost of his choir alone was about £1,000 a year.

THE CHRISTIAN'S POSSESSIONS AMIDST ALL HIS LOSSES.—A poor, simple man once said: "I *have lost all my property; I have* lost all my relatives; my last son is dead; I *have lost my hearing and my eyesight;* I am all alone, old and poor; but it makes *little difference—Christ never grows old;* Christ never is poor: Christ never dies; *Christ never will forsake me.*"

NATURAL HISTORY ANECDOTES.

(*Continued from page* 22.)

CATS have great curiosity. I do not know if your readers have observed that a new piece of furniture is never placed in a room, but the cat, as soon as she enters, will not rest satisfied until she has thoroughly inspected the article, as Cowper describes his tame hares to have done when there was a darn or patch in the carpet. I was much struck the other day by a cat scratching against the door, and rearing herself upon her hind legs, in order to examine a lock which she had attentively watched being repaired by the locksmith.

We often have heard that a cat has nine lives. Just to show the vitality which exists in them even when quite young, I may mention that a cat belonging to a friend of mine living at a large farmhouse, had kittens, which were first drowned, and then thrown out upon the dunghill as dead. To the surprise of the farmer the next day, there before the kitchen fire lay the cat nursing her kittens. It seems that life could not have been quite extinct when they had been cast out, and that the warmth of the manure heap had revived them. This same cat, which was given to the farmer when quite grown up, continued to have kittens for a period of eighteen years, even when she could hardly see or smell, for its owner saw a mouse run slowly close by the basket in which she was lying, but she remained perfectly unmoved. This cat was wonderfully fleet in catching birds. She used to lie in an empty hen-coop close to the spot where the fowls were fed, and when the sparrows descended to feed, pounce upon them, and in this way destroy great numbers. The son of the farmer had a large number of goldfinches, which he kept in an antiquely-furnished parlour, the window reaching higher than the ceiling, going up in fact to the room above. Here the goldfinches loved to live and thrive; still one by one they disappeared. After a time the mystery was explained. It appears that when the family left the room after breakfast, the birds used to fly to the table, and pick up the crumbs; now the cat found that, by going into the room above, she could descend by the window, and, making a spring, snatch one or two of the goldfinches. She never left a feather behind to tell the tale of her depredations, and it was only after some time that her manner of proceeding was discovered.

A tradesman living in London gave me the following anecdote. He had a very handsome cat; after a time it disappeared, and he gave it over as lost. About three weeks afterwards, a porter at a workshop a few doors off said to him, "Do you want a cat? There has been one on our loft for some time, and I know it has had nothing but rain water all the while." Accordingly, the animal, a mass of skin and bone, was brought over to the house of the tradesman, who, upon seeing it, immediately recognised it as his lost cat. This the other disputed. "Oh!" said the tradesman, "I will soon show you that it *is my cat. Put it* down: if it runs upstairs it is a strange cat (cats *always run upwards* in strange houses); if it is mine she will soon *make herself at* home." The cat was placed on the floor, and *after smelling the* shop furniture, slowly walked downstairs, and then

stretching herself lay down contentedly before the kitchen fire. "There," said its master, "I hope you are satisfied."

This same tradesman had once another cat, which was extremely fond of the servant. It would follow her everywhere, even to the shops in the busy neighbourhood. It generally stationed itself outside the door of the room she was in, and waited to accompany her to the kitchen. This servant left to be married, and a fresh one came in her place. The cat smelt at her a good deal, walked round her several times, and then disappeared for a week. It then returned, went up to the servant, looked at her well several times during the day, and in the evening went off and never returned. It may be added that the character of the new servant was very inferior to the former one, and she had to be dismissed. Perhaps the cat perceived this difference in disposition. This very same cat always went into the country with its master and mistress on a visit to a friend. Whenever they went for a walk it would be sure to meet them on their return some way from the house, walking always inside the hedgerow, and occasionally putting its tail through the quickset hedge, in order to let them know that it was near at hand.

The owner of this cat also told me that it is not generally known that cats always sleep off whatever complaint or sickness they have, and the only medicine they naturally take is grass, though one of the cats he possessed would also eat Whatman's paper whenever he could get it. Singular to say, he would eat none else: perhaps this arises from the fact that Whatman's (the father's) paper was made of the best Russian rags.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

THE LIFE OF MRS. CAMERON. Houlston & Sons, Paternoster Row.

A greatly improved edition of the life of a well-known mother in Israel, the perusal of which cannot fail to benefit the reader, and to strengthen the hands of all who wish to walk in the good old paths of Protestant Scriptural truth.

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THOUGHTS FOR ADVENT. By Bishop OXENDEN. Hatchards, London.

As "good wine needs no bush," so Bishop Oxenden's writings need no praise from our pen. Believing, as we do, that the coming of the Lord is nigh at hand, we rejoice to have the attention of the Church drawn to this important subject, and that in so practical a manner as the Bishop does in these nine valuable lectures.

FRENCH WIT.—Here we have a good example of French wit:—"A doctor, like everybody else at this season, went out for a day's sport, and complained of having killed nothing. 'That's the consequence of having neglected your business,' observed his wife."

FAMILY WORSHIP.—A traveller says: "One of the most beautiful images that ever rose upon my imagination, was suggested to me by a chance delay for two days among the lakes and mountains of the Trosach's Glen. I happened to make the inquiry, what became of the villagers, so suddenly disappearing at nightfall from the streets; and a sandy-haired Scotchman replied, 'Most of them would be at prayers about this time!' And I looked up into the far blue sky, and thought how fine a thing it would be to have a resting place high enough just to hear the murmur of voices, as they read a verse *about, and sang one of* the old Psalms, before the impressive hush in *which the father offered prayer.* How grand would be the swell of sound, when a *whole village was going on its knees* before God!"

ORIGINAL FABLES.

BENEFITS OF UNION.

"You do no work," said the Scissors to the Rivet, "we don't want you!"

"Where would *your* work be if I did not keep you together?" said the Rivet. "There's nothing done by the sharpest without union."

TEST OF FRIENDSHIP.

"Who is a friend like me?" said the Shadow to the Body. "Do I not follow you wherever you go? Sunlight or moonlight I never forsake you."

"It is true," said the Body; "you are with me in sunlight and moonlight, but where are you when neither sun nor moon shines upon me. The true friend abides with us in darkness."

FLYING ABOVE.

"Mother, mother!" cried the young Herons to the old Bird, "how are we to escape the hawks and the falcons? They are continually pursuing us!"

"My dears," said the old Bird, "they are, I know well, quick, powerful and cruel, and greatly to be feared; but if you will only *keep the sky of them*, you will be safe. There's nothing like flying above your enemies!"

PAYMENT IN KIND.

"Why do you put your ears down, pray?" said the young Colt, galloping up to the Donkey, with a fierce conceited air.

"Why do you put yours up, sir? if I may make so bold as to ask," said Ned, looking demurely at him.

"Why? Because I like it," said the Colt, haughtily.

"Thank you, sir. The same reason will do for me, by your leave," said Ned. "I'm sure your worship wouldn't desire a better."

EQUAL FRIENDSHIPS BEST.

"What has become of you lately, Shag?" cried Drover. "I've missed you after evening shepherding this week or more."

"I've been engaged," said Shag, coldly.

"Engaged! How? where?" said Drover.

"*With company—the new company at the great house,*" said Shag.

"Oh, hoh! What, Crack and Brilliant, and the rest?" said Drover.

"Yes. They seemed to wish for my friendship, so I couldn't be uncivil," said Shag.

"Very good; and you are going now?" inquired Drover. "Don't let me hinder you."

"I was. You see, Drover, they are high bred; and I think when an opening offers, we should always try to improve on ourselves."

"Certainly. A very improving evening to you," said Drover.

"You think so, don't you?" said Shag.

"I think the best company is that we get most good from," said Drover.

"Yes, that's it," said Shag; "and Mr. Crack has such a beautiful way of moving (action they call it), and Mr. Brilliant is so quick and clever, and they are all so superior one way or another."

"Happy to hear it. But I think your 'action' and cleverness are quite sufficient for your way of life. However, please yourself," said Drover, running on.

"Why, Shag! *you* here!" he cried, a few evenings after, "I thought you had cut low company and were on the improving plan!"

"Ahem!" I preferred a walk with you this evening, Drover," said Shag, looking shy.

"Very good," said Drover. "How are your friends at the great house?"

"Very well for anything I know," said Shag.

"What! have you broken with them?" asked Drover.

"To say the truth, I was deceived in them. They are low, ill-bred, conceited fellows, and I despise them!" said Shag.

"When did you find that out?" asked Drover.

"Last night," said Shag. They were together with Mr. Commodore, the Captain's dog, and when I went to them they looked as if they didn't know me, and Mr. Crack asked me how it was I was not shepherding. So I walked away, and don't mean to go near them again."

"Then you've done being improved?" said Drover.

"Oh, don't laugh at me," said Shag.

"I won't; only be advised, and never expect steady friendship out of your own beat. You may, for some capricious reason, be patronized and kept on sufferance for a time, but the merest trifle will be enough to take away the favour in the same caprice that bestowed it."

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA, ETC.

1. To whom was Paul by Claudius Lysias sent?
2. What erring servant was by Paul restored?
3. The damsel who to welcome Peter went.
4. Who lost by force the idol he adored?
5. Who 'neath King Ahaz held the second place?
6. What man of Issachar judged Israel well?
7. Who was the second son of Judah's race?
8. What town before the ruthless Danites fell?
9. The tribe whence came the man who Nadab killed.
10. The queen who lost her throne through scorn and pride.
11. Who faithfully his master's work fulfilled?
12. Who by the hands of his own servants died?
13. Where went a queen to beg her young son's life?
14. The place where Jair the judge in death was laid.
15. Whose wicked schemes were checked by his king's wife?
16. What woman by her sons' dead bodies stayed?
17. What patriarch through fear a falsehood told?
18. The people who Job's oxen all destroyed.
19. Whose king to Solomon sent all the gold,

Which he to decorate God's house employed?
To those with Christ who live,
What terror can remain?
"For me to live is Christ,"
Then death itself is gain.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC ON PAGE 23.

1. P ontus (Acts xviii. 2). S
2. H arbonah (Esther vii. 9). H
3. A i (Josh. vii. 5; viii. 24). I
4. R aamses (Ex. i. 11). S
5. A nah (Gen. xxxvi. 24). H
6. O shea (Num. xiii. 9). A
7. H abakkuk (Hab. ii. 4; Rom. i. 17). K

PHARAOH—SHISHAK.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA No. I., ON PAGE 23.

1. B uzi (Ez. i. 3).
2. E bed-melech (Jer. xxxviii. 7).
3. N ain (Luke vii. 11).
4. O zem (1 Chron. ii. 15).
5. T aberah (Num. xi. 3).
6. W ind. (John iii. 8).
7. E shcol (Num. xiii. 24).
8. A bihail (Esther ii. 15).
9. R ephaim (2 Sam. v. 18).
10. Y ea (2 Cor. i. 20).
11. I thamar (Ex. vi. 23).
12. N aioth (1 Sam. xix. 18).
13. W ool (Isa. i. 18).
14. E agle (Levit. xi. 13).
15. L ois (2 Tim. i. 5).
16. L azarus (John xi. 44).
17. D emetrius (Acts xix. 24).
18. O bed-edom (1 Chron. xv. 24).
19. I conium (Acts xiii. 51; xiv. 21).
20. N ergal (2 Kings xvii. 30).
21. G aal (Judges ix. 26).

"Be not weary in well doing."—2 Thess. iii. 13.

Receive Christ into your heart, and He will receive you into His kingdom.

Embracing the world, is like embracing the snow which quickly melts.

GIVE THANKS.—An insane man in London was once passing along a street crowded with merchants and other men of business. He suddenly accosted one of them as follows: "Sir, do you ever thank God for your reason?" "I don't know that I do," replied the man. "Well, you ought to," replied the insane man, "for I *have lost mine.*" *The merchant said* he never after offered thanks to God without *thinking of gratitude for reason and* right mind.

FEBRUARY.

PHASES OF THE MOON.

4—First Quarter .. 10h. 6m. a.m.		20—Last Quarter .. 11h. 23m. a.m.	
12—Full Moon .. 11h. 33m. a.m.		27—New Moon .. 3h. 22m. a.m.	

The Lessons are taken from the New Table.

1	S	"Sowing wild oats" never produces wheat. Gal. vi. 7.
2	☽	4th Sun. af. Epiphany. Lessons {Morn: Job xxvii. to xix. 3. Matt. xviii. 21, [Acts xx. to 17. Even: Job xxviii. or Job xxix.
3	M	Truth lies in the middle of a matter. 1 Kings iii. 25.
4	Tu	Be slow to promise, quick to perform. Prov. xi. 15.
5	W	They that do nothing learn to do ill. 1 Tim. v. 13.
6	Th	An Englishman's house is his castle. Prov. xxiv. 3.
7	F	Ask thy purse what thou shouldest spend. Prov. xxi. 20.
8	S	Home is an homely word. 1 Tim. v. 8.
9	☽	Septuages. Sun. Lessons {Morn: Gen. i. & ii. to 4. Matt. xxii. 15 to 41. Even: Gen. ii. 4, or Job xxxviii. Acts xxiv.
10	M	Children are certain cares but uncertain comforts.
11	Tu	Sloth is the mother of poverty. Prov. xx. 4. [Prov. x. 1.
12	W	Prayer never hinders work. 1 Thess. v. 17.
13	Th	Leaves die to fall—men to rise. John xi. 25. [Prov. xxxi. 30.
14	F	Catch not at the shadow, and lose the substance.
15	S	Vows made in storms are forgotten in calms. Gen. xl. 23.
16	☽	Sexagesima Sunday. Lessons {Morn.: Gen. iii. Matt. xxvi. to 31. Even.: Gen. vi., or Gen. viii. Rom. i.
17	M	Loose habits forge tight fetters. Judges xvi. 21.
18	Tu	Conscience is never dilatory in her warning. Luke xxii. 61.
19	W	Appearances are deceitful. Luke xi. 44.
20	Th	It's no small conquest to conquer self. Matt. vii. 5.
21	F	Time is a file that works without noise. Matt. xvi. 3.
22	S	Where one will not, two cannot quarrel. Prov. xv. 1.
23	☽	Quinquagesima Sun. Lessons {Morn.: Gen. ix. to 20. Mark i. to 21. Even.: Gen. xii., or Gen. xiii. Rom. vii.
24	M	Despise none, despair of none. Matt. xxi. 31.
25	Tu	False friends are worse than open enemies. Ps. lv. 12.
26	W	Ardent spirits are evil spirits. Prov. xxiii. 32.
27	Th	Flattery and friendship are strangers. Psalm v. 9.
28	F	Gentle does it. Titus iii. 2.

*** Correspondents are invited to send Proverbs with suitable texts. Address, The Editor, 24, Paternoster Row, London.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

So far as the limited space at our disposal will permit, we shall at all times be willing to insert any communications from the Clergy or Laity of general interest to the Church in Wales. A synopsis of papers read at Rural-deanal meetings will be inserted if addressed to the Editor of "The Churchman in Wales," care of Messrs. Lewis and Williams, Cardiff, before the 20th of each month. Correspondents will, of course, observe the usual regulations of the Press, viz., writing legibly on one side of the paper only, and when using a "nom de plume," sending at the same time their name and address privately to the Editor.

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No. II.

THE PELAGIAN PERIOD.

PELAGIUS was a Welshman, and had he lived in these times he would have been a Broad Churchman. At all events, none of the synods or councils which condemned his writings, or those of his Celtic friend, Cœlestius, ever accused him (as one Anglican Dean publicly accused another, A.D. 1873) of being "the mouthpiece and exponent of a school which is numbering more and more adherents among both clergy and laity, a school which, having no real faith at all, surrenders bit by bit the Holy Scriptures, the miracles, the doctrines of Christianity, until nothing remains, as is frankly admitted by some of the farthest advanced, save the sublime morality of the gospel recommended by the example of Christ."

But this rationalistic theology is not confined to a particular school of the Church of England—to the Unitarians—or to the metaphysical minds of Germany in modern times. It has found its way into the Nonconformist Churches, and the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, a more popular preacher in America than any recently-elected Dean at Oxford or Cambridge, in a great speech at Brooklyn on the "Pilgrim Fathers and the Devil," is reported to have extinguished Satan by denying his existence. "The Pilgrim Fathers," Mr. Ward Beecher contended, "brought with them a number of European prejudices, including a belief in the existence and power of the Evil One. In modern times we have long been free from that superstition. We of New York know that there is no such a being as the devil."

The Dean of Westminster and Henry Ward Beecher, therefore, are merely selected as representative characters, illustrating in different ways the same principle which is now being applied, not merely to theological doctrines, but to historical criticism, to our venerated institutions in Church and State, and to a thousand other things in this age, which Carlyle says is particularly wanting in the *reverencies*, and which is obviously setting up its own understanding and its own inclination as the measure and standard of its belief and its affections. Pelagius was also a representative character, trained in a similar school of thought in the early Church, but under different ecclesiastical surroundings to modern Rationalists. But whatever might have been the errors of his theological opinions, he was a metaphysician and a philosopher of whom any country in Europe may have been proud to have claimed his education at that early period. It must be borne in mind Pelagius lived when writers on theological subjects were not so numerous as they are at the present time, when 5,000 books, besides newspapers and periodicals, are annually published in the British Isles, irrespective of the vast number of publications issuing from the press in other parts of the Western World. It is a singular fact that in the first three centuries of the Christian era, whatever activity of mind there was on ecclesiastical subjects was found chiefly in the East and not in the West. During that period Rome produced no ecclesiastical writer of any merit excepting Clement, and the western provinces not one of any description. Rome was nearly as barren during the three centuries which followed—(Waddington, vol. 1, p. 39).

It is still more remarkable that, rare as ecclesiastical writers were in the western provinces, Pelagius is scarcely known by name outside the clerical profession to many enthusiastic Welshmen of modern times.

In Parry's "Cambrian Plutarch" are short biographies of eminent Welshmen in the following order:—Arthur Aneurin, Taliesin, Llywarch Hen, St. David, Asser Menevensis, Howel Dda, Rhys ab Tewdwr, Owain Gwynedd, Giraldus Cambrensis, Llywelyn ab Grifydd, Davydd ab Gwilym, Owain Glyndwr, Sir Rhys ab Thomas, Humphrey Llwyd, Dr. John David Rhys, Bishop Morgan, Dr. John Davies, Edward Llwyd, Lewis Morris, Thomas Pennant, Esq., and the Rev. Peter Roberts, but the name of Pelagius is not mentioned. There can be no doubt that the names here recorded are all great and good Welshmen, but if greatness means fame, then it must be admitted that the fame of Pelagius has extended over more centuries and travelled many thousand miles beyond the names mentioned in the Cambrian Plutarch. As long as the writings of Augustine, Bishop of Hippo, are read upon this earth, which will probably be whilst the Christian Dispensation lasts, so long will the name of Pelagius be kept in remembrance by generations yet to come. But Pelagius was not only a representa-

tive of a theological school—he was in other respects a representative Welshman.

Like Carthage of old, the history of Wales has been chronicled by her foes. At intervals of 500 years apart the Romans and the Saxons invaded the Valley of the Severn. We know little or nothing of the Roman invasion, excepting through the medium of Roman pens. We know very little of the Saxon invasion, excepting through the pens of the Saxons, and in the same manner we know very little of the life of Pelagius, excepting through the writings of his opponents. If anyone supposes such a medium is likely to transmit an impartial narrative, he must imagine that human nature was better in those days than it is at present. In reference to Wales, he must bear in mind that her Roman and Saxon invaders and chroniclers were pagans who had never learnt to love their enemies, and then place that fact alongside the evidence of Christian nations in modern times, and recollect how France and Prussia traduced each other during the recent Franco-German War, and then come a little nearer home, and recall the circumstance of a young English lieutenant being captured during the Crimean War, and taken to St. Petersburgh, and how severely he was reprimanded by the leading journal of England for simply narrating the truth respecting the kind treatment he had received from our foes whilst the War was raging at Sebastoopol; and, putting all these circumstances together, we may form some conception of the complexion which history naturally assumes when written by our foes; and thus we see under what disadvantages the history of Carthage, the history of Wales, and the life of Pelagius have been transmitted to us.

It is only within the present century that, somewhat reluctantly, historians have admitted the fact that justice has not been done to Wales, either by the Roman or Saxon writers. It is a law of human nature that the wrong-doer traduces the character of the person he has wronged. It is still the common practice of barristers who have "no case" in courts of justice. There can be no doubt whatever that both the Saxons and the Romans wronged the Welsh people, and the Welsh have been abused by the wrong-doers accordingly. Mr. Augustus St. John, in his history of the four conquests of Britain, referring to the Roman invasion (vol. 1. p. 23) places the matter in the right light when he states, "The original historians of these wars were foreigners, and wrote in the interest of the invaders. In their narratives the natives are spoken of as barbarian, fierce, fickle, treacherous; no account is made of their sufferings, no sympathy is extended to their heroic patriotism. The legions, with a motley multitude of auxiliaries brought together from the most uncivilised parts of Europe, are spoken of as 'our army,' while the Britons—Silures, Brigantes, Iceni, Ordovices—are denominated 'the enemy,' and all the insidious arts of eloquence are employed to proscribe their cause. Their

quarrel, however, was just. They fought for their hearths and altars, and had they not been tainted by the characteristic vice of the Celtic nations, Rome might in vain have shed the blood of all her legions in the attempt to subjugate our forefathers. But the bravery of the Britons was paralysed by their disunion. A people divided minutely into septs and clans can never successfully make head against a large invading army, directed by one mind, and developing one unbroken scheme of policy. Our ancestors, therefore, while they fought disunitedly, were subdued one after another; though they dearly sold their liberty, performing prodigies of valour, leaving the bones of the legions mingled with their own to bleach upon a hundred fields, defending almost every river, ravine, and rocky height in the island, drenching every morass and moor with their best blood, and only accepting the yoke at last, when the flower of Italy, Germany, Spain, Gaul, Illyria, Pannonia, Dacia, had feasted the ravens on their plains and hills. The contest, protracted beyond example, was the most destructive in which Rome was ever engaged; it taxed the genius of her greatest generals, Plautius, Ostorius, Sentonius, Paulinus, Vespasian, the glorious conqueror of Judea, above all, Julius Agricola, and after having been marked by the vicissitudes of four centuries, was at last left incomplete, since there were many large tracts in Britain never trod by a Roman foot or outraged by the presence of the Eagles."

(To be continued).

THE MANAGEMENT OF DIVINE SERVICES.

I have read with much interest the very sensible paper on "The Bilingual Difficulty," in the March number of *The Churchman in Wales*, by the Rev. W. Cynog Davies. This serious bilingual difficulty is gradually giving way before a more judicious arrangement of the *times* of the services, and an additional number of Ministers. But it will be a long time before it will be thoroughly removed.

This difficulty is more felt in towns than in country parishes, and probably more in the South than in the North parts of the Principality, although, in North Wales, too, this difficulty is very puzzling, and hard of solution. But in North Wales we have another, but a kindred difficulty to contend with; and that is the *social* difficulty. This occurs in parishes where there are genteel families residing, esquires and professional men, whom the times of Services most convenient to the lower classes do not at all suit.

Of course the clergyman, is, in a manner, bound to consult the convenience of his richer parishoners; and the difficulty is so to arrange the time of Divine Service as to make it convenient for the artisans, the ordinary farmers, and the poor, to attend. This is a source of trouble and vexation of spirit to hundreds of clergymen, willing to act for the best in the matter, if they but knew how.

When I was a boy,—well, I am afraid it is fifty years and more—I used to attend Church in a parish in the county of Carnarvon, a rich agricultural parish, in which there were several gentlemen's ancient residences. All these gentle people and their families were church people. There was a morning service at eleven in the morning, and at four in the afternoon, The living was not well endowed, and the Rector had no Curate. The result was, that very few of the common people attended either in the morning or in the afternoon, although the Rector was an excellent preacher, and a popular man. The services both times were always in Welsh. The Morning Service at eleven, was too late for the poorer sort to return for dinner. The Afternoon Service at four, was both too early and too late for them; it interfered with their tea time, and their milking time, and several of their other necessary avocations. So the attendance at Church was thin on both occasions; very few came but the gentlefolk, although there was in the parish a very excellent church feeling. Had the Morning Service been at ten, the Church would have been full; but ten was too early for the gentle people, too soon after their breakfast; and a later hour than four in the afternoon interfered with their dinner hour. Practically, therefore, this Parish Church was the Church of the rich, almost to the exclusion of the poorer people. Now, however, the Morning Service is at ten, there is another service at four, and a third at six, and with very happy results.

The Church in Wales has immensely lost her hold on the common people, by simply ignoring their convenience in regard to *the hours* at which services are held. Some ages ago, these hours were traditionally fixed on with a view almost exclusively to the convenience of the richer parishioners. When dissent came, its votaries never made a mistake in the matter. Their times of worship was (and is) always arranged so as to suit the convenience of the common people. But the Church did not take a lesson from them on this important point; the clergy went on as before, clinging to the traditional times of service, completely ignoring the changes made in the *Chapel* times of worship, and of course a vast number of people went to worship to the Chapel, for the sake simply of the greater convenience of the time; nine, half-past nine, or ten in the morning; about two in the afternoon, and six, half-past six, or seven, in the

evening. I am now only speaking of Sundays, and of the country.

In most country places, there is railway time, and there is country time. Country time is from twenty minutes to half an hour earlier than railway time. Many reasons might be mentioned why there is this early country time at all; but on this point I need not dwell. The important thing to note is, that country time is mostly regulated by the country dinner hour, which ranges from twelve to half-past twelve; it is very seldom so late as one o'clock.

Now, it is of the utmost importance in the country to arrange the time of Divine Service according to their early country time, wherever it is possible to do so, for it is in this way only that the Clergyman can, in this matter, consult the convenience of his congregation. The Chapel goes by country time, simply and solely for the convenience of the people. But if the Church will persist in going by Greenwich time, which is half-an-hour later, those who attend it *must be waited for* by the rest of the household before dinner can commence, and this cannot but be excessively disagreeable to all concerned. When I came to the parish, of which I am rector, the Morning Service both at Church and at the neighbouring Chapel was at ten; at the Chapel at ten, country time; but at the Church at ten, railway time. Of course this was productive of considerable disarrangement at dinner, those of the Chapel came in time for dinner; those of the Church were always late; and there were brickerings and disagreeablenesses. Having found this out, I immediately changed the hour of my morning service from ten railway time to ten country time; that is, the service commenced half-an-hour earlier than it had done heretofore. I thus gained two points. The farm-houses, dinner was not disarranged; nobody could throw it into the teeth of those who attended Church that they kept the dinner waiting. And also, I gained many to the Church of those who could not attend it before on account of the lateness of the time of service. I made similar accommodating changes in the time of the Afternoon and Evening Services, and I am thankful that I did so, for my Church has thereby gained greatly. It is of not much use for you to ask your parishioners to attend Church, if you are too stiff to arrange your hours to suit them.

ARVONENSIS.

CURING THE KING'S EVIL BY THE ROYAL TOUCH.

To the Editor of the CHURCHMAN IN WALES.

SIR,—Lord Macaulay states that possibly Dr. Samuel Johnson was the last person in the British dominions that was touched for the King's evil: he was touched for it when a child by Queen Anne. But the royal touch did him very little good, as he continued scrofulous all his life. The monarch on these occasions tied a piece of gold about the neck of the patient, which was part of the ceremony.

The tradition was, that the Kings of England had this power, derived from Edward the Confessor. The ceremony of touching was accompanied by a regular religious service at the Royal Palace, or wherever else the Monarch happened to be at the time, during a Royal Progress, for instance. The earliest form of Service on record was that used by King Henry VII. in Latin. It was used also (omitting mention of the Saints and the Virgin Mary,) by Henry VIII. In the reign of Charles I. this Service was altogether in English, and in the shape in which it was republished in the reign of Queen Anne. The efficacy of this mode of cure was believed in by such eminent men as Heylin, Collier, and Carte. But it never was formally sanctioned by the Church, though the service was inserted in some Prayer Books between 1661 and 1715.

This form of Service as it stands in the Prayer Books of Queen Anne's reign is as follows. I copy it below from the Rev. Mr. Procter's History of the Book of Common Prayer, for the sake of the reader of "The Churchman in Wales," to many of whom the matter would be possibly quite new. The whole thing is exceedingly curious.

At the healing.

Prevent us, O Lord, &c.

The Gospel (for Ascension-Day,) Mark xvi. 14--20.

Let us Pray.

Lord, have mercy upon us, &c.

Our Father, &c.

Then shall the infirm persons, one by one, be presented to the Queen upon their knees; and as every one is presented, and while the Queen is laying her hands upon them, and putting the gold about their necks, the Chaplain that officiates, turning himself to Her Majesty shall say these words following:

God give a blessing to this work, and grant that *these* sick *persons* on whom the Queen lays her hands may recover; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

After all have been presented, the Chaplain shall say,

O Lord, save thy servants, &c. *(The Versicles from the Commination Service).*

Let us Pray.

O, Almighty God, who art the Giver of all health, and the aid of them that seek to thee for succour, we call upon thee for thy help and goodness mercifully to be shewed upon these thy servants, that they being healed of their infirmities, may give thanks unto thee in thy holy Church, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Then the Chaplian standing with his face to them that come to be healed shall say,

The Almighty Lord, who is a most strong, &c. *(from the Visitation of the Sick.)*

The Grace of our Lord, &c.

And so this religious Service ends.

Medical men of the present day laugh at this ceremony as a vain and superstitious procedure. And perhaps it was so. And yet I, for my part, would hardly mock at it; for even now all medical men concur in declaring that a kind of faith or confidence on the part of the patient in the doctor and his prescriptions is a great help to the efficacy of the medicine and treatment. But this is more true in cases where the ailment is connected with the mind and the nervous system than in any other case. Now, scrofula does not appear to be a disease the cure of which would in the least be accelerated, much less effected, by the confidence of the patient in the efficacy of the royal touch; and still less so by the vicarious faith of the parents in the cure of their children.

Still it is not perfectly ascertainable whether the Divine Giver of all health and blessings might not occasionally interpose in effecting a cure of the above disease by means of the royal touch. I would believe this in the matter of medicine more than in anything else. The miracles of the early Church did not cease till the publication of the Canon of the New Testament, and its universal promulgation. Then the need for miracles to attest the Divine origin of Christianity ceased. Now the appliances of medicines, the virtue of herbs, and knowledge of the constitution of the human body were things of very slow growth, and are not yet arrived at scientific perfection. The medical science is still in a great degree a tentative science. And on the principle that miracles in a religious sense continued while they were wanted, I should not find it extremely difficult to bring myself to believe that there might be a kind of heavenly interposition exerted in effecting some bodily cures during the long period of time that elapsed between the time of Edward the Confessor and Queen Anne, when medical science was imperfectly understood. It could hardly have continued, as a mere superstition, for so long a time. There must have been, during that period, many well attested cases of cure from scrofula by the Monarch's touch, or else the ceremony would have fallen into desuetude in much

less than half the time. At any rate, I should prefer being in error in such a point as this, in company with Dr. Heylin, Mr. Collier, and Mr. Carte, men of great eminence and religion, and who believed in the cure by the royal touch, than being a great matter-of-fact philosopher in company with some well-meaning people of the present generation. Do I, therefore, believe in dreams, omens, table-turnings, spirit-rappings, and the spiritualisticism now in such vogue, as the reaction of the "little faith" of the last generation? Not at all.—Yours truly,

PHILALETHES.

THIS PSALM, OR THE OTHER.

Among the various beauties of the Prayer Book, the following is not the least attractive, though perhaps not so much noticeable as some others, namely, the appropriateness of the Proper Psalms, and their striking adaptation to the particular days on which they have been appointed to be read. The concentrated taste and wisdom of the learned committee who formed the New Lectionary found nothing to alter in the arrangement of the Proper Psalms; the old arrangement was, in fact, faultless and unexceptionable. Nothing, indeed, can exceed the exquisite judiciousness with which particular psalms were selected for the Morning and Evening Services for Christmas Day, Ash Wednesday, Good Friday, Easter Day, Holy Thursday, and Whit Sunday.

And the same may be said of the Psalms appointed for particular Services of frequent but uncertain occurrence, such as the Marriage Service, that for the Visitation of the Sick, for the Burial Service, for the Churching of Women, and the Commination Service.

But, there is a peculiarity in three of these services—that for Marriage, for the Burial of the Dead, and for the Churching of Women. This peculiarity is that the minister has his choice of either of two psalms. But then the choice is not indiscriminate, there is a principle on which he should read one of the two psalms rather than the other. As this principle is not very generally known, and therefore not always attended to, it might not be uninteresting to trace and explain it in the three cases just mentioned, which I now proceed to do.

And first, as to the Marriage Service. In this service the Church distinctly recognises the difference in the ages of women, ordering the minister to omit a particular prayer when the woman is past child-bearing. There are two psalms, in the choice of which the Church clearly recognises that difference of age. One of these psalms, the 128th, has these words:—"Thy wife shall be

as the fruitful vine upon the walls of thine house; thy children like the olive-branches round about thy table." This Psalm is evidently not meant to be read by the minister when the woman is past child-bearing. For this latter case another Psalm, the 67th, may be read; but this psalm may be read in the other case as well. It would have been rather awkward if the other psalm, where the olive-branches are mentioned, had been the only psalm for this Service.

The second occasional service under notice is that for the Burial of the Dead. Here also there are two psalms. One of these, the 90th, speaks of old age:—"The days of our age are threescore years and ten, and though men be so strong that they come to fourscore years, yet is their strength then but labour and sorrow; so soon passeth it away, and we are gone." This Psalm would be clearly the most appropriate one to be read at the burial of an old person, and the other, the thirty-ninth, is the case of a person that has not reached old age. In practice, however, both Psalms are often read; it were, however, in good taste, and clearly within the meaning of the Church, *not to omit* Psalm xc. at the burial of an aged person.

The third and last occasional Service to be noted here is that of the Churching of Women after child-birth. Here also we have two Psalms. The late Professor Blunt mentions in one of his Lectures that the principle of the choice between these two Psalms rests upon the supposed fact of *whether the child died or not* before the mother comes to Church to offer her thanksgiving for safe deliverance. The former of these two Psalms, the cxvi, contemplates merely the mother's deliverance, whether the child died or not; whilst the other, the cxxvii. evidently contemplates that the child is alive: "Lo, children and the fruit of the womb are an heritage and gift that cometh of the Lord. Like as the arrows in the hand of the giant, even so are the young children. Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them, &c." Good taste would guide the clergyman to read, not this Psalm, but the other, in the case of the child's previous death, and as the Church evidently had this difference in view in selecting the Psalms, it were well for him always to ascertain beforehand whether the child is alive. It is happy to learn that this affecting service is more resorted to by mothers than it used to be for many years past. It is the most beautiful and appropriate occasional Service in the Prayer Book.

CLERICUS.

A REVERIE.

ONE day sitting down in my arm chair, and falling into deep meditation—a kind of half-conscious cogitation—I found myself following a kind of mental impulse which seemed to come partly from without, and partly from within. My mind seemed to be wandering in some semi-chaotic region. Objects stood before me in dim perspective, something like the men the blind man saw when his sight was partially restored. Onward still the mind wandered, conscious of nothing but a kind of inward wonder and amazement, and a faint recognition of some object moving to and fro in the silent half-darkness. In a few moments I found myself approaching a boundary, beyond which a full light shone. The luminous space, however, extended only a little distance, beyond which the darkness was very dense, so dense was it that it appeared like a wall of darkness. It occurred to me that in some mysterious manner I had come to the very verge of the spirit-world, and that, that wall of impenetrable darkness on the other side of the shining space was no other than the deep mystery which hides the spiritual from us while in the flesh. I attempted to cross the boundary into the light which shone so brightly, but soon found that I could not endure the pure and unmixed brightness. "Here we know in part." Earthly physical laws did not hold sway in that unearthly splendour, and thus I could not pass that boundary. Nevertheless I was able to go close enough to the boundary to be able to see that the luminous space was a bright pathway leading upward into heights—transcending heights. While I stood close to the boundary, and peering into the heights whither the beautiful way led, I saw two beings, as glorious as the light itself, descending from the heights with out-stretched wings, and singing as they came and flew past,

"TRUTH MUST CONQUER: FOR TRUTH IS GOD."

They flew past with great rapidity, and as they went they left behind them the echo of their sweet strain ascending upward still:—

"TRUTH MUST CONQUER: FOR TRUTH IS GOD."

In an instant from the heights above sweeter and loftier strains issued. "AMEN! HALLELUIA!" resounded through the heights as if millions on millions contended in a jubilant antiphon.

"TRUTH MUST CONQUER: FOR TRUTH IS GOD."

The words pierced the darkness on each side of the shining space, and for a moment drove back the dismal shades. In the gloom dark forms could be seen retreating. I felt myself raised up as by some mighty upheaval of the earth. Out of the dense darkness there issued forth an unearthly rumbling noise—fierce

growlings of evil spirits like deep mutterings of rolling earthquakes. At the terrible sound my whole soul trembled, and I shrank back in inexpressible terror; but instantly the most exquisite strains of harmony stole upon my ear. At first they sounded as at a great distance, like the harpers harping with their harps, which the seer of Patmos heard, and then they drew nearer and nearer. I was enraptured with the sweet strains, sublime in their simplicity. In an extacy of delight I forgot my fears, and again pressed on to the boundary between the half-darkness and the luminous space. I bent forward and listened, and heard again more clearly than before the exquisite harmony—the music becoming more elevating still. I further ventured to look up along the luminous way to the heights whence the harmony came, and far in the distance saw a vast host of bright beings rapidly approaching the spot whereon I stood. Words could now be distinctly heard, and amongst them the following were caught and treasured in my memory:

Children-angels from above,
Servants of the God of love,
Down to earth we take our flight
That we may both day and night
Guard the Angel-children there,
Keep them safe from every snare.

Truth to them is now denied,
Truth for which our Saviour died,
Truth that saves from every sin,
Truth that leads them safely in
To the heaven of heavens so bright
Where we dwell in cloudless light.

We will go a joyful band,
We will lead them by the hand,
Shield their souls in danger's hour,
Snatch them from the Tempter's power,
Gently bear them in our arms,
Comfort them 'mid wild alarms.
Teach them also hôw to fight
For our God, the Truth, the Right.

The last rank of the children-angel band flew past as the last line of the above words was sung. My eye still followed their downward course. Onward they went, but suddenly they stayed their wings, and paused, and looked downward, and listened most intently as if entranced by someting they witnessed far below them. I still continued to gaze, and by the brightness of their presence and the glory which shone round about them I could see down far below them a large town or city, along a wide street of which, several miles in length, a vast procession moved with banners waving. There were thousands on thousands of children in the procession, and thousands more of men and women. Each one in the procession carried a Bible. As they moved along they sang, and the sweet accents of their song reached my ears. I

thought I heard the band of angels singing still; but the music rose from the vast procession, still it may have been inspired by the holy influence of the children-angels hovering over that town or city.

The following were some of the words they sang:—

With the sword of Holy Truth
We will fight the battle,
With it face the fiercest foe
And repel the devil
Onward ever we will march,
Conquering and to conquer,
Till the Truth shall sit enthroned
On the grave of error.

To the Bible we will cling,
Dreading no derision,
For its Holy pages bring
Joy in tribulation.
To the Bible we will cling,
Without flinching ever
Neither shall created thing,
Rob us of our treasure.

The host of children-angels hearing the brave song of the thousands of children in that day and Sunday School procession returned along the shining way, singing a most enrapturing "Gloria in excelsis," and as the sound of their song of praise died in the distance, the vision vanished.

WILLIAM CYNOG DAVIES.

THE CHURCH DEFENDED BY DISSENTERS.

THE Rev. Robert Christison, of Orwell, near Wigan, recently delivered a lecture in defence of the Church against the attacks of the Miallite section of Dissenters. As the speaker evidently expresses the opinion of a large and important section of the Nonconformist community, our readers will be glad to study his utterances, and we purpose to give extracts from the principal sections of his lecture.

Section I.

THE DISSENTERISM OF MR. MIALL.

The Dissenterism of the Baxters, and Owens, and Henrys, and the Howes of other days I could sympathise with, but the Dissenterism of Mr. Miall and his followers I do not and never could agree with. Moreover, I have of late been more carefully examining the whole of this subject. I have had my eyes open on the working of Dissent around me for the last ten years, and have learned a good deal of what it is elsewhere in this country;

and while I freely grant that Dissenters do, and have done, much good in their way, and that there are a great many excellent people among them—people for which our country and our Christianity have cause to be proud of, people from whom I myself have experienced personal kindness, and whom I will regard with feelings of gratitude and respect as long as I live—yet I have arrived at the conviction—the honest conviction—that the principles on which their system is founded are erroneous, and that the policy which so many of them are at present pursuing towards the Established Church is altogether wrong—that it is unwise and rash, unfair and unjust, unprovoked and uncalled for—and that, were it carried out, would ere long bring about a religious state of things in this country so sad that I believe many of the wisest and the best people among themselves would be the first to deplore. With these convictions I feel it a duty to oppose them in their attack upon the National Church, and this all the more that the system which they have to offer as a substitute for an Endowed Established Church is so faulty and defective, as I will this evening endeavour to show. In the third place, if in what follows I may seem a little severe on Dissent, my only apology can be this—that I refrain from telling you one-half of the ill-usage and suffering that I and my family have quietly and for years endured under that system, and this simply and solely because I honourably stood my ground against the tyranny of a few proud imperious Dissenters. In speaking of "A Plea for Church Defence; or, what have the Dissenters to offer in room of the Church which they seek to destroy?" I assert that it is in vain for Churchmen any longer to shut their eyes to the fact that there is a deep and wide-spread hostility to the Church, both as a Church, and especially as an Established Church existing in this land. And here, at the outset, it may not be amiss to take a glance at the various parties of which the Church's foes are composed.

Section II.

THE FOES OF THE CHURCH.

First, there is a large class of persons who know nothing, or next to nothing, and care as little, about religion at all, but who have an average intelligence about other things. They seldom or never darken the door of any place of worship. Religion to them is a thing of no account whatever. But these people, while they may look with no favour on the Dissenting chapel, look with a jealous eye upon the Church. They have a sort of idea, however erroneous, that the Church is somehow eating up a good deal of the fat of the land, which, as they think, might go for another and better purpose. Now, these people, while not the first to move in the matter, will be ready enough to follow and join in the cry, "Down with the Church," and apply her revenues to other purposes.

Then there is a large class of infidels and sceptics of all sorts—especially in our cities and large towns.—men who deny the truth of the Bible, and hate the very name of Christ and Christianity, and who would rejoice to have the opportunity of joining any class of men to pull down the Established Church. These—the enemies of all religion—have their organized societies, paid agents, and publications, for disseminating their pernicious principles all over the country. They are bold and active, as they are unscupulous and profane, and, headed by such men as Bradlaugh and others, these men will work with a will to destroy the Church, in order to destroy the Christian religion itself. Then there is the whole body of the Roman Catholics, sorely grieved that their own religion is not the established religion of the country. They will almost to a man join in the crusade against the Church. Unfortunately, too, there are some within the Church itself, who, whatever their motives may be, are most unwisely, and I should think sinfully, taking part with their enemies. Then, lastly, there are the Dissenters, or Nonconformists, who form by far the larger and more important class of the assailants of the Church. These are the leaders in the attack, and seem to have taken an oath that they will never lay down their arms till their object is gained, and the Church is broken into fragments and laid in ruins. The enemies of the Church are therefore composed of a strange medley and mixture of people, of all shades of opinion and religious creeds, and people of no creed, together with all the infidels and open enemies of religion in the land. But whilst sadly disagreeing amongst themselves over most things, yet just like Pilate and Herod of old, who, being at enmity between themselves, became good friends over the condemnation and crucifixion of Jesus Christ, so these people—the Dissenters and Roman Catholics, and all the waifs and infidels of the land—are ready to shake hands and make friends over the disestablishment and ruin of the National Church. This being the case, surely it is time, and more than time, that the friends of the Church everywhere were bestirring themselves, and putting on their armour of defence, for the attack has already commenced. I would not attempt to defend the Church, nor would I advise any one of her friends to do it, simply on the ground that she is an old and venerable institution, or because I believe her to be altogether perfect or anything like it. Some institutions are old and venerable, but are neither true nor good, and as for perfection in any institution that men in their imperfect state shall have got much to do with, it is in vain to look for it beneath the sun.

(To be continued.)

SCRIPTURE DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

The initials and finals of the following will give the names of two kings, one of Israel and the other of Judah :—

1. The name of a High Priest
2. The first born of one of the sons of Isaac
3. The name of a King of Israel
4. The name of a country which became celebrated in Solomon's reign
5. A title of dignity applied to our blessed Lord
6. A city visited by Paul and Barnabas
7. The burial place of one of the Patriarchs

The initials and finals of the following will give the names of two Prophets :—

1. One of Noah's grandsons
2. One of the names of a great leader
3. The name of a Prophetess
4. One who died a violent death
5. One of the sons of Toktan

BOIL IT DOWN.

Whatever you have to say, my friend—
Whether witty, or grave, or gay—
Condense as much as ever you can,
And say in the readiest way ;
And whether you write of rural affairs,
Or particular things in town,
Just take a word of friendly advice—
Boil it down.

For if you go spluttering over a page,
When a couple of lines would do,
Your butter is spread so much, you see,
That the bread looks plainly through.
So when you have a story to tell,
And would like a little renown,
To make sure of your wish, my friend,
Boil it down.

(American Paper.)

SERMON FOR GOOD FRIDAY.

BY THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

"When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar, He said, It is finished; and He bowed His head, and gave up the ghost."—JOHN xix. 30.

HESE are the Redeemer's dying words,—"It is finished." They are not words of surprise at an unforeseen calamity; they are not the exclamation of an unthinking agony. Something that was to be done before that priceless life could be laid down is finished; and He sees that it is so, and bows His head and gives up the ghost. And thus the last act of His life is bound up with all that went before. When He was twelve years old, He said, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" At the beginning of His ministry He said that He was come to fulfil the law and the prophets; He told Nicodemus that He must be lifted up, even as Moses lifted up the brazen serpent in the wilderness, "that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." As His ministry drew towards its cruel termination, He warned the disciples more than once of what should follow. On the night of His betrayal, in that self-consecrating prayer in which He as priest offered Himself to God as victim, He said, "I have glorified Thee on the earth; I have finished the work that Thou gavest me to do" (John xvii. 4). Through His life, from first to last, runs the thread of one steady purpose. To live and die for men was the lot which He had chosen when He sat upon the right hand of the Father. He did live for them; He did die for them. He bore their griefs, felt their sins, suffered for their sakes insult, and stripes, and death. There were written upon His heart, so to speak, the words, "I must work the work of Him that sent me while it is day: the night cometh when no man can work." But when the night of death came, He was able to say, "It is finished."

My Christian brethren, the one subject of this day, on which a preacher cannot choose but speak, is the sufferings of Christ for men. And I propose to dwell first on the nature and power of those sufferings, and then on their influence upon our own life and conduct.

Now, it is essential that in our minds the sufferings of the Lord Jesus should stand quite apart, distinct from all other cases recorded in history, where good intentions, and pure conduct, and fervent love for mankind have been punished with obloquy and death. It is, indeed, no common sorrow that the evangelists mean to describe to us. Who *knows what was the strength* of that deadly sorrow and agony,

whose outward token was the bloody sweat in the Garden of Gethsemane? The whole weight of human transgressions, a mountain reaching up to heaven, was laid upon His spirit to crush it. And where were the comforts that men turn to in their heavier trials? There were none for Him. Did He turn to His own countrymen, those whose sick He had healed, and whose dead He had restored to life? They cried aloud for His death, with curses on themselves and on their children. Did He look around for His disciples? They forsook Him and fled. Did He lift up His thoughts to heaven to gather strength to wrestle with His agony? There was even thence no consolation. His union with the Father was not dissolved, indeed; but the vision and influence of it were taken away. There never was any sorrow like that which made Him cry, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

But, in speaking of the Redeemer's sorrow, the word *sacrifice* must also be used, not loosely, but in its own appropriate meaning. Now, it will be seen that the sacrifice which Christ was able to offer for us was a sacrifice in a far higher and holier sense than that which any other high priest could offer. For what was the sacrifice in all other religions but something *merely* vicarious, something connected with the offerer in no closer degree than that he raised it in his field or bought it with his money, or at least esteemed it precious? The effects would be external and conventional too, as in the Mosaic system, where the offering preserved indeed the worshipper in his position as a citizen of the Jewish polity, but could not take away the inward guilt of his offence, nor make him perfect. There was offered for us, not a ram caught in a thicket, not a pair of doves bought in the outer courts of the temple; but One who, bearing the divine nature and power, claims us as His, holds us in His hand, and will not let us be plucked forth; who, in a word, stands united to us in a relation such as no mere man can stand in to any other man. It is on the altar of Calvary that this Lamb of God, able to take away the sins of the world, meets our eyes. The sorrow that He feels is no selfish apprehension; it is—although the phrase may shock—it is sorrow for *His* sins, for the sins which He has taken from us into and upon Himself. There was no spot of sin upon that shining soul, any more than there had been throughout His life. But the consciousness of guilt, and the feeling of its enormity, and the pain and anguish of it, poured in upon Him in that hour of darkness, and brought Him down as into the dust of death. When He prayed that if it were possible the cup might pass from Him, it was not the cup of death that amazed Him and almost overthrew Him, —of that He had long spoken calmly to His disciples, and He knew that the cup could not pass from Him;—but the cup that was so bitter was the cup poisoned with guilt. He shrank from a death of atonement in which the sins of the whole world should be laid upon Him, who knew no guilt. No man, not the purest nor most philanthropic, can redeem his brother or give to God a ransom for him; but He is man to suffer and God to take up our interests into Himself. The plan of mercy may be hard to understand; we may have to wait long before we comprehend it fully. But no other scheme to account for *sin and evil*, and our deliverance from them, is easier. And those *words which are so* consoling to the weary heart will be found also *more convincing to* the enlightened reason the more they are

pondered,—"Since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive."

And can a life and a death like this offer us anything that we can imitate? Must not men and angels stand as adoring witnesses of a transaction which they cannot even comprehend? What can we do more than receive the cup of salvation which He has prepared for us? And yet the Apostle says, "Let this mind be in you which was in Jesus Christ." It was the mind of Jesus to consider His life a ministry for God; to say, "I must work the work of Him that sent me," and to be able to look back at last, and say, "It is finished. I have finished the work that Thou, O God, gavest me to do." In all this He was our example. Nay more, it is His example that has made a life of this kind possible and actual. And those who would come after Him must try to follow Him in this His sympathy with the sinful children of men.

Every day weak brothers and sisters, pressed with want, beguiled by temptation, cease to cling with desperate hands to an honest life, and drop off into the flood-tide of sin, and are lost. If to sin we try to add the sum total of calamity, the powers of calculation fail. If you could gather into one city the some two thousand houses in England in which deaths will occur within the next twenty-four hours, each with its little group of mourners, you might form some notion of the daily tribute paid to sorrow. "There was a great cry in Egypt, for there was not a house in which there was not one dead." But the sick, the overtasked, the famishing, the ruined, are all to be added to the tale. And all over the world the same elements of misery are combined in varying proportions. Is it not a wonder that we are so happy? Our Lord in the Garden of Gethsemane saw these things, measured their depths, bore the grief of them. God forbid that any of us should have to endure the constant sense of so much wretchedness! It would sear the eye that looked on it. But in this respect, as in others, let us endeavour to take up our cross and follow our Lord. Let us feel a little for the throes and anguish of those amidst whom we live. Let our plans for our own pleasure and advancement give way sometimes to efforts to make the mass of suffering somewhat less. Two good results will follow from such a training. We shall be more fit to watch our hour with the Saviour in the Garden of Gethsemane; we shall understand better, though very dimly still, what kind of struggle it was that the High Priest who is touched with the feelings of our infirmities underwent for sin. We shall feel how real, how vast, was the work which, as Mediator between God and man, He performed for us.

On the other hand, we shall be ministers of His in lightening the sore burden of our race. It may be little that we can *do*, but the man that can only feel for sin acquires by that a great power over it. Hardness makes hardness: but the most wicked will own, if but for a time, the softening influence of a kindly word spoken in good will. No one expects us to endure the Saviour's struggle with sin; but can we not watch with Him one hour? Can we not see something of the nature of His struggle, and feel for sin in our degree? To acquiesce in all that others suffer *round us*, as necessary consequences of civilisation; *to leave the child in his ignorance*, and the woman in her ruin, and in

self-defence to shut out every thought about such enormous evils, is to sleep when we ought to watch. "The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak." Sin, we know, is horrible; but it is easier to shut it out and rest in peace, as we cannot undo it. Oh, resist that weakness of the flesh. Doubt not that there is a power stronger than sin, that has wrestled with it and overthrown it. Doubt not that the same love which was in Him so powerful to reclaim will not be without its effect when exhibited by you. Fight sin with his weapons; feel for it, take the thought of it home to you, fill yourself with a sense of its horror, and a wish to reclaim others from it as from a consuming fire. And out of that conviction speak and act; and you shall find that a power not your own goes with you; and it will soften the rocks of the heart, and make the crooked paths straight, and the rough places plain. You will not reform society; but if one soul owes to you its repentance, there will be joy in heaven, there should be joy in you.

MY LETTER-BAG.

(*Continued from page 55.*)

THERE! I have turned up a dozen of the precious missives brought by the penny post. These are a fair average of the whole, and may therefore serve for illustration as well as a hundred. But stop, I will add one more, just to make, as Pat says, an even thirteen, or John Bull's bakers' dozen. The thirteenth is a considerate offer, from a London publishing firm, of imitative manuscript sermons, admirably designed "to cheat the eyes of the gallery critics," being lithographed to the life with blots and smears of ink, and with scratchings-in and scratchings out enough to charm the very heart of the man of Thessaly. One sermon is enclosed as a sample, clad in the orthodox black covers, and any number of them may be had, treating of any points of doctrine or practice—selected from upwards of a thousand different specimens, and all set to the simple tune of two and sixpence each, or nine for one guinea, carriage included. This trade—alas! for those who encourage it—is a full century old, and at one period perhaps something might have been urged in apology for it; but that it should exist and thrive at the present day is equally a marvel and a discredit to the pulpit.

If, as I may reasonably suppose, the clergy throughout the country are favoured in the same manner as I am, the expense of printing, engraving, and posting incurred by all the persons claiming our attention must be something enormous in the course of a year—and the question naturally arises, how is it reimbursed to them? One thing is certain—they get nothing out of me: the only use I make of their handsome circulars is to scribble the rough draft of my sermons on the blank leaves, and in that way I certainly derive some small compensation for the trouble they occasion. Still I heartily wish that all these industrious people would leave off epistolizing me with such persistency.

They poison one's anticipations of the letter-bag, and convert that which used to be a pleasure into a wearisome bore. Why should I, because I am a clergyman, be condemned to peruse everybody's letters, every trader's puff or promoter's project, and interest myself in the bubbles of the share-market, blown to-day and burst to-morrow? Spare me, spare me, oh, my well-meaning friends, and allow a man of peace to enjoy a little repose *procul negotiis*. Suppose you were to consider that the information you derive from the "Clergy List" was not inserted there with any view to facilitating the little game you carry on, would it be refining too much—trespassing too much on your sensibilities—if I were to suggest that you should accept that information as a matter of confidence? and just hint that it is not quite the "correct thing" on which some of you affect to pride yourselves, to make of it, as you do, a means of plundering the country parson.

By way of *finale*, I will mention a fact illustrative of the paramount desire there seems to be on the part of traders to do business under clerical sanction. Some months ago the Rev. Mr. F——, the incumbent of a parish adjoining my own, died, leaving behind him an aged widow. After the funeral, the widow, who of course had to clear out for the incoming beneficiary, was waited on by a most courteous and agreeable gentleman, who proposed to take from her at a valuation such of the property of the deceased as she did not wish to retain—the books, furniture, wines, &c. In her affliction and bewilderment she was but too glad to accept the offer, being under the impression that the gentleman was acting under official sanction and direction. The property was made over to him, and being duly paid for was immediately removed to the neighbouring town. Here, after a brief interval, the sale of the effects of the late Rev. Mr. F—— was advertised to take place at a certain date, the advertisement stating that the wines were of a choice and *récherché* character, presenting an opportunity to the best judges such as might never occur again. Now it is a fact that my poor friend F—— cared as little for wine as most men, and knew absolutely nothing of its value in the market, while it is my belief that he never possessed twenty pounds' worth at a time during the whole of his long life. Nevertheless it is also a fact that it took three whole days to sell off the catalogued contents of his cellar, and that for a large proportion of the stock astonishing prices were realized—the auctioneer dwelling with peculiar unction on the refined discrimination exercised by the clergy in the selection of their vintages, and lauding to the skies the very superior judgment shown by the departed. The reader experienced in the characteristic methods and morals of modern commerce will hardly require to be told that the deceased clergyman was what is expressively termed "rigged" after his death, and his assumed connoisseurship in wine turned to profitable account by a wide-awake man of business.

WINTER AND SPRING.

"DIEU! adieu!" Father Winter said
To the world, when about to quit it;
With his old white wig half off his head,
As if never made to fit it.
"Adieu! I'm off to the rocks and caves,
To leave all here behind me;
Or, perhaps, I'll sink in the Northern Waves
So deep that none can find me."

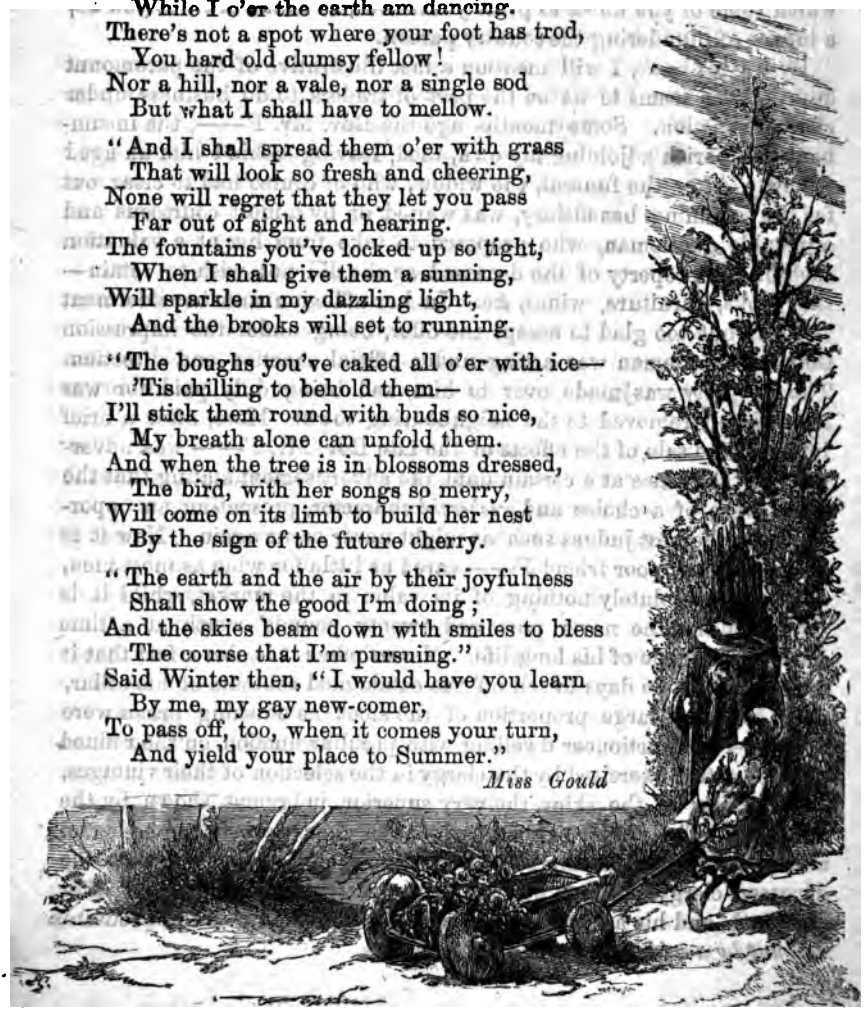
"Good luck! good luck to your hoary locks!"
Said the gay young Spring advancing;
"Go take your nap 'mid the caves and rocks,
While I o'er the earth am dancing.
There's not a spot where your foot has trod,
You hard old clumsy fellow!
Nor a hill, nor a vale, nor a single sod
But what I shall have to mellow.

"And I shall spread them o'er with grass
That will look so fresh and cheering,
None will regret that they let you pass
Far out of sight and hearing.
The fountains you've locked up so tight,
When I shall give them a sunning,
Will sparkle in my dazzling light,
And the brooks will set to running.

"The boughs you've caked all o'er with ice—
'Tis chilling to behold them—
I'll stick them round with buds so nice,
My breath alone can unfold them.
And when the tree is in blossoms dressed,
The bird, with her songs so merry,
Will come on its limb to build her nest
By the sign of the future cherry.

"The earth and the air by their joyfulness
Shall show the good I'm doing;
And the skies beam down with smiles to bless
The course that I'm pursuing."
Said Winter then, "I would have you learn
By me, my gay new-comer,
To pass off, too, when it comes your turn,
And yield your place to Summer."

Miss Gould



BELIEVING WITHOUT SEEING.

(1. Pet 1. 8.)

NOT half-past twelve o'clock, surely?" exclaimed Mrs. Arnott, throwing down her work in haste, as the old clock chimed the half-hour, "and the potatoes not on the fire. Dear me, what have I been about? I've never let your father wait for his dinner since married I've been, and he shan't wait now."

As Mrs. Arnott spoke, she had turned up her sleeves and began to peel the potatoes, while Lizzie, the eldest girl, laid the cloth, and Johnnie seized the bellows to blow the fire bright, that the saucepan might quickly boil. The little curly-headed fellow was very busy at his task, and before long the potatoes were boiling over a bright fire, and bade fair to be well done before ten minutes past one should bring the blacksmith home to his dinner.

"Mother," said Johnnie, pulling at Mrs. Arnott's skirts, as she stepped briskly about the kitchen, "mother, why do the bellows make the fire burn?"

"Don't tease, child," answered his mother; "don't you see I'm busy. Here comes Bob from the field, ask him," as her second boy came in, closely followed by his favourite dog.

"Why do the bellows make the fire bright, Bob?" said Johnnie, full of the new wonder.

"Because of the wind that's in them," of course, said Bob, with a superior air.

"But how did the wind get in?" went on the questioner.

"It was put in when the bellows were made," answered Bob, confidently.

"But I've been looking down the nose ever so long, and I can't see anything," and Johnnie again applied one eye to the little hole.

"You wait a bit, some time I'll show you," said Bob, whispering confidently.

"There's father's step," broke in Mrs. Arnott, "and the potatoes are steamed, and fit to break with mealiness; come to dinner, all of you."

When Bob came home from work that evening, he found all the

children in the house in the care of Lizzie. His mother was gone to see a sick neighbour, and his father and Christopher, the eldest boy, were still busy at the forge.

"Now, Johnnie," cried Bob, taking up the bellows, "look sharp, and you shall see the wind," and he seized a knife from the table.

"Oh, Bob, what are you doing?" cried Lizzie, but Bob would not listen, but plunged his knife into the leather. The others stood by, breathless—even Lizzie looked on in wonder—and Fred, who was just going out to play marbles, stayed to see the wind.

"But I can't see anything, Bob," cried Johnnie, plaintively; "and I can't feel anything, though I have put my fingers through the hole; there isn't any wind there, after all."

"Children, children, what are you about?" cried Mrs. Arnott, startling the little group gathered round Bob. She had opened the door unheard, and stood for a minute looking down on the children with a smile, half sad, half amused, on her face; but now she interposed to prevent more harm being done to her bellows.

"I didn't mean to do mischief, mother," said Bob, looking up; "but we did want to see the wind. I know it's there, and I thought whenever there was anything we could see it."

"Ah! Bob, my boy," answered his mother, there are many things we must believe in, without seeing, and use them too, as you use the bellows without knowing how they work."

"But father knows all about everything," said Bob; "he is so strong he can bend a bar of iron as easily as anything, and don't I like to see how the sparks fly about him when he strikes. Father is very wise, mother, isn't he?"

"Yes, children, but father wouldn't be as wise as he is if he didn't know that there is much he cannot see nor understand; and he wouldn't use his strength so gently and kindly unless he believed in the tender loving Saviour whom he cannot see. Father never knocked one of you children roughly in his life, because he believes that the good God gave him strength to use it in His service, and to help and care for all of us; so, you see, father believes what he doesn't see."

"And that's what I'll never do," said Christopher, coming in and seating himself sturdily on a corner of the dresser, while he pushed his hands to the very bottom of his trousers pockets.

"I wish it was 'never come into the house-place again with your dirty boots on,'" said Lizzie; "only see what marks you've made all across the floor—just as I'd cleaned up, too."

"Don't you bother," said Chris; "I'll tell you what, mother, I mean to be a great man, and a wise man, and never believe anything I can't get hold of and understand; that's the way to go to work."

"*You'll never* make a blacksmith, Chris," said his father, who was *leaning against* the door.

"Now, father! when you said only yesterday how well I was getting on," cried Chris, with an injured air.

"You'll have to find some other trade if you won't believe in what you can't see and understand."

"Now the reason I like the forge, father," said Chris, "is just because you are always working with things you can feel; you must give good hard blows, and plenty of them, if you would bend the iron, and you do bend it;" and Chris swung his arm up, and brought it down on the dresser, so that Mrs. Arnott feared for her row of bright plates in the rack above.

"Put the fire out, my boy, and how will you work the iron? your blows had need be hard to bend it then; and what do you know of the nature of the fire and how it is kindled, and where it goes when we put it out. Did you ever see the heat, Chris?"

Christopher made no answer.

"And I suppose," went on his father, "you are like Bob, and think you can see the air in the bellows, and know what the wind is, and see where it comes and goes?"

"No, I'm not so stupid as that," said Chris.

"And so you see, my boy, and all of you, that the things we need most and use most are things we don't understand; we see what they do, and so we know they are there, but if we waited to use them till we could make out all about them, the horses would have to go unshod past my forge for the rest of my days."

"Teacher said," answered Lizzie, thoughtfully, "that all the best things must be first believed and then known."

"And that's how I've found it," said the blacksmith. "You ask a man who says he doesn't believe in a God, or in another world beyond this, and he'll tell you he feels and knows nothing of them; but once believe in them, and you are constantly seeing in ten thousand ways that God is near you, you feel that His Holy Spirit speaks to you, and the love of the blessed Saviour makes your heart warm. Why, even my blacksmith's work is different to me because I believe in a world which I cannot see; when I blow the fire and heat the iron I feel that these wonderful things are of use to me, just because they are God's servants and He gives them to me—'Fire and hail, snow and vapour, stormy wind fulfilling His word.'"

"Yes," said Mrs. Arnott, softly, as her husband ceased speaking, "'Blessed are they who have not seen, and yet have believed.'"

A MOTHER'S love is more valuable than the costliest of gems, and is only intensified by trial and suffering; but what boy or girl would wish to be so cruel to a mother as to cause her suffering, simply to test her love? Yet *selfish* and careless acts are sure to wound a *mother's tender heart.*

SATURDAY AND SUNDAY.

Saturday.—Snow, rain, wind, and mud. "John, it is a very unpleasant morning. You must wrap up well, and take care of yourself."

"Oh, never fear for me. I shall put on a waterproof and thick boots, and trudge through it. If Saturdays will be wet, there is nothing for it but to put up with them."

Sunday.—Snow, rain, wind, and mud.

"John, it is a very unpleasant morning again. I suppose you will not venture out this morning?"

"No; I don't think it would be right. It is such catch-cold weather, really one needs to take care of one's self, and it would be wrong to brave such a morning as this."

Saturday.—"You look very tired this morning, John."

"Oh, no; nothing to speak of. Besides, we must not give way to it. I have a busy day. There will be a good market, and I must make the most of it.

Sunday.—"You look very tired this morning, John."

"Yes, I am tired. I shall rest to-day. I think, instead of going to Church, a nap on the sofa will do me good. It is a special sermon, I remember, but that can't be helped."

Saturday.—"Oh, Mr. Smith, I'm sorry to come so late. But here's a gentleman wants to give you an order for goods. You're tired to-night, I daresay, but—"

"Oh, not at all—not at all. I'll be with you in a minute. Oh, no, never felt less tired. Certainly; most happy to come."

Sunday.—Oh, Mr. Smith, sorry to disturb you. But we are very much in want of a teacher this afternoon. Could you oblige us? You are tired, no doubt; but it is a good cause."

"Well, really, no, I cannot, I am thoroughly tired out. You must try and find some one who is not engaged so much during the week."

Saturday.—"John, what do you think of that easy chair?"

"Ah, yes; I'll order it to night. We have had a good week, and will treat ourselves a bit. We may as well be happy."

Sunday.—"John, some one has called to see if you will subscribe to the Missionary Society."

"I'm sure there's always some claim. Well, I suppose it won't do to refuse quite. Give them a shilling."

Saturday.—"Mr. Smith, there is a meeting of townsmen to-night, to talk over some improvements. The mayor hopes you will be there."

"*Thank you, yes.* I shall be happy to attend, although it is my *busiest evening.*"

Sunday.—"Mr. Smith, there is a prayer-meeting to-night. We are told to meet the Master at the mercy-seat. Shall we have the pleasure of seeing you?"

"Thank you, no. I shall be unable to attend. Several other matters claim my attention."

IT IS DARK.

THERE come seasons of darkness in all our lives—times when there are neither sun, nor moon, nor stars in the sky, and we stand still in fear, or grope, trembling.

A few years ago there fell upon my life one of these seasons, in which I could see neither to the right nor the left. A terror of darkness was upon me.

One night I lay awake, thinking, thinking, until my brain grew wild with uncertainty. I could not see a step in advance, and feared to move onward lest, with the next footfall, I should plunge into hopeless ruin. Very strongly was I tempted to turn aside from the way in which I was going—a way reason and conscience approved as right; but something held me back. Again and again I took up and considered the difficulties of my situation, looking to the right hand and the left for ways of extrication; now inclining to go in this direction, and now in that; yet always held away from resolve by inner convictions of right and duty that grew clear at the moment when I was ready to give up my hold on integrity.

So the hours went, heavy-footed, until past midnight. My little daughter was sleeping in the crib beside my bed. But now she began to move uneasily, and presently her timid voice broke faintly the still air.

"Papa! papa!" she called.

"What is it, darling?" I asked.

"Oh, papa! it is dark! Take Nellie's hand!" I reached out my hand and took her tiny one in my own, clasping it firmly. A sigh of relief came up from her little heart. All her loneliness and fear were gone, and in a few moments she was sound asleep again.

"Oh, my Father in heaven!" I cried, in a sudden almost wild outburst of feeling; "it is dark, very dark; take my hand!"

A great peace fell upon me. The terror of darkness was gone. "Keep hold of my hand, oh my Father!" I prayed fervently; "and though I should be called to walk through the valley and the shadow of death, I will fear no evil. Let not my feet wander to the right or to the left."—*British Messenger.*

PHILIP DEAN, THE TOY-BOAT MAKER.

THE father of Philip Dean and his little sister Ellen was a poor man, who lived in a small town upon the sea-coast; and so little Philip often saw the ships, and heard the sailors tell their wonderful stories about foreign countries: he had read Robinson Crusoe also, and he thought that he should like to be a sailor, and visit strange places himself.

Although Philip's father and mother did not like the thought of his going away, they considered that it was his own wish, and that the occupation of a seaman was a good and honest calling, and that it was right that he should go. So Philip went to sea, and at first he found it a very hard life; and often, when the rough winds were blowing and the ship was tossed about on the waves, he wished himself safely at home in his father's cottage again. But Philip was a brave and a good boy, and he resolved to keep a stout heart and to do his best, and he soon gained the good-will of the sailors, who were all kind to him; thus in a little time he grew used to a sea life, and was quite happy in it.

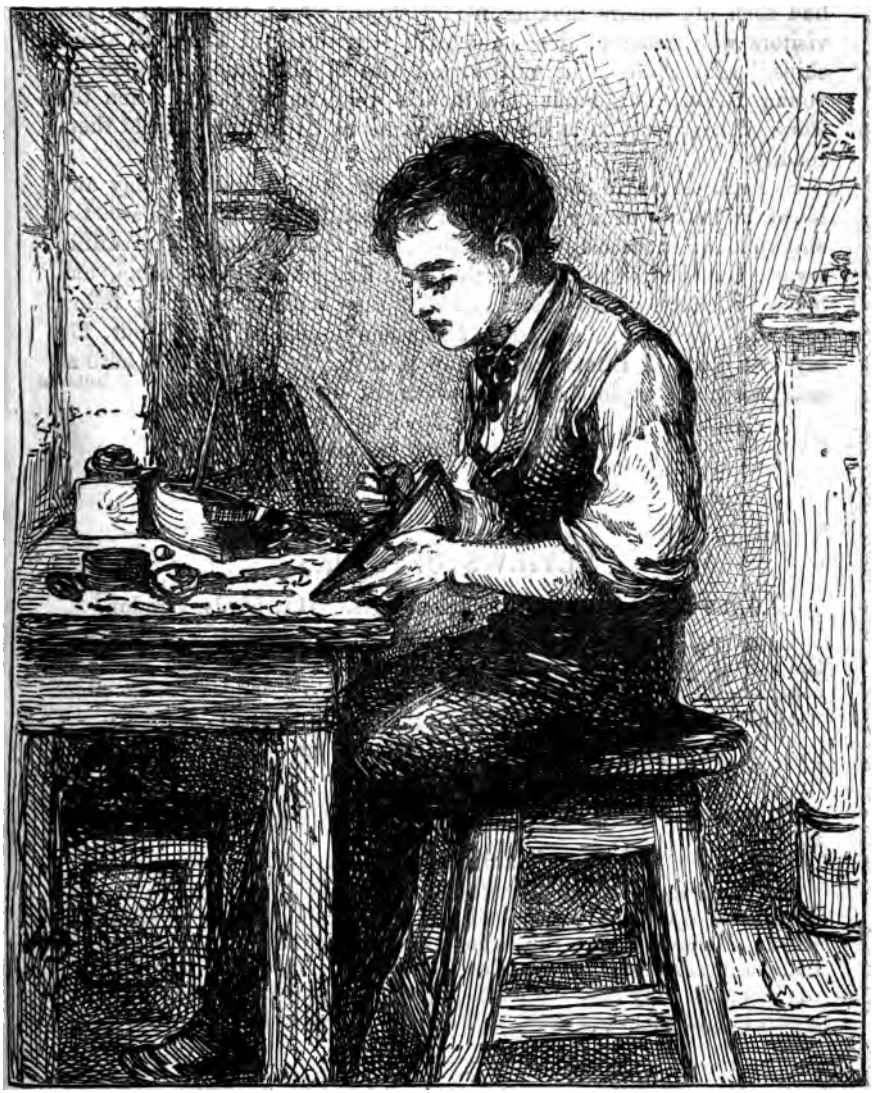
His first voyage was to China, and when he came back he had much to tell his father and mother and Ellen about the wonderful things he had seen in Canton. The second voyage he made was to Australia, and this time he was away for many, many months; and often he thought how happy he should be when he came home and saw his father and mother and little sister again.

At last the ship came safely into port, and as soon he had got leave he hastened towards his father's cottage. "How glad they will all be to see me," he thought; "and I shall make little Ellen guess what it is that I have brought her for a present." But when he opened the door and looked into the house, it was all dark; and poor Philip's heart sank within him. "Oh, dear! what can be the matter?" thought he; and then he called, "Mother! Ellen!"

His mother's voice answered him from the bed-room, and he felt his way upstairs. He found his mother in bed, and alone; and when she saw him she began crying. "Oh, Philip," said she, "you will never see your father or poor little Ellen again." And then she told him, as well as she could for tears, how a terrible fever had come into the house, and Ellen had first been taken ill and had died, and then his father; and how she herself had been ill, and the fever had left her helpless and bed-ridden.

Poor Philip, his first night at home was a very wretched one. For *a long time he lay* awake, and thought of his loss, and of what he

ought to do. "If I go to sea again," thought he, "my mother must go to the workhouse, and she will have no one who loves her to take care of her. No; though I am so fond of my sailor-life, it is my duty



PHILIP DEAN, THE TOY-BOAT MAKER.

to stay with her." And then he thought, "How can I support her *and myself? for I know no* way of earning money on shore." And *again he thought,* "*If* I do my duty, and take care of my

mother, God will be sure to take care of me;" and then he fell asleep.

In the morning he kissed his mother, and told her he would never leave her; and then he began to think how he could earn money. He had seen old sailors making model ships, which they sold to the visitors who came to the sea-side in summer. "I know all about ships," said Philip; "I will do the same." He was an ingenious young fellow, and made his models very neatly; and when the story of his devotion to his mother came to be known he sold them readily.

So Philip stays at home, and takes care of his mother, day and night, and earns money enough for their support. When he sees the ships putting out to sea, he sometimes wishes that he too could be sailing away; but then he remembers that he is doing his duty at home, and is happy. Some of the sailors say that they wonder a young fellow of Philip's spirit can be contented to waste his life at home; but, for my own part, I think that Philip is acting as much like a hero as many men who explore unknown countries, or fight battles.

Those who their duty nobly do
Men honour, and God honours too.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

FAMILY READINGS ON THE PHILIPPIANS. Hatchards, London.

Clear and truthful in doctrine, fully following out the teaching of the great Apostle. The chapters are short, and each one forms so complete an address, that we can cordially recommend this excellent work, which is from the well-known pen of the Rev. W. Niven.

THE SOUL'S COMFORT IN SORROW. By G. W. MOON. Hatchards, London.

A very admirable manual of devotion, calculated to comfort tried souls.

CHRIST, OUR EXAMPLE. Hatchards, London.

An admirable preface by the Rev. Mr. Christopher, of Oxford, introduces this, the ninth, edition of Caroline Fry's well-known work. Believing that the same grace which makes Christ's people believe in Him will always give them a desire to follow the footsteps of His most holy life, we earnestly hope that this edition will have a still larger sale than those which have preceded it.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD "BRITAIN."—The celebrated engineer, Mr. Cubitt, in a letter to the *Echo*, says, "We derive the name of *Britain* from the fact of our having been the *first* nation to supply the Tyrian merchants with that metal, some centuries *anterior to* the Christian era, in consequence of which the Tyrians denominated our *land the Land of Tin*, which in their language was rendered *Brit-tan-nack*, and *hence our name of Britain*."

HORSE-RACING AND BETTING.

ITH the spring the season for horse-racing and betting is resumed. We do not say it begins in spring, for it seems to have no end, but to be kept up winter and summer without exception. Still it receives, as it were, a new impulse in the spring, and although recent cases in London and elsewhere have done something to expose the evils of gambling, yet, we fear, many are still ignorant of its devices, and we therefore gladly insert the following article, sent by an esteemed correspondent, and trust it may prove a word in season to many.—EDITOR.

Among the worst of the popular manifestations of the present time, looking to its operation on the popular character and the habits of the English people, is the increase of the gambling spirit which takes the form of betting. This great vice has grown enormously within the last few years, and seems now to pervade almost every grade of life. Time was, and it was not so very long ago, when the votaries of the turf had their single centre of operations at the West end of London, where bets were made, where the odds were determined, and where accounts were settled when settling-day came round. They had also their single organ in the press, devoted exclusively to sporting subjects, which were but exceptionally treated by the respectable journals.

Within a comparatively short period, all that state of things has disappeared, and a revolution has taken place, startling to contemplate in the present, and portentously suggestive as to the future. The betting mania now prevails among all ranks and conditions of men. In lieu of the one centre of operations, there are now many in all parts of London; and, in lieu of the single sporting journal, there are at least a dozen so styled, while every newspaper published is in some respect a sporting organ, for all have columns devoted to turf news, and all afford facilities, as advertising mediums, to sharpers, cheats, and turf commission agents. In our day turf-betting has expanded, and developed into an art, and, like the other "arts," has its professors and proficients, and its peculiar schools, of the general tone of which it was lately said in a leading paper—"Scoundrelism enfolds the turf on every side—breeders, trainers, owners, jockeys, backers, and book-makers all breathe the atmosphere of crime." The higher class rogues, who have the advantages of wealth and opportunity, and can operate behind the scenes, bring this about by privately "cooking" the arrangements of the coming race, by bribing the jockeys, by crippling or drugging the horses, by "crabbing," lying, and misrepresentation, by working the mysterious machinery of the "book-horse," or

the horse who is "not meant," or by bringing about a "scratch"—measures, these, so far as we can understand them, by which the public expectation is to be frustrated. The horses who could win if they were allowed to do so are prevented from running in the race, and thus the vast sums wagered upon them are made to flow into the pockets of the "knowing ones." There are many who owe their wealth to frauds of this kind, who occupy pretentious positions in society, and who are, of course, the envy of their less prosperous brethren.

Rogues of another type, turf-engendered, are they who try to worm out information by any practicable means, fair or foul, touching the conspiracies in hand, and then make their market of it. These eavesdroppers are as often deceived as not, but they can profit by selling a delusion as well as by selling a fact, seeing that they always deal for ready cash, and are not affected by the result. The sporting newspaper is the convenient accomplice of these unscrupulous knaves, and opens its advertising columns as a field for their operations. There you may peruse their tempting offers at all times. They tender you the "tip," as it is called, at various prices, from a guinea or more down to a shilling: purchase their "tip," and lay your wagers according to its suggestions, and then, if you do not win—why, blame them; that's all. They have broad backs, to stand any amount of blame; to be sure they bear it anonymously, as you never know who they are. The name of these miscreants is legion, and, like the vermin that batten on corruption, they are ever on the increase. Never does a sporting chronicle send forth a single impression that is not polluted by the solicitations of this clamorous crew. That they are liars and thieves to a man, everybody knows who has had to do with them. The marvel is, that they have not yet eaten one another's heads off. That climax, however, is not far distant, judging by the present symptoms. The "tip," which a few seasons back cost a guinea, is come down to half-a-crown, to a shilling, to six postage stamps, and to less than that, for we see that one considerate benefactor offers to teach any one how to win a fortune in 1873 for whatever a client may choose to give.

Nor are the newspapers the only mediums of instruction in the gambling arts. Some of the professors of betting are of a literary turn, and, desirous of communicating knowledge, they have composed treatises on the subject, which treatises, under various titles, which we shall be excused for not transcribing, have come into the literary market. By these instructions of youth the aspirant who hungers for his neighbour's money is inducted into the complexities of the betting craft, and is taught how to calculate to a nicety what are the actual *chances of any or all of* a hundred or more contingent events said to *be "on the cards,"* that is, what may possibly come to pass. He may

also, by sedulous study, learn to systematise his turf speculations, may know when it is prudent to "back a jockey" or a long shot, when to take advantage of the "market odds," how to save himself from peril by timely "hedging," how to hold his own in regard to "milking," "scratching," "roping," and other unobvious and recondite processes —how to come by the "winning modus"—in a word, he may make himself master of all possible methods of cheating his neighbour out of his money, in a legitimate and honourable way, that is, in accordance with the ideas of honour which the fraternity of the turf find it convenient and profitable to entertain.

The betting profession would seem to be pretty well systematised by this time, though, as the professors do not yet publish periodical reports, we cannot speak with entire certainty on this point. It is plain, however, that the institution flourishes bravely: it has its corresponding agents who will execute commissions of all kinds, however complicated, at a simple percentage; it has betting-houses of more or less pretensions in all parts of the kingdom, where every particle of information on all racing events that are forthcoming is carefully and regularly posted up, and where bets can be made and entered, and finally settled when the results are known. At the betting-houses the merest tyro is taken in hand, and if he has anything to stake is speedily initiated into the secrets of the art. Some disinterested clerk will teach him how to make a book, and for a trifle will sell him the secret of making it so cunningly that, be the event of the race what it may, he must come off a winner (?). What proportion of the stakes deposited at a betting-office go to the bureau, we cannot say, nor what proportion of them is on the average embezzled by the proprietors of such dens; but we have had occasion to notice of late years the abnormal prosperity of betting-house keepers, and the celerity with which men whose chief accomplishments were the capacity of grooming a horse and stealing his oats—who could not even write their own names legibly—have risen from the stableyard or the mews to be men of substance and consideration.

There are also tramping turf-swindlers—fellows whose vocation has no particular locality, who go about the streets of the City in gangs, haunting sometimes the purlieus of Fleet Street and the Strand, at other times lying in ambush for pigeons under the trees in St. James's or Hyde Park. There is no more striking index of the virulence of the betting plague than is furnished by the existence of such a class as these vagabonds. It is almost inconceivable that they should be able to derive a subsistence from roguery so gross and palpable as theirs; yet the fact is that they mostly thrive, and, but for the intervention of the police, who mark down their coveys and regularly put them to flight, would probably thrive well. They are the commission-agents of *the lowest and humblest class* of betters—clerks, shopmen, cabmen,

waiters, footmen, grooms, costermongers, &c., &c. That they do not uniformly make off with the deposits they receive on transactions is owing, not to any love of honest dealing on their parts, but to a principle of expediency which, keeping future chances in view, prompts a more prudent course. It is somewhat anomalous that while these fellows, who are regarded by the professional betters much in the same light as the street traders are regarded by the shopkeepers, are hunted down by the law and driven from post to pillar, the established betting-houses manage to defeat the Legislature, and carry on a brisk trade in spite of all restrictions. Owners of such establishments can generally escape conviction if prosecuted, and even when convicted they are known to laugh in the magistrate's face as they fling down the cash exacted as a penalty for their offence. Debts incurred by betting or any other form of gambling are not, as everyone knows, recoverable by legal process, so that the keeper of a betting-house is not legally responsible for the deposits confided to him.

It is, of course, impossible to ascertain the amount of money lost and won in England. The amount that changes hands in a year is probably equal to a million sterling, and has been estimated at more than twice as much. Where does it all come from? is a question which naturally arises. In the mass of cases it is to be feared the money is as ill-gotten as it is misapplied. In thousands of instances it is stolen from the master's till; in thousands more it is embezzled by those who have been entrusted with it; it is got by swindling and fraud; it is the product of fraudulent bills, which are dishonoured in case of ill-luck; it is the fruit of forged acceptances; it is raised by loans at ruinous interest; it is borrowed from friends and relatives under lying pretences; and in fifty other ways it is got over the devil's back to be squandered in devil's pastime.

We have made no suggestion as to means which might be employed to mitigate the ravages of the plague of betting. It were vain to point to any such means so long as the law does but play fast and loose with the offence, and the framers of the laws which bear upon it themselves habitually transgress them.

MR. SPURGEON ON THE DECLINE OF DISSENT.—"In the portico of St. Mark's Cathedral we were amused by the sight of a grotesque mosaic representing seven lean bullocks, whose ribs might be counted, devouring seven well-fatted steers, whose plump hind-quarters were bleeding under the strangely-carnivorous operator's teeth. We fear that the year 1872 has been to the Dissenting Churches of England one of the ill-favoured and lean kine, and has sadly consumed the former years, which were comparatively fat and well-fleshed. Our numbers, taking all churches round, have not increased, but have rather diminished: hence we must close the year with humiliation and regret. Jeremiah must be our prophet for a while, and call us to lament for the hurt of the daughter of our people. Where lies the *sin? Who is the Achan* in the camp? Let us rise and purge ourselves, and cry *mightily till the Lord our* God return unto us in the power of His mighty grace." —*Preface to "Sword and Trowel" vol. for* 1872.

A GAME AT PEG-TOP.

NOW all the morning tasks are done,
Away the merry scholars run,
And peg-top's to be played;
So on the dry and gravelled ground
A level ring, and large, and round,
As you may see, is made.

Around it you may watch the boys,
Whilst they, with laughter and with noise,
Are busy at their game.
There Charlie Foster may be seen,
And Harry Young, and Willie Green,
And little Alick Græme.

All these you'll see, and others too—
Tom Wilkinson, and Jem Carew,
And Andrew Masterman;
'Tis Andrew on the right who stands,
And *winds his top with busy hands,*
As quickly as he can.

Behind the others, you may see
Poor little Alick Græme, where he
To cry has turned away—
The weak and foolish little thing,
And all because he's lost his string,
And so he cannot play.

If he were wiser, Alick Græme
Would watch the others at their game,
And still the sport enjoy;
Not sob, nor cry, nor be so cross
About a little, simple loss;
But he's a silly boy!

For many losses come about,
Both in the play-ground and without,
For every one of us;
And every good, brave boy will take
His troubles manfully, nor make
A needless noise and fuss.
Then let's determine, one and all,
That whatsoever may befall,
We'll try and bear it thus.

NATURAL HISTORY ANECDOTES.

(*Continued from page* 45.)

DURING the social science meeting last year at Norwich, many of the visitors went to see the residence of the Dowager Lady Buxton near that city, and among the many interesting objects shown them, none pleased them more than the collection of parrots which flew about unmolested and perfectly free. In one of the trees, a hollow one, a cat had kittened, and one of the parrots, instead of resenting the intrusion, actually assisted the cat to nurse her kittens by covering them over with her outspread wings, whenever the cat went out in search of food.

One parrot I know well has, on the other hand, a great antipathy to cats. In her dislike she was supported by a small terrier dog; whenever a cat appeared in the garden the parrot would whistle and call "Prim, Prim;" instantly the dog knew what was wanted, and rushed forward. "Cat, cat," screamed the parrot. Away went the dog to charge the common enemy. When she was driven away, "Hip, hip, hurrah!" several times repeated, would the parrot cry; and the friends would seemingly greatly rejoice at the issue of the fight.

It is said that parrots are extremely jealous of other pets, especially of cats, lap-dogs, and canaries, and many instances of their revengeful nature are to be found in natural history. But one parrot I possessed showed a contrary disposition. Instead of being jealous of a canary which hung in a cage near by, it would imitate its singing, encourage it to prolong its song, and give expressions of approval at its close. It was fond also of undoing the fastening of its own cage; then, getting out, it would invariably go to the canary's cage, open the door of the cage, enter, gently drive out the owner, who in turn flew to the parrot's cage, and entered it, and when this change was effected both birds would sing with delight, at the success of their friendly exchange. This proceeding took place several times in the week, without the slightest spite or ill-will being shown by the parrot. This bird was a capital talker, especially clever in imitating children, particularly in crying and sobbing, and it is a fact that we actually discovered from what the parrot used to tell us that the nurse was accustomed to beat and otherwise ill-treat my little brother in the absence of the rest of the family. It was a painful discovery, but it led to the evil being remedied, for there was afterwards found to be abundance of corroborative evidence. This bird was a great enemy to the cat, and incessantly teased it by mewing and calling. Unfortunately the ceiling of the room in which the parrot was kept was whitewashed afresh, and the smell so affected the bird that it never recovered.

Memory is strong in the parrot tribe. A friend of the writer had a small parrakeet, which showed it in a remarkable way. One of the sons of the family was very fond of unbuttoning his double-breasted waistcoat, and nestling the parrot inside, as it liked the warmth. This youth went to sea for three years, and then returned home. Amid the congratulations on the stairs, the parrot made its appearance, and, *climbing up his* clothes, nestled inside his waistcoat, as it was wont to *do three years before.*

A REMARKABLE SCOTCH PONY.—Many years ago I spent my mid-summer holidays at Dalnacurdoch, about ten miles north of Blair Athol, in Perthshire, The Highland Railway had not as yet laid down its lines among the valleys of the Grampian Hills. On the day previous to my return homewards, the friend with whom I resided suggested that I should borrow old Donald McKay's old pony, and pay a farewell visit to some of the farmers and shepherds whose acquaintance I had formed during my stay. The pony was most willingly placed at my disposal, and I set off. When the twilight was gathering over the mighty hills, I sat in my saddle at Niel McKerrachar's door, bidding him and his family good-bye. Niel was loath to part with me, and detained me so long talking about many things, that twilight was giving place to night when we parted. The stars were coming out as I rode down the bridle path that wound along the glen. I had a journey of about seven miles before me ere I could reach the highway which lay far beneath me. Suddenly a thick mist obscured the stars, and the narrow path disappeared in the darkness. After proceeding a few yards the pony stood still, and all my attempts at coaxing him forward failed. I had read many stories of the sagacity of horses and ponies finding their way home, so I resolved on testing their probability. I laid the reins on the pony's neck, and had no sooner done so, than it turned aside from the bridle path and struck out a path for itself, through the tall heather along the mountain side, travelling slowly, and never once making a slip or false step. Instead of, as I expected, carrying me to the door of its master, it drew up in front of that of my friend, where I had mounted it in the morning. I was about to take the pony back to Donald, whose house was about a mile distant, when my friend said that such a proceeding was unnecessary. He called out in Gaelic to the pony, "Good night, 'Rory,' trot away home," and, neighing a "good night" reply, off went "Rory" across the moor, and was at once lost in the darkness. I found next morning that he reached his master's cottage a few minutes after taking leave of us.

THE TREASURY.

"THE Ritualists have proved they ought to be Roman Catholics by RITES."—*Punch.*

EVER in the right boy,
Ever in the right!
Time is *gold;* do what you can
To make your mark and be a man—
Ever in the right.

COURAGE IN EVERY-DAY LIFE.—Have the courage to discharge a debt while you have the money in your pocket. Have the courage to do without that which you do not need, however much your eyes may covet it. Have courage to speak your mind when it is necessary you should do so, and hold your tongue when it is prudent to do so. Have the courage to make a will, and a just one. Have the courage to show that you respect honesty in whatever guise it appears, and your contempt for dishonest duplicity by whomsoever exhibited. Have the courage to wear your old clothes until you can pay for new ones. Have the *courage to obey your Maker* at the risk of being ridiculed by men.

Poetry.

THOUGHTS FOR GOOD FRIDAY.

OW kind my Saviour was to me,
To suffer on the cursed tree!
It was for me He suffered so,
And this 'tis best of all to know.

I know how much I mourn sometimes,
When thinking on my many crimes;
And oft, when others think me glad,
I'm really feeling very sad.

But when my heart is very sore
For sins that I with tears deplore,
The blood of Jesus brings relief,
And takes away my secret grief.

No longer then I weep in woe,
But tears of joy instead will flow;
With love to Christ my spirit burns,
And for the souls of others yearns.

"Come, all the world," I then can cry,
"Come to the Saviour, or you die;
He loves you with eternal love;
Oh! come; His kindness you shall prove."

But oft I wonder when I see
How few accept His love so free:
The most appear to love much more
The empty things of this world's store.

And yet, I know, 'twas grace alone,
The sov'reign grace of God's dear Son—
That made me choose the better part,
And give to God my wayward heart.

Oh! may that grace my heart constrain
To serve my God with might and main,
And may I never grieve my Lord,
Nor bring a slander on His word.

Chesham Bois. J.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA ON PAGE 71.

"I am Alpha and Omega."—Rev. i. 8.

1. I chabod's ..... 1 Sam. iv. 21.
2. A mminadab ..... Exod. vi. 23.
3. Michal..... 1 Chron. xv. 29.
4. A phek..... 1 Kings xx. 30.
5. L achish ..... 2 Chron. xxv. 27.
6. P haltiel ..... 2 Sam. iii. 15, 16.
7. H iel..... 1 Kings xvi. 34.
8. A biram ..... 1 Kings xvi. 34.
9. A doni-bezek ..... Judg. i. 7.
10. N ahash's..... 1 Chron. xix. 2.
11. D elilah's..... Judg. xvi. 16, 17.
12. O nesiphorus ..... 2 Tim. i. 16.
13. M akkedah ..... Josh. x. 17.
14. E lah ..... 1 Kings xvi. 9.
15. G enubath ..... 1 Kings xi. 20.
16. A chan..... Josh. vii. 20—26.

SINGLE ACROSTIC.

A CITY IN WHICH TWO KINGS TOOK REFUGE.

1. A city in which the ark remained twenty years.
2. A city where 7,000 men met their death by the falling of a wall.
3. A slender plant.
4. The ancient name of Hebron.
5. A nephew of one of the spies who brought a good report of the land.
6. A general in high command under a king of Assyria.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

1. *One* patient proved amidst redoubled woes.
2. A name th' *eternity* of God which shows.
3. *Thy* waves are calmed when He their Lord doth speak.
4. The strong should bear *these burdens* of the weak.
5. *The child* expired as she drew near the door.
6. Made captive now, *he* reigns as king no more.

My *first* o'er Judah reigned; my *last* ruled Israel's land:
This with unspotted righteousness; that with oppressive hand.

FROM THE EDITOR.

The Editor will feel greatly obliged if any of his readers can assist him in obtaining a Benefice in good air. He is willing to accept a small stipend. Address **24, Paternoster Row, London.**

APRIL.

PHASES OF THE MOON.

4—First Quarter .. 6h. 36m. p.m.	20—Last Quarter .. 5h. 47m. a.m
12—Full Moon .. 9h. 51m. p.m.	26—New Moon .. 10h. 42m. p.m

The Lessons are taken from the New Table.

1	Tu	The real April fool. Psalm liii. 1.
2	W	Sweet are the uses of adversity. Psalm cxix. 71.
3	Th	Use not what to-morrow may want. Lev. vii. 16.
4	F	Let your anger set with the sun. Ephes. iv. 26.
5	S	When night is darkest, dawn is nearest. John xvi. 22.
6	✠	Palm Sunday. Lessons {Morn: Exod. ix. Luke viii. to 26. Even: Exod. x. or xi. 2 Cor. x.
7	M	There is no rose without a thorn. Eccle. ii. 1.
8	Tu	Many a slip 'twixt cup and lip. James iv. 14.
9	W	It's an ill wind that blows nobody good. Acts xxviii. 9
10	Th	Poverty makes strange bedfellows. Luke xv. 15.
11	F	Good Friday. Lessons {Morn.: Gen. xxii. to 20. John xviii. Even.: Isa. lii. 13, liii. 1 Peter ii.
12	S	Labour is the salt of life. Eccle. v. 12.
13	✠	Easter Sunday. Lessons {Morn.: Exod. xii. 29. Rev. i. 10 to 19. Even.: Exod. xii. to 29, or xiv. John xx 11 to 19, or Rev. v.
14	M	Better bind than break. Rom. ii. 5.
15	Tu	Trust, beware whom. Pro. xi. 15.
16	W	Time brings all things to light. Eccle. xii. 14.
17	Th	All is not gold that glitters. 2 Cor. x. 7.
18	F	Forethought saves afterthought. Acts xxviii. 27.
19	S	Live not to eat, but eat to live. Phil. iii. 19.
20	✠	Low Sunday. Lessons {Morn.: Numb. xvi. to 36. Luke xv. 11. Even.: Numb. xvi. 36, or xvii. to 12. Eph. iv. to 25.
21	M	Rumour tells false tales. Prov. xxvi. 22.
22	Tu	Many go out for wool & come home shorn. 2 Kings xix. 37
23	W	Words will not fill the bushel. James ii. 16.
24	Th	He who is hasty fishes in an empty pond. Prov. xxv. 8
25	F	Man doth what he can, God what He wills. Pro. xvi. 33
26	S	Make not your sail too large for your ship. 2 Cor. x. 13.
27	✠	2nd Sun. after Easter. Lessons {Morn.: Num. xx. to 14. Luke xix. 28. Even.: Num. xx. 14 to 21, 16, or Num xxi. 10. Philip. iv.
28	M	Don't fish in troubled waters. Prov. xxvi. 17.
29	T	When wine is in, wit is out. Matt. xxiv. 49.
30	W	One swallow does not make summer. Matt. xvi. 3.

*** Correspondents are invited to send Proverbs with suitable texts. Address, The Editor, 24, Paternoster Row, London.

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So far as the limited space at our disposal will permit, we shall at all times be willing to insert any communications from the Clergy or Laity of general interest to the Church in Wales. A synopsis of papers read at Ruri-decanal meetings will be inserted if addressed to the Editor of "The Churchman in Wales," care of Messrs. Lewis and Williams, Cardiff, before the 20th of each month. Correspondents will, of course, observe the usual regulations of the Press, viz., writing legibly on one side of the paper only, and when using a "nom de plume," sending at the same time their name and address privately to the Editor.

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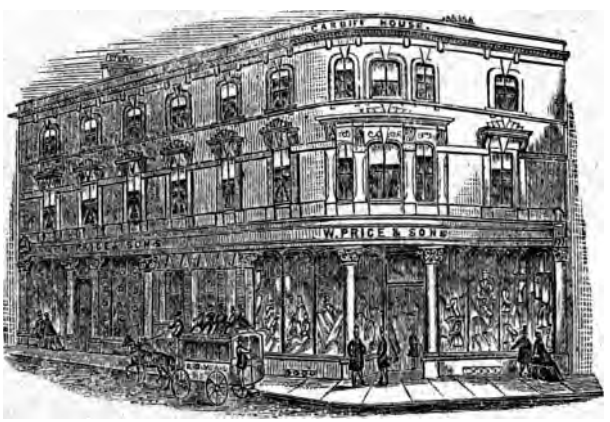

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CURATES AND COLLIERS:

A FEW FACTS FOR LAYMEN.

WE are living in an age when it is supposed that "the labourer is worthy of his hire." Probably at no period of history has this axiom been more generally recognised than at the present time; but it is humiliating to the Christian philosopher to learn that its truth has been acknowledged—not by the voluntary expression of sympathy and loving kindness for the sons of toil—but by the force of circumstances and the conflict of selfishness, after many hard-fought battles have been lost and won by Labour and Capital, and when victory on either side has entailed suffering on both combatants.

That love is the fulfilling of all law is a Divine truth existing in the regions of abstraction; it may be above the clouds and near the moon—but, with one exception, it has never yet come down on earth, to dwell with communities of men—to live in their actions and to breathe in their laws. Human laws had their origin in the absence of Divine law. In just the same manner as the services of a physician are needed in the absence of health, so human laws are needed only to remedy the selfishness of human nature, and, in the absence of moral health, to be "a terror to evil doers, and the praise or protection of them that do well." This probably would not be the opinion of the late John Stuart Mill, of Jeremy Bentham, and of others belonging to that school of political thought, whose faith rested in the divinities of humanity and progress. Nevertheless it is a fact that in proportion as the Divine law is obeyed within man, there is less necessity for the restraint of civil law without him, and it is the adjustment of those

two forces within and without man, which covers the whole area of legislation, the highest end of which is nothing more nor less than the adaptation of the laws and institutions of a country to the moral, intellectual, and religious condition—in other words, to the civilization of the people of that country. The propelling power of progress is from within and not from without—and although it does not enter into modern systems of political economy, yet for the same reason that health is better than disease, so the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom alike in individuals and communities. Moral health, which consists of right thinking, right feeling, and right acting, constitutes the philosophy of national greatness. Not only is this the Divine law for the "exaltation of nations," but history and experience show that Christian nations whose laws are purely secular, not recognising God in their collective capacity, and not making provision for the religious instruction of their people, mistake their own interest in just the same way as an individual who deliberately prefers sickness, with physic and doctors' bills, to health with economy and happiness. This is the discovery which the most thoughtful minds in the United States of America are now making, viz., the necessity which exists for a national recognition of God, and this is just what the secularists and liberationalists of this country are ignorantly attempting to destroy by taking away that provision for the religious instruction of our people which the piety of our ancestors has bequeathed to us. Mr. Justice Storey, of the Supreme Court of the United States, maintains "that in constituting and administrating its government, a nation is under obligations to acknowledge God as the author of its existence, and the source of its authority, Jesus Christ as its ruler, and the Bible as the fountain of its laws, and the supreme rule of its conduct." The United States has not yet been in existence 100 years, and it is now yearning after a national recognition of God; whilst for more than 1,000 years in England the Divine law has been acknowledged that the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom, and after the island has enjoyed prosperity unexampled in the history of Europe, secularists would have us believe that wisdom consists in forgetting God—in not recognizing His word as a nation, and in diverting for secular uses the funds bequeathed us for teaching the knowledge of God to successive generations of its inhabitants.

Without the influence of religion the most powerful motive which human laws can bring to bear on human nature is the competition of selfishness, adjusting itself by the relations of supply and demand. This is the principle which underlies all our modern systems of political economy, and competition is the one grand panacea, which human wisdom has devised for all the ills which human flesh is heir to. All the strikes which have recently

occurred in this and other countries, are merely so many illustrations of the same principle of competition between the great forces of capital and labour. During the old feudal times, and down to a recent period, labour stood to capital in this and other countries — not in the relation of a competitor, but rather in that of a slave; it was classed with goods and chattels, and horses, and dogs, and disguise it how we will it is still true, generally that the selfishness of capitalists, when in possession of power, has reacted upon the selfishness of labourers, who no sooner become sensible of approaching power than they are disposed to exercise it, even more despotically than the capitalists themselves. This action and reaction of selfishness, like the rebounding of the billiard ball is the only remedy which secularism can apply to the ills of society. Competition, then, is the great motive power which stimulates our industrial pursuits, which energises the labour and capital required for the supply of our animal wants—not merely of food, raiment, and shelter, but of ten thousand other things which belong to "the pomps and vanities of this world," and which constitute the so-called luxuries of life. But there is another kind of labour which supplies the wants of the soul, and upon these productions the law of competition does not operate; because, as Dr. Chalmers long since observed, that unlike any article of commerce, it is a fact, that where religion is most wanted there the demand for it is least. Instead of stimulating the growth of selfishness, by the force of competition the whole business of Christianity is to dethrone the idol self from the human heart and to set up the God of Love in its stead. We can thus understand in some measure, how it is that notwithstanding the vast increase of wealth in the United Kingdom, that there has not been a corresponding increase in the provision made by the nation for the maintenance of ministers of the gospel. It is a remarkable fact, that after all the pious gifts of our ancestors in endowing in perpetuity the Christian Church of the nation with a tenth part of the produce of the soil, which, although diminished by lay depredators, yet has been transmitted to us annually, through many long centuries, still when these endowments are combined with all the contributions, voluntary and otherwise, of modern times, not only of Churchmen, but all those contributions which can be raised in this country by the rivalry of more than a hundred different sects, for the maintenance of their Ministers, and including all the money raised in this country for the support of Foreign Missionaries, by Roman Catholics, Churchmen, and Dissenters of all denominations, the aggregate sum does not equal the amount of money annually spent in this country in the consumption of tobacco and snuff. This is not a figure of speech, it is an ugly fact, and when it is borne in mind that the consumption of tobacco in England

and Wales per head of the population is not so large as in many other countries of Europe, it shows how little self-denial the cost of the maintenance of Ministers of the Gospel has inflicted upon Christendom. It has been stated that during the mediæval period, when the population of England and Wales was less than five millions there were more than 40,000 Ministers of the Gospel in the land, whereas, now when the population of the country has increased more than four times, and its wealth many thousand times, the number of Christian Ministers of the English Church and of all denominations together has diminished. The Bishop of Winchester stated at the 35th annual meeting, of the Additional Curates Society, (May, 1873), in "1831 the population of the Kingdom was thirteen millions, and the clergy 15,948; in 1841 the clergy had sunk to 14,500; in 1871 they were only 18,000 to a population of twenty-three millions. They would find the dissenting clergy to be 6,909, which, added to those of the Church, gave the very paltry number of twenty-five thousand ministers to a population of twenty-three millions." (*Rock*, May 16, 1873.)

It may perhaps be said that the estimated number of the English clergy during the mediæval period must have included many of the secular monks, and on the other side, the Bishop of Winchester's estimate does not include the local preachers of the Wesleyans and other denominations whose ordination may be doubtful, as well as the Scripture readers of the Church of England, but under all circumstances there is relatively a great diminution of clergy in comparison with the increase of wealth and population. Taking the bishop's figures as correct, it is interesting to notice for a moment the relative number of persons required in these times to labour for supplying some of the wants of the body, compared with those required for the supplies of the soul. According to Professor Leoni Levi's *Wages and Earnings of the Working Classes* (London, 1867, p. 14), we require half as many people to cut our hair, and more people to make our gloves, and fifteen times as many to make our boots and shoes, and one hundred times as many to manufacture and make our clothes as to preach the gospel to us. Notwithstanding colliers are at present better paid than curates, there is employment afforded to about fifty times as many colliers as curates. Let us suppose that there existed regular employment in this country now, as in the medieval period, for 40,000 Christian ministers of all denominations, and that each individual minister had an average income of £300 per annum, the total sum required would be twelve millions annually, whilst the consumption of tobacco and cigars in this country last year amounted to upwards of £15,000,000 sterling.

Now the net salaries of 13,041 rectors and vicars, and 5,760 curates in England and Wales amount to £3,146,051, or about an average of £167 10s. each, and if all the salaries paid for the

diocesan and departmental and cathedral work be added they do not amount to half a million annually, making the total expenditure for the maintenance of the clergy of the Church of England under three millions and a half, which includes all its archbishops, bishops, archdeacons, deans, canons, rectors, and curates. (Statistics of the Church, *Daily Telegraph and Yorkshire Church Defence Association*, 1872 and 1873.) We see then that the total cost of maintenance of all the clergy of the Church of England does not amount to one-fourth as much as the consumption of tobacco and snuff, to say nothing about the cost of sundry decoctions of malt and hops, wine and spirits, and other articles of luxury, compared with which the cost of tobacco and snuff is a mere bagatelle.

It is obvious whilst the nett income (after deducting public charges —but not private charities, which are very great) of the parochial clergy may only average £167 10s., that great inequalities exist amongst them, and that there are many thousand curates and poor incumbents whose incomes are far below that amount. "Punch's" recent definition of a standing miracle was how curates with large families could live upon their stipends, and if any layman doubts "Punch's" orthodoxy, he can prove it himself. A correspondent of the *Record* has been at the trouble of comparing the remuneration offered to curates in the advertisements of the *Ecclesiastical Gazette* in each of the following years—1843, 1853, 1863, 1873. The results are as follows—Average stipend, 1843, £82 2s. 10d.; 1853, £79; 1863, £97 10s.; 1873, £129 5s. 8d.

It must be remembered these advertised sums are not likely to represent the average net income of the working Curates during those periods, they are rather the baits held out to catch the fishes and tempt them to nibble very much like other advertisements of wares offered for sale. When this fact is placed alongside another stated in the prospectus of the Curates' Augmentation Fund, that owing to the rapid increase of population, whilst the number of benefices remain almost stationary, Curates now remain unbeneficed for a much longer period than formerly. Thus, Curates who have neither interest with patrons, nor sufficient private means to enable them to take a very small living, have to wait twenty or thirty years before they obtain preferment, while some before their turn comes round, are too old to be promoted at all." Combining these two facts, it is self-evident that the hope of obtaining the loaves and the fishes cannot be the only motive which influenced many thousands of Curates on entering the Church, and such pecuniary prospects as these would scarcely satisfy the members of either of the other learned professions. It may be safely assumed that £2 per week is about the average of Curates' stipends, and this is the sum stated by several miners' advocates recently examined before the Coal Committee to be

about the average earnings of colliers, working 5 days per week, but it transpired on the other side, that colliers could easily get more money if they were so disposed. We cannot stop to examine the employments, antecedents, surroundings, and requirements of one of those working men compared with the other. It may suffice here to notice two things,—First, that were the collier obliged to spend several hundred pounds upon his education and apprenticeship in order to qualify him to cut coal, he would not be likely to consider his labour less valuable than it is at present, Secondly, that the tendency of the times is to diminish the work of the collier, and to increase his pay; whilst its tendency is to increase the work of the Curate without increasing his pay. In 1618, the total imports and exports of this kingdom, were 4½ millions, whilst during the ten years between 1861 and 1871, our imports and exports advanced from 377 millions, to 547 millions. The natural consequence of such commercial activity, is to bring about great and unexpected changes, in the occupations and dwellings of our people, and they have been transformed in many places from agricultural into commercial, manufacturing, or mining communities. It is estimated before the end of the present century, unless some counteracting influences intervene, that from 65 to 70 per Cent. of the people dwelling in England and Wales, must be more or less a town population. It is evident that this state of things must not only severely strain the parochial system of the Church of England which was well-adapted to the agricultural community of 1618, when wool was one of our chief staples; but now, in many places, the work of our parochial clergy is so immensely increased that all the powers of their minds and muscles, are utterly unable to perform it. However much their work may be supplemented by Nonconformists, there is unmistakable evidence afforded in the highways and streets of every town and large village in the kingdom, that there is work enough for three times the present number of gospel ministers in the land, and instead of the endowments of the Church of England being taken away, they ought to be doubled,—or at all events, those of which the lay impropriators have deprived the Church, ought to be restored with interest. Whether or not that can be done, may be doubtful, but it is clear, that to take away existing endowments, which are not half enough—and to throw all the support of the Church upon voluntary contributions, would be the moral suicide of the nation.

Besides 5,000 and odd curates there are more than 3,000 incumbents of the Church of England whose nett income is under £150 a year each. What is absolutely wanted is not only that the stipends should be made up to £200 a year, but that double the present number of curates should be employed. It must be borne in mind that all the necessaries of life are so greatly advanced in

price, that £200 has no greater purchasing power now than £120 had a few years since. Archdeacon Mildmay, at the recent meeting of the Additional Curates' Society, said "He was on the committee, and every month they had twenty or thirty ministers applying for help, who, were placed in parishes perhaps, of 9,000 souls with not one rich enough to keep a servant. The incumbents income might not be worth more than £150 to £200 per annum, and out of that he offered £30 a year. Such a man might apply year after year, and at length would send a letter saying that he had applied so often that he thought he had better not trouble them any more. Whilst the number of churches built from year to year was rapidly increasing the number of deacons was diminishing. Is it at all surprising it should be so? Another speaker at the Church Pastoral Aid Society's last annual meeting said, what was increasingly wanted to influence the masses, and to stem the torrent of infidelity was an increased supply of men of the right stamp, who would go to the poor man's fireside, and converse with him, and bring up holy memories which were well nigh forgotten. To quote the words of Charles Swain, he would say to the incumbents—

> "Oh! glorious task, and be that task your own,
> To wake new feelings in his heart of stone,
> To free the mind from each unworthy thrall,
> And give the gospel-liberty to all."

This is then the work of the Church of England Clergy, and because the occupation is a noble one, is the labourer therefore less worthy of his hire? Because he is sowing spiritual things, is it a great matter that he should reap temporal things? Because his apprenticeship has cost him many hundred pounds more than that of a collier, is that any reason why he should receive less pay? Because he has acquired a knowledge of Latin and Greek can he do without bread and butter? Because he has studied the works of Bacon does he not require meat and potatoes? Because he is a curate and a clergyman, is he not to have the enjoyments of social and domestic life belonging to his station? And because he is a workman in the business of the gospel, is he not entitled to participate in the increased prosperity of the nation as much as the collier, the bricklayer, or any other working man?

There are 8,000 ministers in the Church of England whose incomes do not amount to £150 per annum; (this is according to the Bishop of Winchester's statement—a larger number of clergy than all the ordained ministers of the Nonconformist denominations put together,) but it must not be forgotten that the privations of poverty are not limited to the curates and clergy of the Church of England.

Not long since, Mr. Spurgeon, when laying the foundation stone of a Baptist Chapel, is reported to have said he had little doubt that the masons who were building the walls would be better paid

than the ministers who would be preaching in the chapel. The Liberation Society has long been expending £6,000 a year for the purpose of taking away the endowments of the English clergy, during a time when it has transpired that the voluntary contributions in support of Baptist ministers have been so inadequate, that one-sixth of their number were obliged to relinquish the Baptist ministry in 1871-2. because they could not obtain sufficient money to live upon. (*See* Rev. M. Glover's speech. Baptist Union Meeting, Manchester. October 10, 1872.)

Now, the Baptist Ministers are generally the most violent in their opposition to the Church of England. and these facts afford a curious illustration of the spirit of rivalry compared with that of charity even among professing Christians. For the sake of *the cause* we trust the spirit displayed is not at all analagous to that of the Sheffield saw-grinders on strike in attempting to destroy the machinery of their rivals at work. At all events we may safely conclude that human nature is not altered by lapse of time and change of name, and many men have still greater pleasure in extracting the mote out of their neighbours's eye than in pulling the beam out of their own eye. Nor are matters much better the other side of the Atlantic. A few years since, Mr. Ward Beecher remarked (Vices, p. 200)—"Men love to be taxed for their lusts. There is an open exchequer for licentiousness and giddy pleasure. We grow suddenly saving when benevolence asks alms, or justice duns for debts; we dole a pittance to suppliant creditors to be rid of their clamour. But let the divine Fanny, with evolutions extremely efficacious upon the feelings, fire the enthusiasm of a whole theatre of men, whose applauses rise as she does; let this courageous dancer, almost literally true to nature, display her adventurous feats before a thousand men, and the very miser will turn spendthrift; the land which will not pay its honest creditors will enrich a strolling *danseuse*, and rain down upon the stage a stream of golden boxes. coin, wreaths, and rosy *billets doux*."

Such is human nature, as depicted by a competent artist, in the land of the Puritan fathers—where there has been no Liberationist Upas tree of an Established religion to poison the well-springs of Christian charity. With such a picture of humanity before him, we can almost excuse Henry Ward Beecher availing himself of the worldly wisdom of his hearers, and letting in a little of the spirit of competition amongst them, by offering the pews annually in Brooklyn Chapel by auction, to be knocked down to the highest bidder. But the spirit of competition, as before stated, does not enter into the work of the gospel, and whatever might have been the voluntary contributions of the early Christians, it is probable that in this money-getting age it will be a long time, either here or in America, before any minister of the gospel will have such a

shower of gold raining down upon him as a strolling *danseuse* at a New York theatre. What, then, is to be done for the curates and poor incumbents of the Church of England? Let us first recapitulate the conclusions at which we have arrived.

(1st.)—That there is abundance of money in this country, which is freely spent for all purposes of luxury and self-indulgence.

(2nd.)—That the labouring classes generally are fully partaking of this prosperity, as well as the middle and higher classes. Not only has machinery relieved the working classes from drudgery, but they are labouring less time and getting better wages than heretofore.

(3rd.)—That the clergy do not benefit by this prosperous state of things in any way. On the contrary, they have more labour and less pay than heretofore, because the purchasing power of their stipends is diminished by the higher price of the necessaries of life.

(4th.)—That it will be a reproach to the laity of the Church of England, who are rapidly increasing in wealth, unless the pecuniary condition of the clergy be immediately improved. It is palpably and manifestly wrong that 8,000 educated gentlemen, who are ordained ministers of a Church which embraces the wealth and intelligence of England, should be permitted in these times of strikes and industrial prosperity, to receive less than £150 a year each for their arduous labours.

(5th.)—That not only should the stipends of curates in the Church of England be greatly increased, but employment should be found, and better remuneration obtained, for double the present number of curates.

These, then, are the objects looming before us, and the next question is, How are they to be reached and grasped? Not all at once; not by looking only to patrons, and bishops, and squires; not by sitting still; not by finding fault, and before lending a helping hand, or giving a sovereign, expecting to have your individual notions of Church Reform immediately carried out, about which Lord Shaftesbury says he has never yet found three clergymen agree. A layman, whether he be Churchman or Dissenter, must take his church very much as he takes his wife—for better and for worse; and if he expects to meet with a perfect angel, he will not find her on earth, either in his church or his wife, during the present dispensation. It is perfectly preposterous, therefore, to hear both clergy and laity excuse their indolence by declaring that this, that, or the other thing must be reformed in the church before they will do anything. There are several societies, both in London and the provinces, which have some of the objects above stated in view. The Marquis of Lorne, with the Princess Louise,

has recently suggested to the Archbishop of Canterbury the formation of a central society in London for increasing the value of poor livings, which, everybody must admit, is as absolutely needed now as in the days of Queen Anne. At another meeting (The Friends of the Clergy Corporation), at which Lord Lorne recently presided, it was stated that the average grants to each of the unfortunate ladies—the widows and orphans of poor clergymen who chanced to be successful candidates—was but £9 a year, and when they considered the smallness of this help in these times, it was perfectly appalling.

Any of these societies should be helped with a cheerful heart and a liberal hand by all who have the means of doing so. But something more is wanted. If the Church will prosper in the future, she must lengthen her stakes—adapt herself to the times, and appeal to the masses for help. It was said in Convocation the other day, that the Church was doing the work of the nineteeth century, with the machinery of the sixteenth century. Now what should we say to our agriculturalists—our ironmasters, and our cotton spinners, if they were still using the machinery of the sixteenth century? We have already noticed that the tendency of our population is to relinquish agricultural and rural pursuits, and to migrate to industrial centres. The Church must adapt herself to the new state of things—take a leaf out of the Nonconformists' books, and let all her congregations in towns and large villages be constantly trained and habituated in the privilege of giving as freely as they have received. Already the voluntary contributions of the Church for religious and educational purposes, exceed annually the amount of her endowments, and without recognising the principle either of voluntaryism or of congregationalism—yet as auxiliaries, there are limits within which they are not only available, but may be invaluable. This simple principle is in accordance with the nature of the British Constitution in Church and State, which has within itself the power of adaptation to the altered circumstances and exigencies of "times and occasions." For the Incumbent of a Church in a populous district to ignore the wishes and power of his congregation, will in future be just as unwise as for the Prime Minister to ignore the power of the House of Commons. Neither the Church nor the State can afford to be indifferent to the force of public opinion, as distinguished from popular clamour. To stand still is to retrograde; and whilst the Nonconformits have been going too fast, and making too much noise, in courting popularity in the press and on the platform—and frequently in the pulpit also—the clergy of the Church of England may have generally been too quiet and too slow for the times. Their motto has been Solomon's: "My son, fear thou the Lord and the King, and meddle not with them that are given to change." Whilst the

Dissenters generally have been only too delighted to meddle with everybody that is given to change, their latest accusation in the House of Commons, against the Church, is in effect that she has always lagged behind the times, and that her spinsters are still using the old spinning wheels of the sixteenth century, when they ought to avail themselves of the latest improvements in sewing and steam machinery. A wise man will profit by the reproaches of his enemies. One thing must be admitted, that had the Church of England done in the last century what she is doing now, she would never have lost the Wesleyan body, who number more than all the other Dissenters put together. Her common sense, in this case, has arrived about a hundred years too late, and in consequence of the slowness of the conveyance she has lost twelve millions of members in Great Britain and her colonies.

There is one thing the Church can afford to do which dissenters cannot. She can afford to find fault with herself—and confess her shortcomings. The Wesleyans should be a warning to both Clergy and laity not, only to confess but to move a little faster. It is not Acts of Parliament that are wanted half as much as the disposition to get out of beaten tracts to overcome *inertia*, and to adapt ourselves to altered circumstances. The laity must be awakened to a sense of their responsibilities and their duties, and there must be no clergy standing idle in the market place—and none who are not qualified to read and preach as they ought to an intelligent people. Not only must young Curates be better trained for parochial work than heretofore, but if the laity will have superior Curates, why should not they be prepared to pay for them, in the same manner as they expect to pay for a superior cook, or a superior horse—a superior doctor, or a superior lawyer? As there is but a limited number of benefices in the land, any great increase of the clergy in the future must chiefly be curates, and the position of curates must be greatly improved. Respecting the resources of ordinary congregations in large towns and villages, wherever there is a poor incumbent or needy curate, at present there is neither law nor gospel to prevent the voluntary contributions of the congregation being directly applied to his relief, provided only that due notice be given before the collections are made. Who can prevent the clergyman giving notice from the reading desk, or elsewhere, quarterly, monthly, or oftener, if necessary, that the offertory collection this day will be for the Curate Fund of this Church? We are living in an age when the power of the penny is felt in many things, and thousands would contribute in this way to help the curate who would not subscribe to any society in London or the provinces. Here then is an unworked mine, which in many places may be inexhaustible, and which requires no act of parliament, no congress of Bishops, and no outlay of capital to develope it. The church-

warden would merely hand the collection to the curate, as a thank offering of the congregation in augmentation of his stipend, and the curate could receive it without being under a sense of obligation to any individual. Moreover, it is very likely that any drones in the ecclesiastical hive would not have their income much increased, whilst the diligent curate may be duly rewarded. Either when the augmentation was considered sufficient, or in cases where it was not required, still it may be arranged with the congregations, that the collections should be periodically made, and the funds handed over to kindred societies in the diocese or elsewhere. This simple plan has been recently adopted in one of the busiest towns in South Wales, with signal success, and it will be a standing reproach to the laity of the Church of England if hereafter they permit the curates to be less well paid than the colliers.

HOW I BECAME A CHURCHMAN.

I was brought up a Dissenter. My parents were very pious and respectable members of the Calvinistic Methodist connection: and I was a Calvinistic Methodist along with them during my boyhood, till I was nearly sixteen. I was somewhat quick of intellect, and fond of reading, but I accepted Calvinistic Methodism thoroughly, as thoroughly as a boy could. I rather enjoyed to hear the Church being represented as formal and lifeless; and I believed that all that were out of the pale of the "Private Society," were almost out of the pale of salvation. But my parents were not at all what one may call bigotted or exclusive—on the whole they used to speak kindly of the Church; but this was rarely a subject of conversation. I was myself rather a rampant Methodist, from conversing with children of my own age, whose friends and parents were very decided Methodists indeed. I looked on churches merely as buildings having a belfry or a steeple, and connected with ringing a bell before the service. I didn't hate the Church; I simply ignored it. And if anyone had told me that the Church was of divine institution, and that it was at all connected with spiritual religion and godliness, I should have only stood agape in astonishment, not unmixed with incredulous contempt. In a word, I was an innocent, uninstructed, sincere young Methodist. I had been to church at some funerals, but never during service. Indeed, the parish church was about four miles distant from our house, and the road to it very bad.

In North Wales (and the scene of the following true anecdote was in one of the North Wales counties) it was the custom, and continues so to this day in full vigour, for the family and near

relatives of the deceased to go to church the first (now more frequently the second) Sunday morning after the funeral. An old uncle of mine died: I went with my parents to the funeral, and we were to go to church—the church where the funeral had taken place—on the following Sunday morning. This was a source of much pleasure to my young mind, as I had never been to a church service in my life. I was delighted to go. And go we did, father and I. I was then about thirteen, or perhaps a little more.

What struck me first as odd, was that the clergyman, old Mr. Roberts—who had given me many an apple—after reading one Psalm, read another, and then another, and then another, to the number of—I do not now remember how many. I had never heard more than one Psalm read at one service in any chapel. Then, to my astonishment, there came a chapter, then another chapter. Then the clergyman went to the Communion Table, and read two separate portions of the Bible there. I was amazed and very much puzzled, and I thought I would, on our way home, ask father how old Mr. Roberts should have read so much of the Bible. On the way home I asked father whether it was by way of compliment to the funeral family that so many Psalms and chapters were read. "Oh dear no," said he, "in church they read quite as much of the Bible every Sunday." And I ventured to remark that I had never heard one quarter so much of the Bible read in chapel as I had heard that day in church. "How is that?" said I. I really do not remember what my father said in reply, but I remember that his explanation did not quite satisfy me then, and less and less so as I pondered over the matter, which I did very often. I used sometimes to ask permission of my father to go to church instead of accompanying him to the chapel Sunday School, and he never objected in the least; indeed the frankness with which he always permitted me to go, rather encouraged me; and this was precisely the case with my dear old mother, too, but my brothers and sisters rather laughed at me for going.

To make a long story short, I saw many other things that surprised me in that behalf after my eyes had been once opened on that funeral Sunday. In a word, I became a Communicant in my Parish Church before I was fully sixteen, for I had long felt that for me, who had an immortal soul to save, the safest place to go to worship was that where I had the largest share of the Word of God in the Service. And I said so publicly in the "Private Society" on taking my leave of it, and my father, who was present, said a few decided words in approbation of my conduct. Some years before his death, my dear old father too had become a constant Communicant in his Parish Church.

And so I have continued a Churchman to this day, and hope, by God's grace, to continue so to the end.

What I have related above about my astonishment at hearing so much of the Bible read on that memorable Funeral Sunday happened nearly fifty years ago. PHILEMON.

THE CHURCH DEFENDED BY DISSENTERS.
REV. ROBERT CHRISTISON, INDEPENDENT MINISTER, ORWELL, NEAR READING.

Section III.

GROUNDS FOR DEFENDING THE CHURCH.

BUT I would defend the Established Church for these reasons: First, because I believe her to be a true Church of Christ; second because that, with all her faults, I believe she has been, and is still, one of the greatest blessings, as well as the chief glory of England; and because, in the third place, I believe that to disestablish and disendow her would be one of the greatest mistakes that the people of this country ever committed, and nothing less than a great national calamity. Notwithstanding the tendency towards Romanism on the part of some, and infidelity on the part of others of her ministers, and which is deeply to be deplored; yet there can be no question that for the last 300 years the Church of England has been and is still the great bulwark against both Popery and infidelity in this land, and there can be as little question that she has been, and is still, the great Protestantiser and Christianiser of the mass of the people of this country, and at the present time is more alive to doing good for the glory of God and salvation of men than ever, and is therefore more than ever worthy of the countenance and support of all good men. To disestablish and disendow her would be to rob her of her rightful inheritance, given at various times by her own children to enable her to hold forth the lessons of Christianity to the people in every parish and corner of this land, and that the poor might have the Gospel preached to them without money and without price. It would be to rend her in pieces, and reduce the fragments to so many more additional sects in the land, of which there are far too many already. It would, moreover, mean that by-and-by thousands and tens of thousands, if not millions of the people in the parishes, villages, and rural districts of the county, and the poorer and more densely populated parts of our towns, would be left without the means of grace and religious instruction altogether, left to relapse, and live and die in a state of practical heathenism. Supposing, then, that the Church were disestablished and destroyed, let us see what the Dissenters have to offer to the people of England as a substitute for all the benefits and blessings she is now the means of bestowing. Surely they have, or at least they ought to have, something, at all events, equally as good if not better to put in her place, or it is simply outrageous to attempt to pull down and sweep away the National Church. When I speak of Dissenters, you will understand me to mean chiefly the Independents and

Baptists, for these are, out of sight, the more clamorous and formidable enemies of the Church. As for the Methodist bodies, who are doing tenfold more than the Independents and Baptists to reclaim the poor and the ignorant from vice and heathenism, they are taking but little or no part in this matter at all. As a matter of course the Dissenters consider their own system better than yours, and no doubt would like to see it embraced by you and by all. Let us see then what they have to offer.

THE VOLUNTARY PRINCIPLE.

In the first place they have to offer you what is called the "Voluntary Principle." Now this voluntary principle has a very wide signification, and in the lips and writings of debaters and agitators, frequently means something like this—They believe, or, at least, they say they believe, that it is a sin to have an Established Church at all, seemingly forgetting that for some 1,000 or 1,500 years the Jewish Church of old existed as an Established Church, by the express appointment and command of God himself. Nevertheless, they have somehow discovered that an Established Church is a sin, and altogether wrong; that it is wrong for the government of a nation, as such, to give any pecuniary support to the cause of religion in any shape or form whatever; and that it is wrong for a Christian Church to accept any such aid to support the ministers of the gospel, and promote the glory of God in a land or in the world. Yea, this voluntary principle says that it is wrong to give any of the nation's money to help to support the nation's schools, that is, if the Bible is read in these schools, and the first principles of religion are taught to the nation's children. One would have thought that a little of the nation's money could not have been given for a better or nobler purpose than this; but the voluntary system says no, and therefore opposes it with all its might. But this voluntary principle goes a step yet further, and it says that it is wrong for the Government of a nation, as such, to take any notice of religion at all; "that religion has nothing to do with the State, and the State has nothing to do with religion." The Voluntaries seem not to understand that the world itself, with all its states and nations, belong to the Lord as well as the Church, and that surely the first duty of every Government of a nation where God is known, is to acknowledge Him as "King of kings and Lord of lords," and to govern in His fear and according to His Word. But the voluntary principle says no. Now, if this is not an atheistical sort of principle it certainly looks very like it, for it is an ignoring of God and all His claims in the highest councils and tribunals of the land, and in all the nation's actings as a nation. According to this principle, so far as the official actings of the Queen, Parliament, judges, and magistrates of our

land are concerned, this might be a nation of heathens or atheists, without either the knowledge or the fear of God in it. Where this principle was first got I know not, but there is one Book from which I am sure it was not got, and that is the Bible.

(To be continued).

ON THE BRIDGE.

I Stood upon a little rustic bridge
That o'er a narrow bickering brooklet lay,
And watched the sun go down behind a ridge
Of hillocks far away.

A rosy lustre lived along the skies,
And isled rich streaks of orange—gloried hue;
While fleecy cloudlets, fringed with radiant dyes,
Scudded across the blue.

Eastward a pale moon clomb the azure steep—
A single star looked forth with quivering glow,
And the brook sent its music, lone and deep,
Murmurously from below.

The twilight glory melted through my frame;
The moon held o'er my blood its mystic sway;
The mellow murmur of the brooklet came
And charmed my heart away!

And ere the sunset faded from the tips
Of those far hills, some spirit of the eve
Breathed a song more sweet than mortal lips
Could frame, or heart conceive!

Still in my soul its low wild echoes live—
Its sweet weird measure makes me oft rejoice;
But ah! strive how I may, I cannot give
Its wond'rous music voice.

(From Poems by the late Wm. Leighton. *London: Longman, 1870.)*

Without true humility all religion is nothing, and all prayer is vain. Our Lord Jesus Christ is the book in which this noble virtue is best learned.—John Arnott.

SUMMER FLOWERS.

"The desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose."—Isaiah xxxv. 1.

Behold the flowers of June! how fair
And bright their buds appear,
As, opening to the summer air,
Our eyes and hearts they cheer!

Who would have thought there could abound
Such beauty and delight
Beneath the cold and wintry ground
That hid those flowers from sight?

That power which made and governs all,
The mighty power of God,
Alone could life and beauty call
Out of the lifeless sod.

And He, who from the Winter's gloom
Can Summer thus disclose,
Shall one day make the desert bloom,
And blossom as the rose.

SERMON.

DAILY LABOUR.

"Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labour until the evening."—PSALM civ. 23

THERE was work in Paradise. God formed man for labour. He took the man whom he had made, and put him into the garden of Eden, to dress it and to keep it.

There is work in Heaven. Angels go forth on their errands of mercy. We believe that the rest provided for the people of God will be no state of inactivity, but joyful, grateful service, without weariness, and without cessation.

There is work on Earth. Man is not born to trifle, but to fulfil his measure of busy toil, according to the will of God.

It is one of the wheels in the great system and plan by which the world is ordered, that toil in some shape should be the portion of man whilst he lives. There ought to be no drones in the hive—no idlers on earth. See how the duty of man, in this respect, is imbedded in the moral law. As much as it commanded that for "six days man shall labour and do all that he hath to do," as that the seventh day shall be to him a day of holy rest.

See, again, how St. Paul, writing to the Corinthians, exhorts "every man to abide in the same calling wherein he was called;" and gives it as a command to the Thessalonians that they should "study to be quiet, and do their own business, and work with their own hands;" and, again, that "if any man would not work, neither should he eat."

Be assured that work, in any honest vocation, is worthy of all honour. It was a custom amongst the Jews, that, however wealthy might be the family, each son should learn some trade or occupation. In accordance with this, Saul of Tarsus, brought up in all the learning of his age, yet wrought as a tent-maker.

Neither let the Christian forget that the man after God's own heart, in his early life, tended his father's flock; or that David's greater Son worked as a carpenter at Nazareth. No fact so much as this will ennoble the humblest craft.

A few plain words of counsel may assist those who would be faithful in their daily work.

Settle it in your mind as an undoubted truth, that an Allwise hand *allots to each his* appointed task. We do not fall into our various *positions by any* mere chance. It has not been merely the choice of

parents, or a fortuitous concurrence of circumstances,—but a Hand is to be traced, permitting, controlling, changing human schemes and arrangements, as seemeth best to Himself.

What certain confusion and disorder would be the result, if the employer of a large number of labourers on an estate were to leave to each one the choice of his work. He cannot possibly do so. He must allot to each his place. One is sent to plough, another to reap, another to go with the team to a neighbouring town, or to clear a wood or cut down trees. The work of every one is clearly marked out. It is equally so with the great Master. He is spoken of as the householder, who left for a season His house in the care of servants. He commanded the porter to watch, and to all He assigned their respective duties in His absence. "He gave authority to His servants, and to *every man his work*" (Mark xiii. 34).

The remembrance of this would still many a rising murmur, and calm many an unquiet thought. When disposed to repine at the lot in life assigned to us, when we imagine that we could better perform any other work than that which devolves upon us, let us speak to our own heart, and say, "My Father is wiser than I: my Father knows far better than I do what is most for my lasting welfare. I will therefore cheerfully run the course which He has marked out, and, in His strength, will endeavour to fill the niche in which He hath placed me."

"The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine; so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Else I shall surely stray

"Smooth let it be, or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it matters not,
It leads me to Thy rest."

Settle it also in your mind, that special discomforts and inconveniences pertain to every walk of life.

In every kind of work, and in all the business transactions of life, be thoroughly, strictly conscientious. One of the greatest scandals of our day is the little regard that is paid to genuine honesty. If only it will secure a point, if only it will open a way of escape from a present difficulty, or if some pecuniary advantage may be reaped, and at the same time a man *can just keep within the bare letter of the law*, no scruple is entertained about the course to be taken; and as to whether it be strictly honest or no, is reckoned a very secondary consideration.

In almost every department of life the same blot may be discovered.

On the Stock Exchange the Jew can discern no difference between the professing *Christian* and himself, in a readiness to take an unfair *advantage of another*. In the shop how common it is to call things

by wrong names,—French, English; or English, French; or to sell the same article at a different price to various customers; or to put a price labour on a superior article, whilst an inferior one is given to the customer; or to hide blemishes or defects in that which is sold; or for a purchaser to run down and depreciate that which he wishes to buy: "It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer; but when he is gone his way then he boasteth."

Never swerve one hair's-breadth from the most thorough integrity. Wheresoever you be, and however difficult, strive to be a Nathanael. Should your faithfulness bring with it a temporal loss, take it as the cross laid upon you. Displease man rather than God. No man, in the end, shall ever be a loser by too strict obedience to His command. Assuredly whatsoever may be given up for conscience' sake, will be repaid a hundredfold.

Avoid indolence and sloth, on the one hand, and, if possible, over-taxing body or mind on the other.

Be diligent. Be laborious and painstaking. "Whatsoever thine hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Whatever has to be done, do it carefully and well. "He that is slothful in his work is brother to him that is a great waster."

Redeem the time by early rising, by watchfulness over the hours as they pass, that none be squandered away.

A mason, in going to his daily work, had every morning to pass by the study of an eminent minister of Christ. It was winter, and again and again he noticed a light there as he passed. He discovered the minister was already at his books. "If he rise so early to study, he must have something to say worth hearing," the man said to himself: "I will go and see." It was this which led the man to church, and afterwards to become a follower of Christ.

In all your labours depend for success on help given from above. It is not our efforts, however well directed, but the blessing of our Father which ensures success: "Except the Lord build the house their labour is but lost that build it: except the Lord keep the city the watchman waketh but in vain." In everything connected with your calling, continually ask for wisdom, and a prosperous issue to your labours. Don't imagine for a moment that such matters are too commonplace to bring before God. In all that concerns the comfort and prosperity of His servants, we need not fear that our Father will turn away His ear.

Two men, the one a Jew and the other a professing Christian, sold the same wares in the same public thoroughfare. The former, like many of the seed of Abraham, had a very strong faith in the *providential care of* God. Both men bought their goods at the same *wholesale stores,* and agreed to sell them at the same price. The Jew, *however, was far* more successful than his neighbour. "I will tell

you how it is," said the Jew to him one day: "I never unlock my door and begin my work but I say,—'O God of Jacob, Thou knowest that I need support for my family: send me a customer.' Then," he added, "when I have had one, I thank God, and ask Him to send me another; but you stand outside your stall, and all day long cry out to those who pass by, and ask them to come and purchase from you, and yet you never prosper." It is a secret worth remembering in business, as in other things, that "the blessing of the Lord maketh rich, and He addeth no sorrow with it;" whereas, the wealth obtained without the favour and blessing of the Most High, seldom brings much comfort to its possessor.

Remember, finally, that the every-day work of which I have been chiefly speaking is not the great end for which we were created. It is very needful in its right place, but there is something far higher and of more lasting importance. Lay to heart that a few short years or months will pass by, and things will assume very different proportions.

Hearken to the words of the Great Teacher: "Labour not for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto eternal life, which the Son of man shall give you." Weigh your success in life by other balances than those of the world. Is the great end of it being advanced? Are you dying to sin and living to God? Are you cleaving fast to the Friend of sinners, and thus being created anew in His likeness? Compared with this, all other things will soon fade into insignificance. In Westminster Abbey there is a plain tablet to the memory of John Bacon, who was once of some eminence as a sculptor. Upon it is an inscription prepared by himself before his death:—

> "What I was as an artist, seemed of some importance to me whilst I lived;
> But what I was as a believer in Jesus Christ, is the only thing of importance to me now."

Here let me exhort the reader most conscientiously to observe each returning Sabbath. Without this, to maintain right views of our chief work on earth is clearly impossible. Worldly matters must necessarily occupy the attention of most persons during the larger part of the six days; and if the seventh be not esteemed sacred, if it be not hallowed by holy worship and separation from common pursuits, how can spiritual life be nourished and quickened?

Strive beforehand to cast aside the cares of work or business. "I leave my business on London Bridge on Saturday evening, and do not take it up again till I cross the bridge on Monday morning." Such was the remark of a London tradesman.

Give the whole day to God. Be it your delight and joy to treasure up each hour and moment, that when evening comes you may know that *something has been learnt*, something done for your own good, *and that of those around you.*

Be a hearty worshipper in the house of God. Lift up voice and heart in the language of our beautiful Liturgy. Take part in the hymns of praise which are sung. Carry home from the Lessons and the Sermon some thought that reminds you of a besetting sin, or of present duty, or of the excellency of Christ; then, when next upon your knees, mention it before God, and ask that it may abide with you so as to influence your practice on the Monday.

Improve well the intervals between the times of public worship. Don't keep the world at your elbow; try to avoid unsuitable conversation. On such a day the less that is said about trade, or farming, or politics, the better. Leave the business letter to be written, and the newspaper to be read, till Sunday is past. There is no lack of Bibles and Christian books that will help instead of hinder you. With children, it is true, there is often great difficulty, and I would counsel parents to take care not to press upon them that which is beyond their years. Cultivate a cheerful spirit. In simple words tell them Bible narratives. Sing hymns with them at your own fireside. Give them pictures on Scriptural subjects. These together will make the day pass happily enough. With young or old, each Sabbath ought to be a step on the ladder that leads to an eternal rest; there is not one to be lost, not one more than we need.

A young man was accustomed each Sunday morning to pass by a church, on his way to join his companions in pleasure-taking. When he lay upon a sick-bed, the thought of this came home to his conscience. "If I creep on my hands and knees," said he, "I will be there next Sunday." But the resolution was in vain: the time was past,—the hand of death was upon him.

The words of George Herbert teach us how good it is to find delight in the Day of days:—

The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on times' string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal glorious King.
On Sunday heaven's gate stands ope;
Blessings are plentiful and rife,—
More plentiful than hope.

The Established Church.—My conviction of the benefits of a Church Establishment arises from this: that thus, and thus only, can we ensure the dispersion of a number of well educated men over the whole kingdom, whose sole business is *to do good of the highest kind*; to enforce in their public teaching the purest principles and practice that mankind have ever yet been acquainted with, and to exhibit these in their own persons in all their daily intercourses with their *neighbours*, instructing the young, visiting the sick, relieving, advising, *and maintaining the* cause of the poor, and spreading among all ranks *the wholesome* influence of a good life, a cultivated understanding, *and the feelings* and manners of a true gentleman.—Dr. Arnold.

THE CLAIMANT IN OTHER LANDS.

THE TRIAL — THE EVIDENCE — IS HE THE MAN?

(*Continued from page* 113.)

WHEN the news spread abroad that a claimant of the great Livingstone property had made his appearance, and that his claim was immediately to be tested before the Supreme Court, it created, as a matter of course, a great deal of interest and excitement in the community. It was a piece of good fortune to the newspapers. The editors took different views of the cause. But there was no time for a lengthened controversy, for within a fortnight after Mr. Jonas Livingstone, the claimant, had presented himself before lawyer Bright, the cause was brought before the court for adjudication.

Messrs. Bright and Smith, as in duty bound, exerted every effort in behalf of the State to throw out the evidence of the plaintiff, and to render his claims untenable, though they privately assured him that they wished him success, and that nothing but their lively sense of duty led them to oppose him in court.

All their efforts, however, proved fruitless. The claimant produced the register of his birth and the certificate of his baptism in an obscure village in the State of Pennsylvania. The clergyman who had officiated at his christening, and who had attested to the certificate, was still living. The clergyman produced in court the registers of the death and burial of the plaintiff's parents, in the same village, while he (the plaintiff) was still an infant. His parents had died in extreme poverty, and the old servant of the family—now very aged and almost blind—who had taken compassion on the destitute grandson of her old master, came forward to prove that she had reared the infant as her own child until he was of an age to go to sea.

"I was too poor to send the child to school," said the old lady, "but I did the best I could under the sarcumstances, for his fam'ly's sake. And when he went to sea, I sewed them sartificates of his birth and christenin' in a bag, and told him to keep 'em so long as he lived, and p'raps, some day, they'd make a gentleman of him."

The old seaman, Amos Jepson, who had on a former occasion given such testimony before the court as he was able to afford, was sought *for, and found among* the inmates of the "Sailors' Snug *Harbour," on Staten Island,* N.Y. The old man, who, despite his *eighty years, was still hale* and hearty, testified to the fact that, some

twenty or twenty-five years ago—more or less—(he kept no count of dates), he had sailed as "bo'sen" on board the country ship *Fakeer*, that traded between Bombay and the Island of Sumatra, and that while on board the *Fakeer* he had been struck with the wonderful resemblance between the lad who acted as cabin-boy on board to the grandson of the old patroon Jonas Livingstone, when the patroon was about the cabin-boy's age.

"How came you, Amos Jepson, to be so well acquainted with the Livingstones?" inquired the judge.

"My father was a servant in the fam'ly, yer honour," replied the old man; "and many a day I've been out boating with the old patroon's grandson Jonas when we wor both lads."

"What resulted from this resemblance—fancied or real—between the son of your father's master and the cabin-boy on board the *Fakeer?*"

"Why, yer honour," said the old seaman, "I tuk an opportunity to arx the lad what was his name—for he was called 'Jack' aboard ship—and he said how he b'lieved his right name was Jonas Livingstone; but he couldn't say whar he wor born, nor who his father was, nor nothin'. He wor a terr'ble ignorant lad, yer honour. But he showed me some papers as were sewed up in a black silk bag as he wore tied round his neck wi' a string, and he said how his mother had gi'n him them papers, and told him never to lose 'em; and I ripped open the bag and looked at the dockyments, and seed how they were stificates o' birth and baptism o' Jonas Livingstone, of Rilstone, in Pennsylvanny; and I sewed 'em up agin, and bid him take mighty good care on 'em."

"Had the lad himself any idea of the nature of these documents?" asked the judge.

"No, yer honour," answered the old seaman, "not a shadder of a idee. Maybe he might think they wos charms to keep him from drownin'; and I couldn't at first get the meanin' on 'em into his head, nohows I could fix it."

Here the plaintiff recalled to the old man's recollection several conversations that had taken place between them on the voyage from Bombay to the Island of Sumatra, and several incidents that had occurred during the stay of the *Fakeer* in the harbour of that island. He then stated that it was the story of the wealth that his great-grandfather had possessed, told him by Amos Jepson, that had awakened his ambition to improve his condition, and led him to quit the sea and seek a situation on shore. He obtained a situation in the office of a native merchant in Colombo, after many fruitless endeavours to obtain employment in various places, and set to work to teach himself to read and write. His progress was slow and painful, but he succeeded in course of time in interesting a missionary in his favour. This good man brought him forward, and eventually procured him

less menial and more remunerative employment in Singapore. Here he acquired the esteem of his employer, who sent him to school, and in the course of years he rose to a better position, saved money, and eventually became a partner in his employer's firm. After the death of the gentleman who had so generously befriended him, he went to Calcutta, embarked in various speculations, and acquired a small fortune. This he invested in shipping, and was unfortunate. One vessel that he owned was lost, and others in which he had shares were unsuccessful. It was while he was in this position that he chanced to see an old newspaper which contained the advertisement that had been inserted six years before by Messrs. Bright and Smith. The advertisement recalled to his mind the story he had heard so many years before from the old sailor, and he was led to believe that it related to himself—that he, in fact, was the lost heir who was thus sought after. By the advice of friends, he wrote to a lawyer in Philadelphia, and the reply he received to that letter induced him to turn the remnant of his property into money, and return home to America, where an interview with the lawyer, in the city of Philadelphia, perfectly satisfied him that he would have little difficulty in proving his identity, and obtaining possession of his great-grandfather's estates. The subsequent events relative to the matter were, he said, known to the court.

Mr. Bradford, the plaintiff's attorney, produced the letter he had received from Calcutta, and stated that the investigations he had secretly made at the desire of his client had satisfied him that the writer of the letter was the real heir to the vast property that had been so long held in abeyance. He had written to urge his client to return to America, and had hunted up the evidence produced of the death and burial of his client's parents, and had sought out the witnesses who now appeared in court. To him, he said, it appeared that not a link in the chain of evidence was wanting to prove his client's claim to the property in question.

The plaintiff was asked why, after the story he had heard from the old sailor, which had had such an effect upon him as to induce him to improve his condition in life, he had not earlier made investigations which would have led to his discovery as the lost heir to the Livingstone estates?

He replied that, though at the time he heard the story he had felt an ambition to improve his condition, he had subsequently placed little faith in it. Still, some years later, he had made inquiries of a gentleman from New York, whom he had met in India, relative to his great-grandfather, and had been told that such a person had once possessed vast property in the States, but that it had all gone to rack and ruin, and none of the old patroon's descendants would ever be a "red cent" *the better for it.*

The story of the plaintiff's early struggles, related by himself, as it

appeared, in a straightforward, manly manner, enlisted the sympathies of the court and spectators strongly in his behalf. Messrs. Bright and Smith saw this profitable agency about to pass from them for ever, and they experienced no little uneasiness relative to the investigations that might take place, and the revelations that might be made, when they should be called upon to render an account of their stewardship, when matters took a turn which shed a gleam of hope upon their fainting spirits, and seemed to render it yet doubtful whether, after all, the plaintiff would not lose his cause at the very moment when it seemed to be won.

The difficulty turned upon the question of personal identity, for it was reasonably supposed that both Abigail Copley—the old dame who had adopted the infant—and Amos Jepson—the old seaman who had known the boy—would be enabled to recognize some feature or lineament in the person of the plaintiff.

"Mrs. Copley," inquired the judge, "what was the age of the child, Jonas Livingstone, when he left your care to go to sea?"

"'Bout nine year, your honour, 's nigh's I can guess," answered the old woman.

"You recollect his personal appearance?"

"He were very young, your honour. Bless his heart, I reckon how he hedn't much parsonal experience in them days," replied the old woman, who was somewhat deaf, as well as nearly blind.

"His per-so-nal *ap-pear-ance*," repeated the judge, in a loud, distinct tone of voice. "I mean, you remember his features? You recollect whether he resembled his father or his mother, or not?"

"Oh—eh—yes, your honour," said the old woman, "he were the very image of his feyther, bless him. Their feeturs, and har, and complexions were as like as two pigs'-heads is like one another."

A laugh arose in the court.

"Describe the child as you remember him, Dame Copley," said the judge.

(*To be continued.*)

THE LOST FOUND.

THERE was once a boy in Liverpool, who went into the water to bathe, and he was carried out by the tide. Though he struggled long and hard, he was not able to swim against the ebbing tide, and he was taken far out to sea. He was picked up by a boat belonging to a vessel bound for Dublin. The poor little boy was almost lost. The sailors were all very kind to him when he was taken into the vessel. One gave him a cap, another a jacket, another a pair of shoes, and so on.

But that evening, a gentleman, who was walking near the place *where the little boy* had gone into the water, found his clothes lying

on the shore. He searched and made inquiries; but no tidings were to be heard of the poor little boy. He found a piece of paper in the pocket of the boy's coat, by which he discovered who it was to whom the clothes belonged. The kind man went with a sad and heavy heart to break the news to the parents. He said to the father, "I am very sorry to tell you that I found those clothes on the shore; and could not find the lad to whom they belonged; I almost fear he has been drowned." The father could hardly speak for grief: the mother was wild with sorrow. They caused every inquiry to be made, but no account was to be had of their dear boy. The house was sad; the little children missed their playfellow: mourning was ordered: the mother spent her time crying; and the father's heart was heavy. He said little, but he felt much.

The lad was taken back in a vessel bound for Liverpool, and arrived on the day the mourning was to be brought home. As soon as he reached Liverpool, he set off toward his father's house. He did not like to be seen in the strange cap and jacket and shoes which he had on; so he went by the lanes, where he would not meet those who knew him. At last he came to the hall-door. He knocked. When the servant opened it, and saw who it was, she screamed with joy, and said, "Here is master Tom!" His father rushed out, and, bursting into tears, embraced him. His mother fainted; "there was no more spirit in her." What a happy evening they all, parents and children, spent! They did not want the mourning. The father could say with Jacob, "It is enough; my son is yet alive."

But what do you think will be the rejoicing in heaven, when those who were in danger of being lost for ever arrive safely on that happy shore? how will the angels rejoice, and the family of heaven be glad! Perhaps when some of you will hereafter go to heaven, your fathers and mothers, or brothers and sisters, will welcome you, and say, "I am delighted to see you safe. Welcome! Welcome!" You will not go there like the boy with a cap and clothes of which he was ashamed, but in garments of salvation, white as snow, with crowns of glory that fade not away. And what must you do to be ready to enter heaven when you die? Think what it is, and then do it.

But remember the great multitude of heathen children who have never heard a word about heaven, and who do not know there is any Saviour for lost men. Suppose you had seen that Liverpool boy carried out to sea by the tide. How you would have pitied him! Then suppose you had seen the water full of boys, all drifting out beyond the reach of human help. How would your spirit have died within you! When you should have turned away and gone home, how sad you would have felt! No "pleasant bread" could you have eaten that night. But all the children in heathen lands are drifting hopelessly *onward—can you tell* whither?

MAT CONDER.

"The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."

HEN I read stories to two dear children I know, they often ask, as I conclude, "Is that true?" and, if I say "No," or "I think not," they always look very disappointed. I have real sympathy with this feeling; so it gives me pleasure to say that I am now going to tell about a living working boy. His parents are poor, but thrifty, sensible people, and, better still, have the fear of God in their hearts. Mat Conder's father keeps a small vegetable shop, making his profits, for the most part, out of the humble neighbours around; he also sells fuel, as there is a coal district within a few miles of the town where he lives, and he thinks himself a fortunate man if, on rare occasions, he receives an order for a whole cart load. Twice in the week he leaves the shop in charge of his wife to hawk his vegetables about the town. Within the last year or so, Mat has always been his father's companion on these excursions, however early in the morning he might start. Sometimes the good man tried to elude his young son by creeping softly downstairs, but the boy was sure to be waiting in the shop below, and would cry out, "Here I am, father; don't go without me!"

Mat is very precious to both parents; for, though they have five children, he is the only boy, and it especially delights their hearts that he is disposed to be dutiful and industrious, instead of idling about the streets, and getting into mischief, like many other boys of his age and station. At Sunday-school Mat's behaviour created an especial feeling of interest in his teacher, who, holding a situation of trust in an iron foundry, exerted his influence on Mat's behalf. The lad was taken in, with the promise of a shilling a week for wages, and his joy was perhaps greater than rich little boys can understand—the shilling a week seeming to him a mine of wealth. There were other youngsters at the foundry besides Mat, and, on first going to the place, he was shocked to find how disrespectful they were to the workmen. He would often say, when at home talking over the events of the day, "I shouldn't think o' calling grown men 'Jack,' or 'Joe;' it aint nice in young uns like me." The men at the foundry were always ready to give a kind word to the little boy who addressed them so civilly. Besides, he set his shoulder to the wheel with right good-will, and could give a helping hand whenever it was wanted. He was a *particular favourite* with one man, who, though a great *swearer, never used bad* language to Mat. This seemed very unfair

THE CHICKEN'S MISTAKE.

BY PHŒBE CARY.

LITTLE downy chicken one day
Asked leave to go on the water,
Where she saw a duck with her brood at play,
Swimming and splashing about her.

Indeed, she began to peep and cry,
When her mother wouldn't let her;
"If the ducks can swim there, why can't I;
Are they any bigger or better?"

Then the old hen answered, "Listen to me,
And hush your foolish talking;
Just look at your feet, and you will see
They were only made for walking."

But chicky wistfully eyed the brook,
And didn't half believe her,
For she seemed to say, by a knowing look,
"Such stories couldn't deceive her."

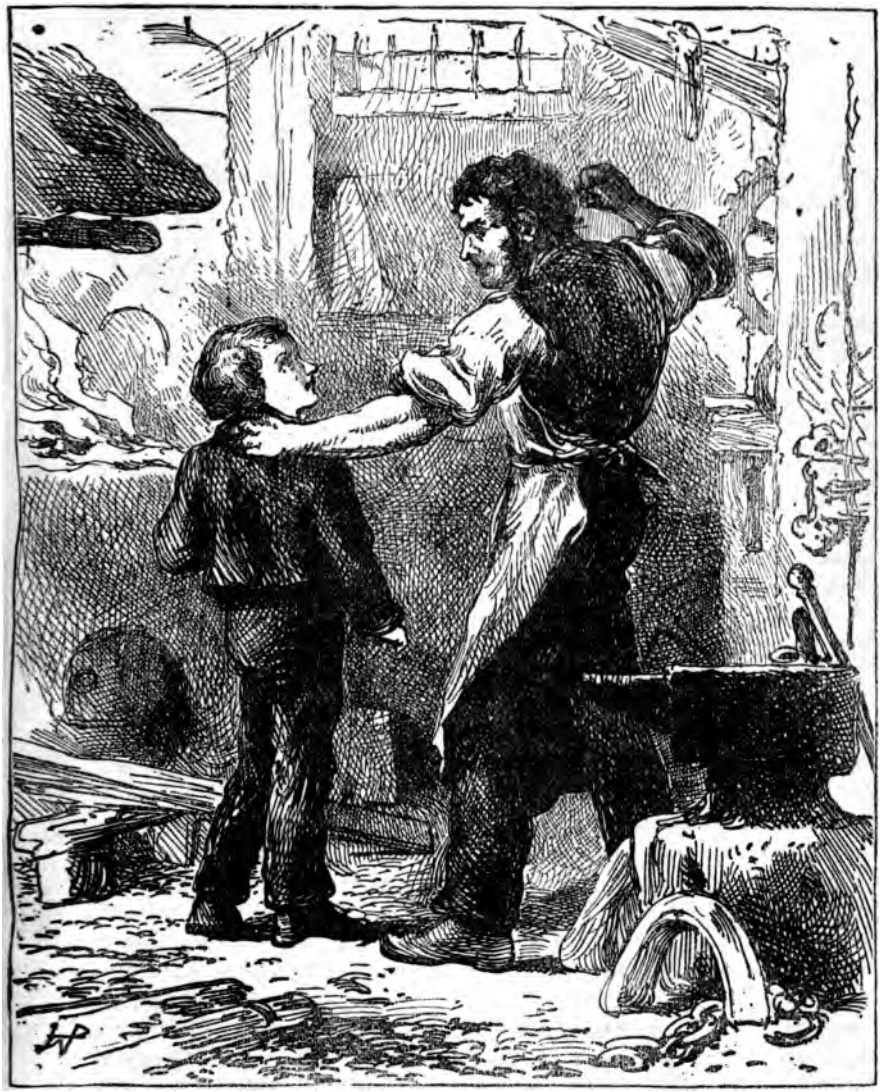
And as her mother was scratching the ground,
She muttered lower and lower,
"I know I can go there and not be drowned,
And so I think I'll show her."

Then she made a plunge, where the stream was deep,
And saw too late her blunder;
For she hadn't hardly time to peep
Till her foolish head went under.

And now I hope her fate will show
The child my story reading,
That those who are older sometimes know
What you will do well in heeding.

That each content in his place should dwell,
And envy not his brother;
And any part that is acted well
Is just as good as another.

For we all have our proper sphere below,
And this is a truth worth knowing;
You will come to grief if you try to go
Where you never were made for going!



STEVENS RAISES HIS HAND TO STRIKE MAT.

(*See page* 133.)

tenderly waved the trees, "Be still, and know that I am God." So thought poor Stevens, and, like Elijah of old, he listened to the loving voice.

Sinking on his knees, he ejaculated a prayer of humble, fervent gratitude, and rose up a new and contrite man. God was not found to him in the thunder and lightning of the tempest, but in the "still small voice."

The next day, when Mat entered the premises of the iron foundry, a hand was again placed on his shoulder, but the touch felt so different, and Stevens looked so kind, that the glance of fear immediately turned into a smile.

"Lad," said the man solemnly, "I've learnt the truth of that 'ere commandment, 'Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain,' in a way as I didn't expect; but don't you say nothing to nobody, and I'll tell you all about it by-and-by. One thing I promise you, though: I'll never swear no more."

Mat was greatly astonished: and still more so when Stevens joined him on his way home that night, and related what had occurred to him.

I have little more to say, the purport of my story being to show how much even "little folks" can do. A child who seeks to serve its God and Saviour may strike a chord in many a heart; and I would have all dear children who read these pages think of this. But one word more about Mat: he had not been many months under the eye of the master at the foundry when, one Saturday afternoon, as he went for his wages, he was surprised to find a sixpence laid on the usual shillings; and again another underneath. Mat's delight was unbounded; at that moment he would not have exchanged places with any other little boy in the world. Two shillings a week! How rich he felt; and, as he capered round his mother, on making known his happiness, he said—

"And you see, mother, master must have thought o' pleasing me, to place one sixpence at top and t'other at bottom."

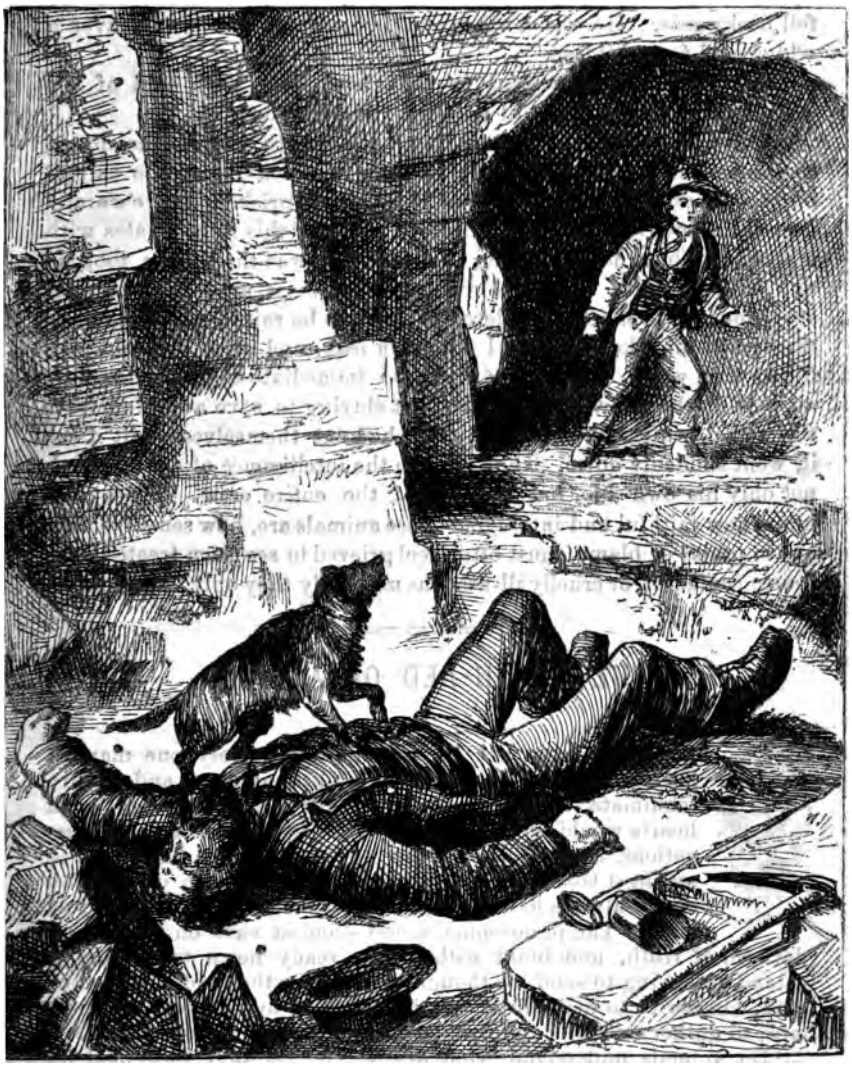
No doubt it really was so arranged to give him double pleasure. Though this little incident may seem a trifle to some, yet the first steps on the ladder of life, however humble, are all-important; for is not "the child the father of the man?"

NATURAL HISTORY.—DOGS.

LOOKING the other day over one of our London newspapers —the *Standard*—we found the following sad, but interesting story, which our artist has selected for the illustration on the preceding page:—

"On Wednesday night, William Holden, a smith residing at Eccleston, left his work at Whiston's Quarry about six o'clock. As he did not reach home at his usual time, his wife became anxious about him, and sent a boy, who lived *next door,* to look for him. The boy went to the quarry, and was met *by a small dog* belonging to the deceased, which apparently knew *him, and jumped* up at him, after which it ran back towards the *quarry. When* the boy got to the mouth of a short tunnel leading

into the quarry, he heard a whining noise, which so frightened him, that he was about to run home; but the dog came running to him again, and then turned back to the quarry; and the lad, thinking



THE FAITHFUL DOG.

something was wrong, followed the animal. On getting through the tunnel, the boy *found the deceased* on his back, dead, the dog being *on his breast, licking his face.* Assistance was procured, and the body *of the deceased was removed* to the Green Dragon public-house,

Whiston, followed by the dog, which has hitherto refused to be parted from its late master. It is supposed that the deceased, on leaving for home, instead of going through the tunnel and on to the road, climbed up a wall about thirty feet high, that being a nearer way, and that he fell backwards. He was a sober and industrious man, and leaves a widow and four children."

Many very similar stories to the above have been told of the sagacity of dogs, and we will now tell you one more.

A small vessel, deeply laden with corn, and with all the sails spread to the fresh cool wind, was pursuing its way, when one of the sailors observed a dog which was on board suddenly prick up its ears and then jump into the boat. The sailor remarked this to his mates with a joke, and they, not perceiving that anything was the matter, took no notice of it, until the dog's evident uneasiness made the skipper suspicious. He therefore ordered a plank to be raised, and then they discovered that the vessel had started a leak, and that the hold was filling with water. The danger was so immediate that at once they all betook themselves to the boat, not staying to save anything from the vessel, which, directly after they had cut themselves adrift from it, went suddenly down. Thus you see the intelligence of a dog saved, not only his own life, but the lives of the entire crew. Those who know how faithful and intelligent these animals are, how sensitive they are to praise or blame, must often feel grieved to see them treated with coarse contempt, or cruelly ill-used, as unluckily they only too often are.

THE DEATH-BED OF A LION.

EVERY one may not be scientific; but every one may at least be a close observer of nature animate and nature inanimate. If plain people with good eyes and open hearts would but keep a note-book for their original observations, and jot down in few words the simple facts of life amongst God's lower creatures, the great men of the day would always have a good store of fine materials to deal with. The philosopher would stand at ease on the grand platform of truth, and build with stones ready hewn to his hand, instead of having to send his thoughts wide over the land in search of straw wherewith to make brick for the house of his wisdom, or perhaps, to gather osiers for the wattled wigwam of a nomadic theory.

"Do animals understand what death is? Do they recognise its coming signs?" asks the uninitiated. "No," says a gifted philosopher of our acquaintance, "you never see animals apprehending the meaning of death." Very well: then here is a fact.

The writer once strayed into a menagerie in the north of England, *which had camped for* a day or two in a little mountain metropolis. *A large elderly lion* was making an involuntary tour of the country in

company with his wife and a fine family of young people. What an insult to put the desert monarch into such a vulgar clap-trap travelling carriage as this! The name caravan may sound fine enough on the pathless sands; but here it is a thing of creaking boards, groaning wheels, and red and yellow paint. No group of palm-trees here; yet the caravan stops, and the camp is pitched in the form of a hollow square, amidst much desert talk, loud roars of satisfaction, growling comment, or shrill protest. One does not know what it all means—foreign tongues all of them. But one may guess at the subjects under remark; for great lumbering bones are sorely aching with jolting over rough roads; long limbs are tired of being cramped in narrow cells; soft sides are bruised with bumping over the stones of civilized travel; the Bajazets of the wilderness are chafing within their bars; strength and ferocity are fermenting for want of space; and the dinner-hour has long ago passed away without the dinner. True, there are strong signs of supper in one of the carriages, whose little pipe of a chimney has been smoking all day, but which is fierce now. There is an aggravating afflatus of frying bacon pervading the place; and women in jackets, short flounced dresses, and laced leather boots, are clattering amongst tea-cups; while bold children with unkempt hair are talking low travelling wit to the gaping boys and girls who surround the step-ladder which acts as staircase to the lofty door. A platform is now thrown out from the front of the square; prodigious portraits of impossible monsters are unrolled and affixed; and, as if stimulated by the unheard of dangers with which they threaten society, crowds are daring enough to mount the steps. We slip with a vague feeling of awe behind the arras, and look around. An elephant with a hill of dun-coloured forehead, and with legs like pillars of Hercules, is swaying his significant trunk this way and that, over a stockade of bars. But what is the matter with that grand old lion? He is in pain; surely he is in pain. His breathing is short, and is drawn with effort; nostrils are spread wide, lips drawn back, and that great shaggy chest heaves uneasily. He is suffering from bronchitis, for he evidently cannot bear the keen air of the north. He is *couchant;* but now he lifts his head high, and looks round and round the show into the hundred faces of that unfeeling crowd, as if searching for sympathy. But no; they cannot read his eye of mute appeal; he is nothing to them but a great tawny lion with a shaggy mane and tufted tail. Suddenly he rears himself up to his full stature, throws back his grand head, utters a tremendous desert roar, and falls down heavily on his side—dead. Dead: but with an imperial gesture, such as Cæsar's when he fell.

Look at the widow! she has been taking short and stately turns up and down the den—a very Juno in her gait, and in her temper too. But she stops, looks inquiringly at the prostrate figure, draws nearer, bends her head with an anxious bewildered look, and then, as if at last receiving the great idea, she throws herself down upon the dead monarch with grand abandonment. Presently, up comes the heir; crown prince he *was*—he is the young king *now*. He stops short, in a fierce brusque attitude, spreads his nostrils, flashes his eyes, and snorts aloud. That was a long and searching gaze, truly! But at last *he, too, flings himself* down, with a great sounding flop, upon the *dead body of the old lion*. Up comes the coarse-looking keeper and

flogs away the widow and the son. But they watch their opportunity, stalk forward again, and throw themselves down in the same attitude of grief. Again the hateful whip, and again they spring to the further end of the den with a short impatient roar. Three times did this take place, and three times did they return to the same position, abandoning themselves to the same eloquent symbols of grief. Not many can say that they have been present at the death-bed of a lion; and never can the scene, so touching, and yet so grand, be forgotten by the writer.

MOTHERS' SATURDAY NIGHT.

LACING the little hats all in a row,
Ready for church on the morrow, you know;
Washing wee faces and little black fists,
Getting them ready, and fit to be kissed;
Putting them into clean garments and white,
That is what mothers are doing to-night!

Spying out holes in the little worn hose,
Laying by shoes that are worn thro' the toes;
Looking o'er garments so faded and thin—
Who but a mother knows where to begin?
Changing a button to make it look right,
That is what mothers are doing to-night!

Calling the little ones all round her chair,
Hearing them lisp forth their soft evening prayer;
Telling them stories of Jesus of old,
Who loves to gather the lambs to His fold;
Watching, they listen with childish delight,
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Creeping so softly to take a last peep,
After the little ones are all asleep;
Anxious to know if the children are warm,
Tucking the blanket round each little form;
Kissing each little face, rosy and bright,
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Kneeling so softly beside the white bed,
Lowly and meekly she bows down her head;
Praying, as only a mother *can* pray,
God guide and keep them from going astray!

A VILLAGE POSTMAN.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC ON PAGE 119.

1. Dorca*s* ..... Acts ix. 39.
2. Egyp*t* ..... Matt. ii. 14.
3. A*i* ..... Josh. vii. 4, 5, 11, 12.
4. Thor*n* ..... Ezek. xxviii. 24.
5. Hirelin*g* ..... John x. 12, 13.

DEATH—STING.

DOUBLE BIBLICAL ACROSTIC.

1. The course direct they cannot take,
   For adverse winds prevail;
   So now we see, for safety's sake,
   Towards *this* cape they sail.

2. Peaceful *he* dies upon Mount Hor,
   His work on earth all done;
   The priestly garments which he wore
   Are given to his son.

3. The pride of all her glory stained,
   Departed all her fame;
   She that great honour had attained
   Now lieth low in shame.

4. From chamber o'er the royal gate
   Is heard a weeping voice;
   Since *he* hath met a mournful fate,
   The king cannot rejoice.

5. One basket did with figs abound,
   That were both ripe and sweet;
   But *this* were all the others found,
   Too evil far to eat.

Great is his hatred, subtle are his snares;
And still his *name* his *character* declares.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA ON PAGE 119.

"SOSTHENES."—Acts xviii. 17.

1. S tephanas ..... 1 Cor. i. 16.
2. O both ..... Num. xxi. 10.
3. S imeon ..... Luke ii. 25.
4. T elaim ..... 1 Sam. xv. 4.
5. H annah ..... 1 Sam. i. 20.
6. E d ..... Josh. xxii. 34.
7. N athan ..... 2 Sam. xii. 7.
8. E zra ..... Ezra vii. 6.
9. *S hamgar* ..... Judg. iii. 31.

JUNE.

PHASES OF THE MOON.

3—First Quarter .. 6h. 19m. a.m.	17—Last Quarter .. 3h. 32m. p.
10—Full Moon .. 10h. 1m. p.m.	24—New Moon .. 9h. 12m. p.

The Lessons are taken from the New Table.

1	☽	Whit Sunday. LESSONS { Morn.: Deut. xvi. to 18. Rom. viii. to 18. Even.: Is. xi. or Ezek. xxxvi. 25. Gal. v. or Acts xviii. 24, to xix. 21.
2	M	Forget not God in your mirth. 1 Cor. x. 31.
3	Tu	All things in their places. 1 Cor. xiv. 40.
4	W	Evil gotten, evil spent. Prov. xx. 21.
5	Th	Little said soonest mended. Prov. xxi. 23.
6	F	Every little helps. Is. xxviii. 10.
7	S	Second thoughts are often best. Matt. xxi. 29.
8	☽	Trinity Sunday. LESSONS { Morn.: Isa. vi. to 11. Rev. i. to 9. Even.: Gen. xviii. or i. and ii. to 4. Eph. iv. to 17, or Matt. iii.
9	M	A rolling stone gathers no moss. Prov. xxvii. 8.
10	Tu	Who never tries cannot win the prize. Phil. iii. 14.
11	W	Know thyself. 2 Cor. xiii. 5.
12	Th	Pride will have a fall. 1 Sam. xvii. 49.
13	F	Where there's a will there's a way. Mark ii. 4.
14	S	Do as you ought, come what may.
15	☽	1st Sun. af. Trin. LESSONS { Morn: Josh. iii. 7, to iv. 15. John xi Even: Josh. v. 13. to vi. 21, or Josh. xxiv. 1 Pet. i. to 22.
16	M	Fear in prosperity. Psalm. xxx. 6.
17	Tu	One ill word makes another. Prov. xvii. 14.
18	W	Jest not with religion. 2 Kings ii. 23.
19	Th	Idleness is the parent of vice. 1 Tim. v. 13.
20	F	Friends, like wine, are best old. Prov. xxvii. 10.
21	S	Ill-gotten gains bring sorrow and pains. 2 Kings v. 27.
22	☽	2nd Sun. af. Trin. LESSONS { Morn.: Judges iv. Acts v. 17. Even.: Judges v. or Judges vi. 11. 2 Peter ii.
23	M	Look twice ere you determine once. Prov. xxv. 8.
24	T	Silence is often an answer. Matt. xxvi. 62.
25	W	Beyond honour is humility. 1 Peter v. 6.
26	Th	Hope in adversity. Psalm xlii. 11.
27	F	A friend in need is a friend indeed. Prov. xvii. 17.
28	S	Don't delay what you can do to-day. Eccles. ix. 10.
29	☽	3rd Sun. af. Trin. LESSONS { Morn: 1 Sam. ii. to 27. Jno. xxi. 15 to Even: 1 Sam. iii., or 1 Sam. iv. to 19. Acts iv. 8 to 23.
30	M	Poverty parts friends. Prov. xix. 7.

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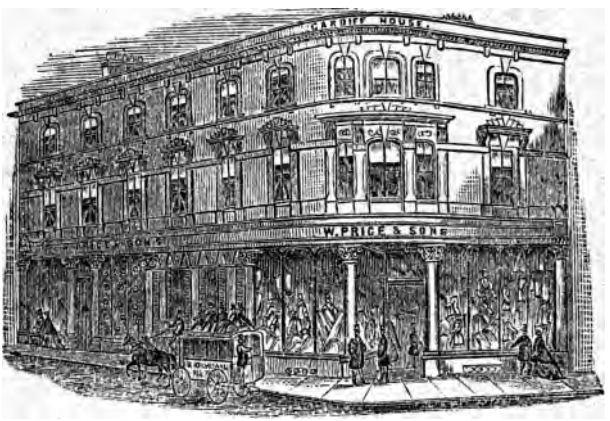
NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

So far as the limited space at our disposal will permit, we shall at all times be willing to insert any communications from the Clergy or Laity of general interest to the Church in Wales. A synopsis of papers read at Ruri-decanal meetings will be inserted if addressed to the Editor of "The Churchman in Wales," care of Messrs. Lewis and Williams, Cardiff, before the 20th of each month. Correspondents will, of course, observe the usual regulations of the Press, viz., writing legibly on one side of the paper only, and when using a "nom de plume," sending at the same time their name and address privately to the Editor.

Advertisements, and other matters connected with the business portion of THE CHURCHMAN IN WALES, to be addressed to Mr. H. Lascelles Carr, *Western Mail* Office, Cardiff.



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THE RELATION OF THE PULPIT AND THE PRESS TO PUBLIC OPINION.

WHAT is Public Opinion? It is a tribunal of modern creation, before which are summoned the greatest men of the age. But they come without being summoned. The Lord Chancellor—the Chancellor of the Exchequer—the Prime Minister himself, and a host of other celebrities arraign themselves at the bar of this invisible Court, and plead their own cause with an earnestness—a deference—and a logical consistency which show not only respect for its decisions—but the conviction that the Court of Public Opinion is the final Court of Appeal.

And yet the mighty Judge who sits in this Court is an abstraction.

It has neither head nor heels—a wig nor a gown. It is neither a "he" nor a "she," it is merely an "it." Although we cannot describe its appearance, we can ascertain what it is not. It is not an aristocrat. It did not come over with the Conqueror. It has no long line of ancestors whose noses can be traced in family portraits generation after generation. It has not lived in England many years, clothed with its present power, and it could neither thrive nor live now in some other countries. The atmosphere of Turkey, Persia and several oriental countries, is not favourable to it. But if Public Opinion in England is not an aristocrat, neither is it a democrat. It is not the "great unwashed"—although it claims relationship with the masses.

It is not popular clamour, although it shows a liking for sensationalism, and "blazing principles" occasionally are supposed to be favoured. About a hundred years since the Chief Justice Mansfield seemed to have looked upon Popular Clamour—a little less favourably than it is regarded in the present day—when in a speech in 1770, *he said* "I defy him to point out a single instance

in my life, in which the popular clamour of the times, ever had the least influence on my determination. I thank God I have a more permanent and steady rule for my conduct—the dictates of my own breast. Those who have foregone that pleasing adviser, and given up their minds to be the slave of every popular impulse, I sincerely pity. I pity them still more, if their vanity leads them to mistake the shouts of a mob for the trumpet of fame. Experience might inform them that many who had been saluted with huzzas of a crowd one day, have received their execrations the next; and many, who, by the popularity of their lives, have been held up as spotless patriots, have nevertheless appeared on the historian's page, when truth has triumphed over delusion, the assassins of liberty."

Since these memorable words were uttered—Lord Mansfield's evidence respecting Popular Clamour, has been corroborated repeatedly, and never more fully than in the refined and fashionable city of Paris, during the latest reign of Communism.

The mighty judge, then, which holds such sway in England, is something different from Popular Clamour. No better proof can be afforded of this fact, than the state of things during the industrial strikes of 1872. In an article on Capital and Labour, which appears in the Companion to the Almanack for 1873, it is said (p. 143.) "Our predecessors invoked the aid of the gaoler, we have recourse to the schoolmaster. Mark the results. If strikes have never been so numerous or so extensive as during 1872, never have there been fewer cases of intimidation or denunciations of obnoxious workmen or employers than during the same period. Both sides have exhibited an extreme sensitiveness with respect to Public Opinion, and in their desire to stand well with the public, have displayed no little moderation in their speeches and general policy."

Mackinnon, writing of Public Opinion in 1828, defined it to be "that sentiment on any given subject which is entertained by the best informed, most intelligent, and most moral persons in the community, which is gradually spread and adopted by nearly all persons of any education or proper feeling in a civilised state."

This definition may be substantially true at the present time, notwithstanding it was written before the Catholic Emancipation Bill, or the first Reform Bill, had passed—before railways, penny postages, or penny newspapers were known. Since that period public opinion has increased in quantity, notwithstanding it may have deteriorated in quality. If it be allowed to embrace at present the whole area of the elective franchise according to Carlyle, we shall still have to define what is meant by a "leap in the dark,"—but it must be admitted there is a substratum of practical common sense still underlying public opinion in England—notwithstanding the extension of the suffrage, vote by *ballot, and other* things of a democratical tendency, including the

agitation, occasionally, of a few stump orators of the Odger school—yet common sense remains unaltered, and the lessons taught on the extreme republican platform are rather laughed at than heeded by Public Opinion.

In England it appears that Public opinion is the legitimate offspring of the Pulpit and the Press. The platform, like a near relation, visits the family occasionally. The schools and universities are nurseries in which sapling notions are pruned and trained, in readiness for ideas to grow, and Public Opinion to ripen on them. If the Press is the modern mother of Public Opinion, its patriarchal father (the Pulpit) must have married a young wife in his old age, because he had several help-meets before the Press was born; but, none of them ever taught the young idea how to shoot like its present mother. Before her time, the Pulpit carried things with a high hand—it was not under petticoat government, nor restraint of any kind—but it consorted occasionaly with bards, chroniclers, pamphleteers, and such like characters, not so well known, but, perhaps, quite as well conducted as the Press.

"In the middle ages news were disseminated by chroniclers and troubadours; and it would be a mistake, therefore, to attribute the popularity of the lattter to their mere vocal or musical proficiency. A troubadour was as welcome in hall or village as the special edition of a modern newspaper. He came from afar, had endless things to tell, and only began his singing when he had spun his yarns in prose. The troubadour songs bore a likeness to the music-hall minstrelsies of our own time, being jingling rhymes on the current topics of the day, rounded off with witticisms more or less smart according to the skill of the singer; but, the troubadour exercised many of the functions of the nineteenth century leader writer, for he incited men to battle, and was responsible for a good many of those rebellions against excessive taxation, which could never have spread so rapidly as they did, had there not been men to carry from town to town, in glowing language, the reports of successful risings. Edward the First, of England, waged a pittiless war on the Welsh Bards, for those men were dangerous, in the same way that the National Press in Ireland is dangerous now, and as the French Alsatian Press is dangerous to Prince Bismark." We also learn from the same authority that during the middle ages "men went to church more than is the present fashion, dressed as the sumptuary laws required, that is, according to their means and station—without at all trying to ape their betters—and were deterred by the fear of a whipping from that sort of business competition which takes shape in false weights and measures. But in other respects, they had as great a fancy as their descendants for gathering in the market-places to air their grievances, and if a traveller brought them news of war, court jouists, distant plagues, or new books—an epitome of the same was quickly engrossed on a sheet of paper, of *which* copies found a ready sale for something

like a half-penny of our money."—("The French Press," *Cornhill Magazine*, June, 1873).

Now Mr. Nathaniel Butter, the first proprietor of an English Newspaper, was a news letter writer himself. When the *Weekly News* was started by Butter, in 1622, Caxton's Printing Press had been at work at Westminster more than 100 years, and tens of thousands of Pamphlets and Books had been printed, many of which exist at the present day, bearing date prior to 1622. Continental Newspapers were born a little later. Putting these facts together, and bearing in mind that the sum of Nathaniel Butter's inventive genius was, after the Printing Press had been in existence 150 years, that he passed from being a news writer to be a news printer. Instead of there being anything wonderful, therefore, in the birth of the Broad Sheet, it was one of the most common-placed things in the world, and the real wonder now seems to be why it was not born earlier. Eliza Cook thought those great lawyers in wigs and gowns, bustling about Westminster Hall, feeling so wise, and looking so grave, never dreamt that a few years since they were helpless babies—wrapt up in napkins—and washed, fed, dandled and dressed on a woman's knee. So our modern Knights of the Broadsheet, seem to believe, that before they were booted and spurred, there surely was Chaos, and yet more than three-quarters of a century elapsed after the birth of the Weekly Broadsheet, before any Daily Journal appeared. It was christened the *Daily Courant*, and was born somewhere between 1702 and 1705. "It consisted of only one page of paper, printed on one side. The whole of its contents would scarcely fill one column of our present daily journals. It anticipated Mr. Cobden's idea of what a Newspaper ought to be—for it merely contained facts, and studiously avoided all 'impertinent remarks,' in the shape of additional note or comment.—(*Homilist*, 1857.)

The *Morning Post* dates from 1772; *The Times* from 1788. Notwithstanding the wonderful training which its young mother, the Press, has given Public Opinion since that period, its old father, the Pulpit, still seems to be unconscious of it, and talks and acts occasionally in Convocation, and elsewhere, very much as it did some centuries before—in happy ignorance apparently that any change has taken place in its surroundings, or its influence, since its own youth or "middle age"—when there were no Railway Kings, or Iron Kings, or Kings of Journalism; and the only King it had any acquaintance with was the monarch with whom it was intimately associated as Church and King.

Who could have anticipated that this young brat of a Broadsheet, which was born in such humble circumstances, would shortly become powerful enough to be looked upon as the "fourth estate" of the realm?—meeting and questioning bishops, nobles, kings, *and potentates*, in their palaces with the same *non-chalance* that a

barrister cross-examines an adverse witness in court. "Before this century," says Lamartine, "shall have run out, journalism will be the whole press—the whole of human thought. Thought will not have time to ripen—to accommodate itself into the form of a book. The book will arrive too-late. The only book possible soon will be a newspaper."

So much the worse for Public Opinion, we venture to suggest, if Lamartine's prophesy should ever be fulfilled, and the only book possible be the forced and hasty thought of a newspaper, in whatever eloquent or magniloquent language that thought may be expressed.

The *Times* has long been recognised as the "King of Kings in the realm of journalism"; its character is, therefore, a representative one, and should be studied carefully, in estimating the influence of the Press on Public Opinion. Nearly 50 years since Hazlitt wrote of *The Times* in these terms:—"It is a commercial paper, and it is conducted upon the principles of trade and business. It floats with the tide; it sails with the stream. It has no other principle as we take it. It is not ministerial—not patriotic. It is *civic*. It is the lungs of the British Metropolis; the mouthpiece, echo, and oracle of the Stock Exchange—the representative of the mercantile interests. *The Times* conforms to the changes of the times. It bears down upon a question like a first-rate man-of-war, with streamers flying, and all hands on deck; but if the Broadside does not answer, turns short round upon it like a galley, firing off a few petty squibs to cover its retreat. It takes up no falling cause—fights no uphill battles—advocates no great principle—holds out a helping hand to no oppressed or obscure individual. It is ever strong on the strong side. Its style is magniloquent. Its spirit is not magnanimous. It is valiant, swaggering, insolent, with a hundred thousand readers at its heels; but the instant the rascal rout turns round, with the whiff and wind of some fell circumstance, the *Times*—the renegade, inconstant *Times*—turns with it. Let the mob shout—let the City roar, and the voice of the renegade *Times* is heard above them all, with outrageous deafening clamour; but let the vulgar hubbub cease, and no whisper or echo of it is ever after heard in the *Times*. Like Bottom in the play, it then aggravates its voice, so as if it were a sucking-dove or a nightingale."

Thirty years after Hazlitt had published this opinion of the leading journal of the world, Emerson gave his judgment upon it in these terms:—"Was ever such arrogancy as the tone of this paper? Every slip of an Oxonian or Cambridgian, who writes his first leader, assumes that we subdued the earth before we sat down to write this particular *Times*. One would think the world was on its knees to the *Times*' office for its daily breakfast. But the arrogance is calculated. Who would care for it, if it 'surmised' or

ed to 'confess' or ventured to predict, &c.? No; *it is so*, and it shall be."

Had Hazlitt lived to have sketched the character and moral atus of the *Daily Telegraph*, which boasts of the largest circulaon in the world, he is not likely to have transmitted a better icture of the Press than that of the *Times* 50 years since.

Heaven forbid we should suppose that all Newspapers in England and Wales are, of necessity, like those of the largest circulation—but they are leading papers, and therefore types of Journalism. It must be accepted as a fact, that the "infallibility" of the Press preceded that of the Pope—both are productions of modern times—illustrating how frequently opposite extremes meet together, and embrace one another.

In either case the arrogancy of the claimant for infallibility is sure to defeat its own end, by calling up a host of other claimants for the right, to have and to hold an opinion on every subject within the wide expanse of knowledge, bounded only by the right of others, including the Press and the Pope, to have and to hold the like for themselves. The necessary consequence of there being more than one infallible authority in the world at once, is that the moment there are two "infallibles" they differ from one another, and begin forthwith repeating the operation of the Kilkenny Cats, by devouring one another. This is what the Press is doing for the infallibility of the Pope, and what rival Editors are doing for the infallibility of the Press.

We can now understand how the Pulpit, as represented by the Popes of the Western Church, and by the sacerdotal party in other churches, is constantly looking back to the mediæval period as the golden era of the Pulpit, because for many centuries the position of the Pulpit was very much like that of Robinson Crusoe: It was monarch of all it surveyed, from the centre all round to the sea. There was none its right to dispute over Public Opinion, as we have now seen, excepting a few bards and strolling troubadours.

Nevertheless, long before the birth of broadsheets, or the rival claims of infallibility set up by newspaper editors, the Popes foresaw coming hostilities between Public Opinion in Europe and themselves. This hostility, extending over many centries, was embodied and confirmed in the canons submitted to the Œcumenical Council of Pope Pius the Ninth, in 1870, which were based upon a Syllabus Errorum prepared in 1864. The 20th of these canons states: "If any man say that in the law of the political State, or in the Public Opinion of men, has been deposited the Supreme Rule of conscience for public and social actions, or that the judgements upon which the Church pronounces upon what is lawful and what is unlawful do not extend to such actions, or that by the force of the Civil Law an act, which by virtue of Divine or Ecclesiastical Law is unlawful, can become lawful, let him be *anathema*."

This canon embodies the principle of the supreme power of the Pope, overruling the opinion and law of the political State, which was cropping up continually in various ways for many centuries before the Reformation, but seldom assented to in England without a conflict between the Crown and the Pope. This is the same principle which has recently been tested in a very mild form in the O'Keeffe case in Ireland, but which is sufficient to prove that the disposition is unchanged if the power is doubtful.

"Let us remember," says Janus, p. 22, "that the noble mother of European constitutions, the English Magna Charta, was visited with the severest anger of Pope Innocent the Third, who understood its importance well enough. He saw therein a contempt for the Apostolic See—a curtailing of royal prerogaties, and a disgrace to the English nation; he therefore pronounced it null and void, and excommunicated the English Barons who obtained it. We may really do Pius the Ninth and his Jesuit councillors, who are notoriously the authors of the Encyclical and the Syllabus, the justice of admitting that they did, in 1864, what Innocent, in 1215, was prophet enough to consider for the interests of the Church. What was then a weak and tender sapling has grown, in spite of the curse of the most powerful of all the Popes, into a mighty tree."

Here, then, are the human elements—the common Adam of the earth earthy—at work in the Pulpit and the Press of Christendom after nineteen centuries of Christian teaching. "An infallible Pope claims to be judge without appeal in what matters fall within the area of his infallibility, and an infallible conscience must needs do the same."—*Curteis Church and Dissent*, 1872).

It is clear with individuals and communities, that it is much easier to set up claims for themselves than to get other people to acknowledge them, which the 'Claimant' *par excellence* has proved to his cost, A.D. 1873.

We shall hereafter show that these so-called infallibles—are very much like ordinary mortals, whatever their pretensions to infallibility may be. It is quite clear, that the wearing of a Cardinal's hat, or a Quaker's broad-brim, or any amount of ritualistic man millinery, does not alter the flesh and blood it covers. The resemblances are much greater than the differences between an Editor on his stool in Printing House Square, and the Pope in the Vatican.

The *Berlin National Zeitung* recently remarked upon the decay of Roman Catholicism. "What was Rome in 1790, and what is it now? Within these eighty years, the Church, State, and the temporal power of the German Episcopate have been dissolved—the possessions of the Church in France, Spain and Italy have been sold as national property. Everywhere Protestant heresy obtained civil rights. Protestant chapels flourish in Rome as well as Madrid; the Protestant clergyman walks about unmolested and disseminates his Bible by thousands and tens of thousands. The infallible Pope

Pius 9th, was in the year 1849, the ideal of the Italian liberals whom to-day he curses.—The Reform which the world then hoped for at the hand of the Roman Catholic Church had already cast widely before it its majestic shadow." Wherefore secede from a Church which intends to make its peace with modern culture and society?—so said quiet, thoughtful people, and remained in it. The Syllabus, the "*Non Possumus*, and the Infallibility Dogma were necessary, in order to prove that between modern society and Rome nothing real or durable can exist except war. Roman Catholicism is being driven to take up that position which fifteen hundred years ago perishing heathenism occupied with regard to ambitious Christendom."

Alongside this fact let us place another of a different kind. The Catholic Register of London, June 1873, states that during the past year more than 2,000 Protestants have been converted to Catholicism, and adds, "From every Ritualistic congregation in London there is a continual stream of converts drifting towards us, and the number would be increased had we priests sufficient to look after those who are hesitating as to this future step in the right direction. Out of every twenty Anglicans who have joined the Catholic Church, not less than seventeen have been prepared for the step by the teaching they have heard from Ritualistic pulpits, and by the practices they have got accustomed to in Ritualistic Churches." This is the Roman Catholic assertion, now let us hear the Ritualistic reply. A correspondent of the *Church Bells*, June 14th, 1873, states, in reference to the above paragraph, "The flagrant falsehoods promulgated by a certain well-known and unscrupulous Italian schismatic in his late lectures on Ritualism, and also by the Roman Catholic Press generally, have been, I believe, thoroughly and completely refuted by those in every way qualified to do so; the Roman Catholic ecclesiastic I have particularly made reference to in one case being obliged simply to eat his own words. I need only say if Ritualism is Rome's nursery garden, Rome would not thus abuse her best friend, as she has certainly done."

This little extract put into plain language means that the Ritualist calls the Roman Catholic Authority a liar. These amenities are frequently met with in less polite terms, in the so-called religious Press of England, which induced a nobleman and a sound Churchman recently to remark, at a public meeting, that the intolerance and bigotry of Church party organs were so fanning the flame of divisions amongst us that he had resolved never to read them. Those party papers are the prolific source from whence Nonconformists collect those choice morsels—over which they gloat with such evident satisfaction—and unhesitatingly apply to the whole Church of England, that which they know only belongs to a part of it.

Let us now hear what the Wesleyans have to say about Clericalism

on the Continent. We may accept their evidence, in many respects, as free from partizanship, and as belonging themselves to neither the Church of England nor Nonconformity. In an article on this subject, *The Methodist Recorder*, June 6, 1873, it is stated:—"We sincerely hope it may never be the fate of English Statesmen to feel how merciless a power can be wielded by a priesthood that claims to be Catholic and Apostolic. In Italy the Vatican is tenanted at the present moment by an aged and infirm man, impotent, harmless, and full of petulance; but he is the visible head of a might that does not grow old, except in finesse, intrigue, and unscrupulousness. It is sedulously taught in these parts, as well as in England, that the great evil of the day is Infidelity. Furthermore, an attempt is constantly made to make men believe that there is and can be no resting place between Catholicism and Infidelity. No arguments, however sound, have the smallest chance of obtaining a hearing. Catholicism and religion are identified. Resistance to Ultramontane claims and Infidelity are declared to be inseparable."

Great is the goddess of the Ephesians.

The same principle of action runs through Sacerdotalism in all ages and countries. It is always trying to turn a key and lock up the human mind, letting out only as much thought expressed in opinion as pleases itself.

Come to the Church and be saved—may mean come to the priest and not to the Saviour; therefore the exaltation of the Church is the exaltation of the priest. Self-exaltation, however it may be disguised, runs through a system which is based like the paganisms of the old world, on pride and not on humility. It is merely the old man in a new dress, and when he becomes a democrat he has only to put on another suit of clothes. He is equally at ease in both characters. These then are the tendencies of the two great agencies—the Pulpit and the Press—in Europe at the present time. Those tendencies may be described as gravitating towards Priest-craft and Press-craft—Popery and Democracy—they are both alike developments of the old delusion "Ye shall be as gods," and the idol in both cases is the same MAN—only Popery seeks the deification of the individual, and Democracy of the multitude. The Great God of Heaven and Earth, and the spirit of His meek and lowly Son are alike excluded from the development of Popery, Democracy, and Infidelity. This subject is a grave one, and is stirring up men's thoughts in various ways and different places at the same time. It is continually coming to the surface, and seeking expression in Italy, Spain, France, Austria, Germany, Prussia, Belgium, and Britain.

But have not the Pulpit and the Press nobler ends than these in influencing Public Opinion? Is there no higher voice to be obeyed than the voice of the people? or the voice of the Pope? or the voice of an ill-informed conscience? May we not thank God that the Pulpit and the Press in England generally aim at higher things, although both are falling far short of what they ought to be?

Fifteen years since the Editor of the Homilist—a talented Welshman and a Catholic-minded Nonconformist, thus wrote: "Already the newspaper is the greatest power amongst us. Volumes are becoming obsolete. The journal has become almost the Bible of England. Men who can find no time to read the holy Book of God, find time to read newspapers. They have become a social necessity. Men must have them. Hence their power in the formation of national sentiment and character. As the soft wax receives the figure of the seal, the moral heart of our population is receiving the impress of our journals. I seriously believe that the journals of England have a wider influence in moulding the moral character of the population than all the pulpits put together. Journalism is at work day by day, and night by night; in private homes, and in public reading-rooms; in the counting-houses of merchants, and in the homes of statesmen; in the cot of the peasant, and in the palace of the prince; in every village and town throughout the land. It is speaking every hour. Whilst pulpits sleep, the press is ever at work, and sowing tares. As the breath of heaven bears the seeds of autumn to spots where they shall germinate and grow, the newspaper often scatters pernicious ideas of life and duty over the masses, where they find a genial soil, and will yield a plenteous harvest of evil in years to come."

This was written shortly after the repeal of the Stamp Act and Advertisement Duty in 1856, which, with the subsequent repeal of the paper duty, gave such an immense impetus to the publication of newspapers. Before the passing of that Act there were 261 papers published in 40 English counties. There are now 1192 newspapers published in the provinces, besides 262 published in London, appearing at different intervals from daily to weekly.—(*Companion to Almanack*, 1873.) It will be observed, the number of papers published in London is now in excess of all that were published in 40 counties in England in 1855.

Perhaps it is not generally known, that besides the great daily and weekly Metropolitan Press, almost every trade and *handicraft in* London has its journal or newspaper, devoted

mainly to the interests, and intended chiefly for the perusal of members of the fraternity.—(*Practical Magazine, March*, 1873.) Besides 1454 newspapers, there are 641 serials, and about 5000 books published annually in the United Kingdom. Before proceeding any further, it may be well to stop for a moment and compare the number of our newspapers with those published in two of our Indian provinces, having nearly the same population as the British Isles. In the North West provinces of India there are 67 newspapers, and in the province of Madras there are 85 newspapers published in English and the vernacular of India. In France the force of the Press is likened to a torrent increasing by resistance. But, if we look across the Atlantic, we shall find that our cousins in the States "Lick the Britishers into fits" with newspapers. They calculate that they convert more paper annually into Broadsheets than all France and the British Isles put together. The relation of the Press to Public Opinion, and the force of Public Opinion on society, are met with under the most favourable circumstances in the United States. We have here Democracy and the Newspaper acting, and re-acting, upon each other without a cloud between. There are no cold shadows of a king, an Established Church, or a titled aristocracy, to intercept the rays of the Press falling directly on Public Opinion. Everybody is the reader of a Newspaper, and Everybody is the holder of a vote, and the expression of that vote is the supreme authority in the land—standing in the same relation as the British Constitution once stood to Englishmen—or the will of the King—or the authority of the Pope—or the word of the Bible to other people. It has recently been determined in New York to erect a monument to a deceased Editor, out of the old metal type of the Newspaper Press in America. The fact itself is a typical one. We may take Public Opinion in the States as an embodiment of Newspaper power—a monument and type of that thought which has been distributed with the printer's metal.

If anywhere on earth we could find a throne where that regal personage could sit, who gives imperative expression to the editorial pronoun "we"—that throne must be in the United States of America.

Now, what is the state of things we find in this Kingdom? Let us listen to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, June 18th, 1873:—"Universal suffrage in the various American States has not stood in the way of judicial corruption, of legislative jobbing,

of clumsy and costly administration, of erroneous economical theory, of public extravagance, of indulgence in paltry international jealousy, and in reckless military ambition. Still less has it put an end to the passion for riches, to the lusts of the flesh or the pride of life. Nothing which a disciple of Bentham would have predicted from it fifty years ago has, in reality, followed from it, either in the public or the private life of Americans." Be it known that this is occurring in the Paradise of Newspapers—where Public Opinion is universal and omnipotent.

The infallibility of the Press, therefore, is defeated in the United States in very much the same way as the infallibility of the Pope is defeated at Rome. Both these infallibles may shake hands with that common touch which makes the whole world kin. And if one may "venture" to approach the presence, and dare to lay a lesson at the feet of their High and Mighty arrogances—the Press and the Pope—it should be written in plain characters thus:—"Study to have a less exalted opinion of your own power, and don't forget that human nature is too strong for you to claim infallibility. However much you may 'swagger, and bully, and bounce,' it will sooner or later be seen that the common clay, of which you are made, is very much like that of other people."

It is, however, consolatory to know that the collision between these two pieces of clay has benefitted humanity. Had his elder arrogancy been left to himself, and anyone now had doubted his infallibility, his Jesuit emissaries would have run a spit through his body—roasted him before a slow fire—and then looking up to heaven, with a sanctimonious eye, have declared that they were doing God service, in ridding the world of a heretic. But the younger arrogancy has sternly said: No, Mr. Pope, your Jesuit Janitors must not do it. Public Opinion will not allow it.

It is thus that antagonistic forces in nature and the world are often balanced by an indulgent father, for the good of his wayward and forgetful child—Man.

Since the above paragraph has been in the printer's hands the Pope has celebrated, at Rome, the 27th anniversary of his elevation to the Pontifical Throne, and on that occasion, whilst replying to the congratulations of the General of Jesuits, he said "That the present posture of affairs at Rome could be accounted for only by supposing that God had, for a moment, permitted hell to exercise its powers—and added the solemn quotation from Scripture—this 'is your hour and the *power of darkness*'"—(*Standard*, June 25, 1873.) It is still

more remarkable that the special correspondent of the *Times* —speculating on the successor of the Pope—suggests the probability, if it be the Archbishop of Naples, that he will unite the two extremes of infallibility and democracy, and adds, "If he builds the Church upon that *rock*, his policy must be to trace out a very different course from those among his predecessors, who placed the Pontifical Throne upon bayonets, and who enforced orthodoxy through the interference of the Secular arm."

At the same time that these thoughts are stirring men's minds about the future Pope at Rome, Prince Bismark evidently is thinking that the good of Germany will be promoted, not only by expelling the Jesuits, but by bridling the Press also. Referring to the Press Law, now under discussion the *National Zeitung* says:—"The proposed Bill is a masterpiece, calculated to render dumb and dead a Press which appears in opposition to any of the questions of the day."

If these anticipations should be realised we shall see these modern actors on Public Opinion performing the old fashioned dance of changing sides—turning partners—down the middle and back again.

What then? Will they alter their nature by changing sides? Not a bit of it.

It is quite clear—whilst the central truth of Christianity is the conformity of the human will to the will of God—the central truth of Popery is the conformity of the human will to the will of the Pope—the central truth of democracy is its conformity to the will of the multitude—and of infidelity—is a disbelief in any expression of the Divine will, and its desire to do as it lusts in its own heart.

Now, how are these conflicting elements ever to be harmonised in healthy public opinion? Not until Priest Craft and Press Craft shall be convinced of their own fallibility, and acknowledge that this work is not of the will of the flesh —nor of the will of man—but of God. When will that be? Very likely when the Ethiopian will change his skin, and the leopard his spots; then men will have greater *faith* in God than in themselves.

Having seen what the "powers that be," are doing in the world around us, we will return to our Island Home, and try to estimate the relative force of the Pulpit and the Press on Public Opinion in this country.

At the beginning of the present century the circulation of newspapers, as shown by the stamp duties, in England and Wales, was 15 millions. In 1853, it was 72 millions. In

1873, it is estimated at a minimum of 300 millions. The number of readers of each newspaper has been variously estimated from 3 to 5. Taking an average of 4, we had, in 1853, about 288 millions of newspaper readers. About that time, or rather on the last census of religious worship, in 1851, there were 10,896,066 attendants at places of worship on that particular Sunday, and if we add about 3 per cent. for week-day attendances, it will give approximately 11¼ millions of hearers of the Pulpit weekly, which, repeated for 52 weeks, gives annually 585 millions of hearers of sermons, compared with 288 million readers of newspapers. We see, then, how much greater force the Pulpit had than the Press in action on Public Opinion in 1853. Let us now see how the tables were turned. The population in 1851 was 17,927,000; in 1871 it was 22,704,000. If we add one-third to the hearers of the Pulpit in 1851, we shall approximately make due allowance for increase of population and increased facilities of worship at the present time: we accordingly find in England and Wales, in 1873, about 780 million hearers of sermons, compared with 1200 million of readers of newspapers. Thus, the numerical force of the Press has come to the front with overwhelming numbers within the last twenty years. There can be no doubt that the intellectual power commanded by the Press in England is equal, if not superior, to that of the Pulpit; but the moral power of the Pulpit, through the medium of the human voice, is infinitely greater than acres of broadsheets. The scattering and planting, and watering of good seed is from the Pulpit; its fruit and its increase from the Central Sun of the moral universe, in a way that could scarcely be expected to shine on newspapers, although the tares and the wheat will grow together till the harvest. *Have faith in God*—is the one great lesson taught by the Creator in all the realms of matter and mind. *Have faith in* man—is the lesson taught by that embodiment of evil, which is intellect without God. It would not be fair to assume that the Pulpit and the Press in England represent these two forces, because frequently the Press is turned to a better account, and occasionally is the handmaid of the Pulpit.

It is due to the cheap Newspaper Press to say, that in combination with Educational efforts in the land, it has improved the literature and intelligence of the working classes; and, as stated by the late Mr. Whitty, after the appearance of the Cheap Newspaper, many papers of an *obscene and improper* character "*were killed off by dozens.*" *But are there no* indications of the diminishing influence of

the Pulpit on Public Opinion since 1853? The progress of secularism may be taken as one indication and the altered feeling towards the National Church, probably, as another. It is a fact that the Dissenters have used the Press during the past 20 years more than the Clergy of the Church of England, and the results are apparent in the House of Commons. Disestablishment and disendowment, probably, would not have been heard of if the Newspaper Stamp had not been abolished. A small knot of Dissenters, the Baptists and Independents, are republicans in Church polity, and are political agitators also. Their ministers are not so many in number as the Curates of the Church of England, nor superior to them in mind, body, or estate. You never hear of the Curates—they are political cyphers—but the Independents and Baptists have become a power that has made itself felt. Why? Because they have used the Steam Machinery of the Printing Press, and multiplied their own power a thousand times in influencing Public Opinion. This should be a lesson to Churchmen—but there are many good old souls who will rub their eyes and wipe their spectacles many times before it will become quite clear to them. There are other indications of the effects of the Press on the political horizon of England. There is a lower tone of patriotism and statesmanship in the House of Commons. The fulsome adulation of the *Journal*, with "the largest circulation in the world," and the rumoured attempts to "nobble" the Press in the provinces, are further indications of the action and re-action of this spirit. The leaders of parties are penetrated with the mercantile spirit of the age, and offer their wares and their budgets to the public very much like rival shopkeepers in country towns. Notwithstanding the epitaph translated into all languages on one member of the Cabinet, and the popularity-hunting habits of its Chief as further indications of Public Opinion, it is gratifying to find the Lord Chancellor boldly expressing his views at Alton, Hants, upon the subject now under our consideration. He said that all his experience in every class of society had led him to form an opinion adverse to those who despaired of the country, and believed that it was descending in the scale of civilization. He bore testimony to the continual progress of an earnest and zealous spirit among the Clergy, and reminded the laity that they too had a duty to perform by giving encouragement and sympathy to the Clergy. Disestablishment, disendowment, revolution, or anything else may be talked about; but their duty was to go on zealously and

more earnestly in supporting existing churches in building and endowing others where wanted, and in promoting religious education in schools." This is the conclusion of the whole matter. The moral health of the nation precedes its material welfare. It has been well said, "that the dispensing of ideas is the machinery of our national life. They are the seed of character, and the soul of history. As they move, the world moves. The individual idea sways the individual man. The national idea is the national sovereign."

It is the "national idea" which the Pulpit, and the Press, and the Schools are forming. Upon the nature and expression of that "idea" will depend, under God, the future welfare of this great country.

THE CHURCH DEFENDED BY DISSENTERS: VOLUNTARYISM

Continued.

Voluntaryism, perhaps, in its more ordinary sense (for it has two or three senses, or there are two or three kinds, or parts of it), means that religion ought not in any sense or degree to be supported by the State, no, nor even as it appears by the bequests of our ancestors, or the property set apart from time immemorial for that purpose, but solely and wholly by the voluntary or free-will offerings of those that care and are able to pay for it, or on the "free-trade" principle of demand and supply. Well, I am one of those who believe that religion is a thing worth paying for, and so did all those who centuries ago voluntarily gave their property to endow the Church; but then what of the thousands and tens of thousands all over the land, and over all the world, who do not consider religion a thing worth paying for, and to whom, unless they are to be left to live and die in vice and heathenism, the Gospel must be sent and offered to them without money and without price, and the cost of others than than themselves? What of these? A time may indeed come when there may be no need for endowed Churches—a time when the spirit of true religion will so pervade all classes of society, and the tide of liberality flow so freely and fully that there will be enough and to spare for the support of all the ministers and ordinances of religion, and to carry on all the works of Christian beneficence and missionary enterprise without the aid of anything either from the state or from the present rightful heritage of the Church. I could conceive of such a state of things as this. But *the Dissenters* themselves being witnesses, we are yet a long, long *way from it,* at least in this land—the richest land in the world.

WEEDS IN THE CORN.

"Every plant which My heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up."
MATT. xv. 13.

THOUGH in the corn that waves around
Are thorns, and many hurtful weeds,
That spring in even goodly ground
And planted thick with choicest seeds;

Though in our hearts, however taught
And trained to guard themselves from sin,
The good is mixed with evil thought
Our enemy has sown therein.

God's planting shall not be o'erthrown
By worldly weeds that cling about
His corn; and what He hath not sown
Shall in His time be rooted out.

Then, that our lives may yield their fruit,
Still let it be our constant prayer,
That God *from out* our hearts will root
All seeds He hath not planted there.

—*Infant's Delight.*

SERMON.

"Abide with us, for it is towards evening."—LUKE xxiv. 29.

TWO villagers, having concluded their errand in Jerusalem, have started out at the city gate, and are on their way to Emmaus, the place of their residence. They go with a sad heart. Jesus, who had been their admiration and their joy, had been basely massacred and entombed. As with sad face and broken heart they pass on their way, a stranger accosts them. They tell him their anxieties and bitterness of soul. He, in turn, talks to them, mightily expounding the Scriptures. They forget the time, and notice not the objects they pass, and, before they are aware, have come up in front of their house. They pause before the entrance, and attempt to persuade the stranger to tarry with them. They press upon him their hospitalities. Night is coming on, and he may meet a prowling wild beast, or be obliged to lie unsheltered from the dew. He cannot go much further now. Why not stop there, and continue their pleasant conversation? They take him by the arm, and they insist upon his coming in, addressing him in the words, "Abide with us, for it is towards evening."

The candles are lighted. The table is spread. They rejoice in the presence of the stranger guest. He asks a blessing upon the bread they eat, and he hands a piece of it to each. Suddenly, and with overwhelming power, the thought flashes upon the astounded people—*It is the Lord;* and, as they sit in breathless wonder, He vanished. The interview ended. He was gone.

(1.) The request of the text is appropriate for some, for it is towards the evening of old age. They have passed the meridian of life. They are sometimes startled to think how old they are. They do not, however, like to have others remark upon it. If others suggest their approximation towards venerable appearance, they say, "Why, I am not so old after all." They do, indeed, notice that they cannot walk quite so fast. They cannot read quite so well without spectacles. They cannot so easily recover from a cough or any occasional ailment. They are surprised at the quick passage of the year, and say that it only seems but a little while ago that they were boys. They are going a little down hill. There is something in their health, something in their vision, something in their walk, something in their changing associations, something above, something beneath, something *within, to remind* them that it is *towards evening*.

The great want of all such is to have Jesus abide with them. It is *a dismal thing to* be getting old, without the rejuvenating influence of

religion. When we step on the down slope of life, and see that it dips to the verge of the cold river, we want to behold some one near who will help us across it. When the sight loses its power to glance and gather up, we need the faith that can illumine. When we feel the failure of the ear, we need the clear tones of that voice which in olden time broke up the silence of the deep with cadences of mercy. When the axe-men of death hew down whole forests of strength and beauty around us, and we are left in solitude, we need the dove of divine mercy to sing in our branches. When the shadows begin to fall, and we feel that the day is far spent, we need most of all to supplicate the strong and loving Jesus, in the prayer of the villagers, "Abide with us, for it is towards evening."

(2.) The request of the text is an appropriate exclamation for all those who are approaching the gloomy hour of temptation. There is nothing easier than to be good-natured when everything pleases, or to be humble when there is nothing to oppose us, or forgiving when we have not been assailed, or honest when we have no inducement to fraud. But in the tempted hour you need to ask Jesus to abide with you. He can beat back the monster that would devour. He can unhorse sin that would ride you down. He can sharpen the battle-axe with which you split the head of helmeted abomination. Who helped Paul shake the brazen-gated heart of Felix? Who acted like a good sailor when all the crew failed in the Mediterranean shipwreck? Who helped England's noble martyrs to be firm when one word of recantation would have unfastened the withes of the stake, and put out the kindling fire? When the night of the soul came on, and all the denizens of darkness came riding up on the wings of perdition, who gave strength to the soul? Who gave calmness to the heart? He who heard the request of the villagers: "*Abide with us, for it is towards evening.*"

One of the forts of France was attacked, and the outworks were taken before night. The besieging army lay down, thinking there was but little to do in the morning, and that the soldiery in the fort could be easily made to surrender. But during the night, through a back stair, they escaped into the country. In the morning the besieging army sprang upon the battlements, but found that their prey was gone. So, when we are assaulted in temptation, there is always some secret stair by which we may get off. God will not allow us to be tempted above what we are able, but with every temptation will bring a way of escape, that we may be able to bear it.

(3.) The prayer of the text is appropriate for all *who are antivipating sorrow.* The greatest folly that ever grew on this planet is the tendency to borrow trouble; but there are times when approaching sorrow *is so evident that* we need to be making especial preparation *for its coming. One of your* children has lately become delicate in

its health. The cry of that child strikes deeper into the heart than the cry of all the others. You think more about it. You give it more attention, not because it is any more of a treasure than the others, but because it is becoming frail. There is something in the cheek, in the eye, and in the walk, that makes you quite sure that the leaves of the flower are going to be scattered. The utmost nursing and medical attendance are ineffectual. The pulse becomes feeble, the complexion lighter, the step weaker, the laugh fainter. No more romping for that one through hall and parlour. The nursery is darkened by an approaching calamity. The heart feels with mournful anticipation that the sun is going down. Night speeds on. *It is towards evening.*

You have long rejoiced in the care of a mother. You have done everything to make her last days happy. You have run, with quick feet, to wait upon her every want. Her presence has been a perpetual blessing in the household. But the fruit-gatherers are looking wistfully at that tree. Her soul is ripe for heaven. The gates are ready to flash open for her entrance. But your soul sinks at the thought of separation. You cannot bear to think that soon you will be called to take the last look at that face, which from the first hour has looked upon you with affection unchangeable. But you see that life is ebbing out, and the grave will soon hide her from your sight. You sit quiet. You feel heavy-hearted. The light is fading from the sky. The air is chill. *It is towards evening.*

You had considerable property, and felt independent. But there came complications. Something that you imagined impossible happened. The best friend you had proved traitor to your interests. A sudden crash of national misfortune frustrated your credit. You foresee certain bankruptcy. You think of the anguish of telling your friends that you are not worth a pound. You know not how you will ever bring your children home from school. You wonder how you will stand the selling of your furniture, or the moving into a plainer house. The misfortunes of life have accumulated. You wonder what makes the sky so dark. *It is towards evening.*

Trouble is an apothecary that mixes a great many draughts, bitter and sour and nauseous, and you must drink some one of them. Oh then, for Jesus to abide with us! He sweetens the cup. He extracts the thorn. He wipes the tear. He hushes the tempest. He soothes the soul that flies to Him for shelter. Let the night swoop, and the euroclydon toss the sea; let the thunders roar—soon all will be well. Christ in the ship to soothe His friends. Christ on the sea to stop its tumult.

"Led by Christ we brave the ocean;
Led by Him the storms defy;
Calm amidst tumultuous motion,
Knowing that our Lord is nigh.
Waves obey Him—
And the storms before Him fly."

(4.) The words of the text are pertinent to us all from the fact that we are nearing the *evening of death*. We have heard it said that we ought to live as though each moment were to be our last. As far as preparation is concerned we are always ready if we have faith in the blood of Jesus; but we cannot always be thinking of death, for we have duties in life that demand our attention. When a man is selling goods, it is his business to think of the bargain he is making. When a lawyer is pleading in the courts, it is his duty to think of the interests of his clients. When a clerk is adding up accounts, it is his duty to keep his mind upon the column of figures.

But there are times when we can and ought to give ourselves to the contemplation of that solemn moment when, to the soul, time ends and eternity begins. We must go through that one pass. There is no roundabout way, no by-path, no circuitous route. Die we must.

True we know not the time; we know not the mode. But the days of our life are being subtracted away, and we shall come down to the time when we have but ten days left, then nine days, then eight days, seven days, six days, five days, four days, three days, two days, one day. Then hours: three hours, two hours, one hour. Then only minutes left; five minutes, four minutes, three minutes, two minutes, one minute. Then only seconds left: four seconds, three seconds, two seconds, one second. Gone! The chapter of life ended! The book closed! The pulses at rest! The feet through with the journey! The hands closed from all work! No word on the lip. No breath in the nostril. Hair combed back to lie undishevelled by any human hands. The muscles still. The nerves still. The lungs still. The tongue still. All still. You might put the stethescope to the breast and hear no sound. You might put a speaking trumpet to the ear, but you could not break the deafness. No motion. No throb. No life. Still! Still.

On earth, with many of you the evening is the happiest part of the twenty-four hours. You gather together. You talk, and laugh, and sing. You recount the day. You plan for the morrow. You have games and repartee. Amid all the toil of the day, that is the goal for which you run; and as you take out your watch, or look at the descending sun, you thrill with the thought that it is *towards evening*.

So death comes to the true Christian believer. What if the sun of life is about to set: Jesus is the day-spring from on high: the perpetual morning of every ransomed spirit. What if the darkness comes: Jesus is the light of the world and of heaven. What though this earthly house does crumble: Jesus hath prepared a house of many mansions. Jesus is the anchor that always holds. Jesus is the light that is never eclipsed. Jesus is the fountain that is never exhausted. Jesus is the *evening star*, hung up amid the gloom of the gathering *night*.

You are almost through with the abuse and backbiting of enemies.

They will call you no more by evil names. Your good deeds will not longer be misinterpreted, or your honour filched. The troubles of earth will end in the felicities of heaven: *Towards evening.*

"While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,—
Rock of ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

THE CLAIMANT IN OTHER LANDS.

THE TRIAL — THE TA'TOO MARKS.

(*Continued from page* 130.)

"WELL, he was a sweet child, your honour. I see him now before me, puddling his little head in the gutter in front of the house which it was in a court off the main street of the village, and allers had a dirty pool of water in front, and the s'lect-men, they wouldn't do nothin' ——"

"Keep to the question, my good woman. Describe the child's features, the colour of his eyes, hair, and so forth," said the judge, interrupting the old dame's account of the inconveniences of her village home.

"Well, your honour, I were a comin' to that. He were fair, complected, and jist a bit pock-pitted—nothin' of consekens, and would wear away in course o' years, I dessay—wi' light, yellar har, and the pootiest little bloo eyes as could be. A little, podgy figgur, as bid far to grow up stout and portly, and not over tall, like to his feyther, and all the fam'ly of the Livingstones, as ever I know'd."

Much amusement was created in court by the old woman's description of the graces of her adopted child, especially as it was impossible to conceive that such a child as she described could grow up to become the tall, well-formed, dark-haired, black-eyed, and decidedly good-looking gentleman who preferred his claims to the Livingstone estates.

"Look well at this gentleman, Mrs. Copley," said the judge (pointing out the plaintiff), "and say whether you can trace any likeness in his form or features to the child you have described. Thirty years would necessarily effect a thorough transformation in the appearance of any human being, especially when during those thirty years childhood has passed into middle age. Still, the eyes of a parent

or a foster-mother are frequently able to trace out certain lineaments which neither time nor change have been able to efface."

"Bless your honour!" exclaimed the old lady, "I ain't been able to discuver a body's feeturs fur ten year past. When I put on my specs I can jist discarn your honour and the other gentlemen, like so many shadders afore me, and that's all. But I heern the gentleman speak, and he's got the Livingstone v'ice esatterly. I'd a most recognise the v'ice if I heern it in my grave."

"Amos Jepson," said the judge, addressing the old sailor, "you knew the great-grandson of the patroon at a later period of life. What might have been the age of the lad you knew on board the *Fakeer*?"

"Can't say, yer honour," replied the old man. "'Twere a matter o' twenty, or mebbe twenty-five year agone. I ha'n't kept no count o' time ——"

"I was eighteen years of age, your honour, when I knew the witness, Amos Jepson, on board the *Fakeer*," interposed the plaintiff.

"At age," rejoined the judge, "when the form and features are to a certain degree set. Years, and climate, and different habits of life may, and doubtless have, effected great changes in the person and general appearance of the plaintiff since that period; nevertheless, there must be many traits of resemblance that you, Amos Jepson, cannot fail to trace. Can you perceive in the gentleman in whose behalf you appear as a witness any resemblance to the sailor lad Jonas Livingstone?"

"That's what takes me down, yer honour," said the old man, vehemently. "I'm reg'lar flummuxed when I looks at him. The old lady ar spoke pooty correct, barrin' the pock-pits, which I don't recollect. Howsomever, she says how they wor nought to speak on, and mought ha' worn away wi' the chafin' o' time. But the lad I knowed wor the very spit of his father at his age—a short, chunky young fellar, with yellar hair, and light-blue eyes, some at slow in his ways, and drawlin' in his glib. This 'ere genelman has got the *v'ice* o' the Livingstones, and he's told me o' the very conwersations we had together on board the *Fakeer*, and the very things as happened in the port o' Sumatry; and them 'ere doeyments looks to be the same doeyments, in the very 'dentical iled silk-bag as young Jonas Livingstone ('Jack,' we used to call him far short) weared round his neck. But, though I'm nigh on to eighty, I'm got my eyesight and my senses as 'cute as many a young man; and yet I can scarce make it out! I wouldn't swar false fur no man, and I never seen years, nor climate, nor nothin' else make sich a mighty change in a chap. I never know'd as they'd change a man's eyes from blue to black, to say nothin' of his hair, which, beggin' yer honour's and the genelman's pardon, mought be dyed. And then, again, I'd as soon 'spected the stump of a tree

"Sorra one o' me can sing," replied Andy, "but here's Ned sings like a thrush—when he's been dhrinking!"

"If the boys have no objection," said Ned, "I'll sing a little song I heard a short time ago."

"Whatever's plazin' to you, Ned."

"'Tis Irish."

"Wisha! more luck to you, an' that you may never be dhry but when you've a quart of this" (holding up a glass of punch) "before you."

Ned drew his chair closer to the fire, spat a mouthful of tobacco-juice upon the burning logs, and commenced to sing that beautiful hymn in Irish, beginning—

"Slamigad O! nai bin an fraim."

At first the sound of mirth was hushed, all play was forsaken, and faces beaming with delight were fixed upon the old man. As the melody proceeded, the smile relaxed upon the features, the joke died upon the tongue, the pipe was withdrawn from the mouth, and the breasts of the old men heaved with a sigh, while they themselves relapsed into an involuntary seriousness. There was no boisterous outbreak at the termination. Suppressed signs of pleasure, and a silent shake of the hand, were the only responses given. Pipes were lit again and matters went on as before.

"The Lord be about us! did you hear that?" asked Andy, losing in a moment all his humour as a peal of thunder shook the house.

"The Almighty preserve us, there's lightning!" said Ned, starting back.

"Did you hear that cry?" asked the old schoolmaster, with distended eyes.

"Maybe it was the banshee," suggested another. "What do you say, boys, to a hand o' cards to lighten the evening?"

"Oh, the Lord forbid!" exclaimed Mrs. O'Rorke. "Would you tempt God Almighty to His face?"

"Well, we'll have a song or a story, anyway."

"A story, a story!" cried all, simultaneously. "Come, Bartle, it's given up to you, you know."

"Here goes, then," said Bartle, and he began a ghost story, which made their flesh creep.

Other tales equally marvellous went the round of the group at the fire. Exclamations of surprise and fear followed, with an occasional "Wisha! d'ye tell me so. The Lord be between us an' harm," &c., as some adept in the art of story-telling, more adroit than another, sought to impose upon the credulity of his hearers.

(To be continued.)

SAYING "NO" EASY.

OW is it you never go with bad boys, or get into scrapes?" asked one little fellow of his playmate.

"Oh," said the other, "that's because I don't say 'No' *easy*."

We thank that boy for his secret. It is worth a great deal more than a bag of money. We have no doubt saying "No" *easy* has ruined many a child, and man, and woman, too—saying "No" as if you did not quite mean it.

When a bad boy or girl tries to coax you to do a doubtful thing, say "No" as if you meant "No" and nothing but "No."

When sin whispers an excuse for doing wrong, say "No," and no mistake. When Satan asks you to serve him, and makes as great promises as he did to the Lord Jesus in the wilderness, do not say "No" *easy*, but answer him as Jesus did—"Get thee behind me, Satan." That is a "No" he can understand.

HOW GOD ANSWERS PRAYER.

A poor Christian woman in Buckinghamshire—I believe near Berkhampstead—was bereaved of her husband after a long illness, and left unprovided for, the only thing of value being a large chest of tools. The husband had only just been buried, when a neighbour, bearing no good character, called on the widow, and presented a bill for work done altogether beyond the widow's power to pay. The work, which had been done in the husband's lifetime, was paid for by him, and the bill receipted, of which the widow had a distinct recollection. It availed not for her to assert the fact. The payment of the bill was pressed again, and longing eyes cast at the chest of tools. In great distress, the widow retired upstairs to pray, for all effort to find the receipted bill was vain. While engaged in prayer, a butterfly flew in at the open window downstairs. The widow's little child chased it until it flew behind the chest of tools. Just then the mother came in, and the child begged her to remove the box, that he might get the butterfly. The neighbour offered at once to do so; and while he was removing it from the wall a piece of paper fell down behind, which the widow, taking up, found to be the lost bill, receipted as she had said. She was overcome with praise and gratitude to God, who had answered her *prayer by means of* the butterfly; and even her enemy *herself discovered the missing* bill.

THE REFORMERS.

BY the kindness of a Protestant friend we are enabled to giv a picture containing likenesses of the leading Reformers o the sixteenth century. It is copied from a print which wa widely circulated at an early period of the Reformatio struggle, and which was entitled,

"THE PRIMITIVE REFORMERS, TO WHOM (UNDER GOD) WE ARE INDEBTED FOR THE GLORIOUS LIGHT OF THE GOSPEL."

The picture represents the ineffectual efforts of the Papal power t extinguish the light which was then kindled, and among the portrait are those of many who witnessed a good confession at the stake; and as the sight of these men's faces, and the remembrance of all they did and suffered, should not be without some effect upon their unworthy descendants, we give the following apt quotation from an excellent work lately reviewed in our pages *:—

"The truths for which the Reformers contended demand our most zealous support. Those holy men pleaded for Christ for the honour of His finished work, which Popery had thrown into the shade, and for His supremacy in the Church, which had been for ages practically denied. Among the "forgotten truths" which they brought to light, the doctrine of justification by faith held the first place, and was ever associated in their minds with scriptural views of the necessity and fruits of the Holy Spirit's influence. They taught the people that, without engagedness of heart in the service of God, all outward acts of worship are unacceptable and profitless. They denounced the manifold inventions of superstition as opposed to the simplicity of the New Testament ritual. They affirmed the entire sufficiency of Scripture as the rule of faith and practise, boldly asserting the right of private judgment. They directed their keenest shafts against the idolatry of the Popish system, exposing, in strains of irresistible arguments of powerful satire, the folly and impiety of saint worship, and the vanity of the confidence placed in saintly intercession. They taught men to present their prayers and praises to God, through the Lord Jesus Christ, by the aid of the Holy Spirit, in full assurance of obtaining the blessings implored.

"May we also be preserved from all views and practices which have a Popish tendency! 'To the law and to the testimony.' 'Believe not *every spirit*, but try the spirits whether they are of God' (*Isaiah viii. 20; 1 John* iv. 1)."

* *History* of the Church of England, 2s. 6d. (Macintosh, London.)

The Candle
is Lighted
We cannot
blow it out
1 Perkins
11 Bolton
2 Prague
12 Arminius
3 M. Bucer
13 Wickliff
4 P. Martyr
14 T. Beza
21 Molern
5 Zuinglius
15 Calvin
22 Grotius
6 J. Knox
16 Ridley
7 J. Zanchi

THE HAY-FIELD.

IT was the Midsummer Holidays, and Herbert had come home from school, and you cannot think how happy it made his little sister Clara; for Clara had no other brothers or sisters, and she loved Herbert very dearly, and had longed for him home again all the months that he was at school. Herbert was quite as glad to be at home with his sister again, and he was so kind to her, and so careful of her, that their papa and mamma were never afraid to let them go out together.

One pleasant afternoon, while the hay was being made in the meadow, Herbert asked if Clara and himself might go hay-making. Their mamma gave them leave, and away they went among the beautiful green, sweet-scented swathes, raking and throwing the hay about.

Presently, when Herbert was moving some hay, a little brown animal, not so big as my thumb, ran from under it. It had a smooth sleek skin, and a long, pointed nose, and tiny specks of black eyes, not so large as pins' heads. Herbert and Clara tried for some time to catch it, but at last it ran into a hole.

"What can it be?" said Clara. "Is it a mouse?"

"No," answered Herbert, "it is not a mouse: I can tell you what it is, for I have read all about it in my Natural History book. It is a shrew; and shrews are very harmless little creatures, who live in the fields, and very rarely come into houses. There are some shrews which are quite black, and live in the water; and, if you will come with me to the brook some evening, I dare say that I can show you some of them, swimming and diving merrily about. Once upon a time, people thought that the poor little shrews were venomous, and that they bit and lamed cattle; and what do you think was the way in which they tried to cure their supposed bites? Why, they bored a hole in an ash tree, and pegged a poor live shrew into it, and then they thought that the leaves of this tree would cure the wounds. But people know better than to believe all this, now-a-days," said Herbert.

"Oh, how cruel!" said Clara: "but I wish that we could find another shrew, and catch it, that we might have a good look at it."

They did not find another shrew, but soon afterwards Clara, who had gone a little way from her brother, to pick out quaker grasses—which she liked very much, because their little bunches of seed, hanging upon slender stems, are always shaking so prettily—discovered something which made her call Herbert to join her. It was a little round bird's nest, quite low down among the roots of the grasses; it was made of dry bents and blades of grass, and lined softly within, *and there were four brown* eggs in it.

"I thought the birds' nests were all over, Herbert, long before Midsummer. What bird's can it be?"

"They are skylarks' eggs," said her brother. "Skylarks do sometimes build as late as this, for I know that I found some last hay-making; and we may have these eggs, for now the grass is mown the old birds will not come back to them; and it will not be cruel to rob them."

So the nest was lifted from its little nook in the turf, and carried to the hedge side, where it was laid carefully with the quaker-grasses.

As they came back across the field, they noticed several large humble-bees, buzzing backwards and forwards, and round and round, over one of the swathes of grass, as though the poor, stupid old things had lost something, and were looking to find it. Herbert went up to the place.

"Mind they do not sting you, Bertie," said Clara.

"Oh! humble-bees do not sting unless you hurt them," said Herbert. "Let us see what they are after."

And he pushed the hay on one side. Beneath, down in the bottom of the turf, was a heap of scraps of grass-blades, altogether about as big as my fist. Herbert moved a part of it, and in the centre was a cluster of little round, brown bags, all fastened together.

"This is what the bees were looking for," said he; "this is the humble-bees' honeycomb."

"What queer honeycomb," said Clara; "it is not a bit like that which we have for breakfast."

"No," answered Herbert; "the humble-bees are not so clever as the hive-bees, and do not know how to make nice, neat, white, six-sided honey pots, so they are obliged to put their honey in these clumsy, brown jars. I dare say that it is very good, though; shall we try it?"

"No," replied Clara; "do not let us rob the poor humble-bees of their honey."

So the cells were covered again with their scraps of grass, and left to their proper owners.

The two children were soon busy again with their rakes, turning over the hay, when Clara saw Herbert suddenly throw down his rake, fall upon his knees, and pop his hands upon something; she ran up to see what it was.

"Have you caught a shrew?" said she. "Do let me see."

Herbert got slowly up, and she soon saw what he had in his hands; it was not a shrew, but a young grass-mouse—about half-grown, and nearly as large as a common house-mouse. It was not a bit like a *common mouse,* however, for it was of a bright, brown colour, and *had long, soft, rough* fur, and whiskers, and short ears and tail; altogether *it was as* funny and ludicrous-looking a little beast as you

could wish to see; and it did not seem a bit frightened, but sat on Bertie's hand, and ate a blade of grass, as much at its ease as if it had known him all his life. It was very pretty to see it eat—for it held the grass in its two fore-paws, while it nibbled away at it.

"Oh, what a dear little thing!" said Clara; "how I should like to take it home, and keep it for a pet."

"Yes," said Bertie; "but then it would not be happy, and would die. I think that when we have looked at it well, we had better put it back among the grass, and let it stay in its own home."

Whilst they looked at it, Clara said, "I do not think grass-mice are so pretty as house-mice—do you, Bertie?—though they are much funnier."

"No," answered her brother, "I do not think that they are; but I can tell you what are far prettier than either, and that is, long-tailed field-mice. They do not live in meadows like the grass-mice, but in corn land; and they are not harmless, as these are, but destroy the corn. They are of a beautiful light-brown colour on their backs, and quite white beneath, and are very sleek and shining. They have great, round, black eyes—twice as large as those of house-mice—and long whiskers, and long, thin tails. They are the most beautiful of mice; but then they are very wild and shy, and you could never get them to sit on your hand and eat as this little rough fellow is doing."

The mouse was set at liberty; and soon afterwards Clara found another little ball of bits of grass, much like the one they had seen before, only more neatly made.

"Look, Bertie," said she; "here is another humble-bees' hive."

"No," said Herbert, "I think not; this is the nest of a grass-mouse, like the one we have just seen: let us look inside it."

So they just peeped within, and there, sure enough, were five little, blind, naked grass-mice.

"Cover them up again quickly," said Bertie, "or perhaps their mother will not come to them again."

"I wonder," said Clara, "how the mouse contrives to make such a snug little nest?"

"Oh," said Herbert, "that is nothing to a mouse's nest which I saw last harvest. I found one hanging from an ear of wheat, so tightly put together that you might have rolled it along the floor without breaking it; and yet there were six young mice within; but such nests as that are made by the little red harvest-mouse, which is scarcely bigger than the end of my finger."

"What a wonderful place a hay-field is," said Clara, as they went home. "Do you think that we shall find as many curious things when we come *again?*"

"I dare say that we shall," answered her brother, "for my

Natural History book says that we may always find something new and interesting in nature, if we only take the trouble to look for it; and I will tell you what it says, also—That here at home, about the fields and hedges, which we see every day, there are animals scarcely less curious and beautiful, or less instructive in their habits and ingenious in the habitations which they construct, than those which are to be read of in the books written by travellers in foreign countries; and that if we will only look around us, and not think that anything is beneath our notice merely because it is common, we shall never want matter for study, for wonder, or for admiration."

THE FAMILY PRAYER.

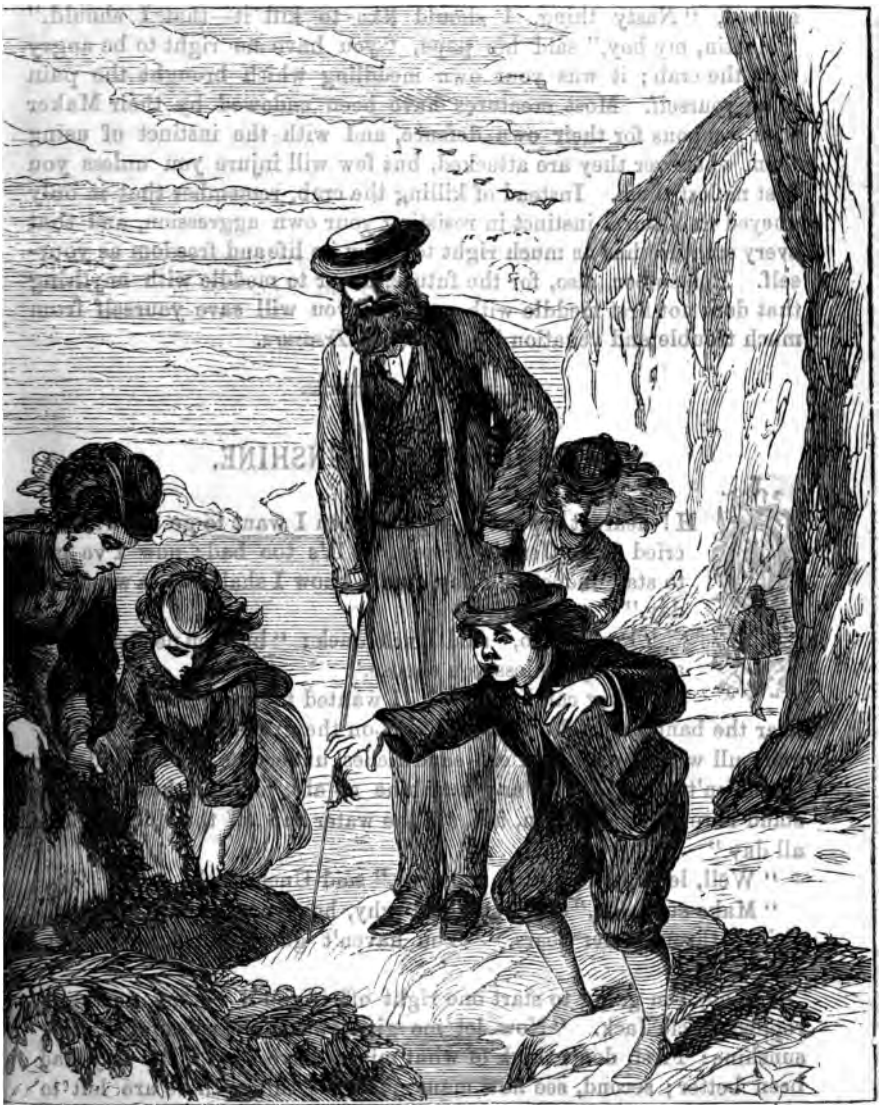
Absent was cordially welcomed to the bosom of a family moving in a high circle. He had spent many years in foreign lands. He was intelligent, moral, pleasing in his manners, a most interesting companion. There seemed only one drawback. He was a decided infidel, and not reluctant to make known his sentiments.

The hour of family prayer arrived. The custom of years was now interrupted. The members of the family gathered together. The Bible, as the Word of God, was brought forward and reverently read. He listened, but it was as to an idle tale. Then they bowed the knee in prayer. He hesitated. He never had knelt; should he do so now? But he thought, as a gentleman, he could not be singular, he must conform to those around him. So he, too, bowed the knee, but as he did so he felt that it was to God. Then too, the conviction, "There is there must be, a God whom I ought to worship," flashed upon his mind with irresistible force. The long-lost impression of early years returned. He rose from his knees a new man. One family prayer was the means of bringing a soul to life eternal.

MEDDLESOME MARTIN AND THE CRAB.

WHEN I speak of Martin Milward as "Meddlesome Martin," I do not wish you think of him as being what you should call a bad boy. On the contrary, if you look at his chubby cheeks in the picture, you will see that he looks like a very nice little fellow; and you will agree with his papa and mamma and myself in loving him very much. Altogether, Martin was a good boy; yet *he had his faults*, like most other little people; and a very great one of his was that he would always be meddling.

One summer his papa took Martin and his sisters and their cousin Isabel to the sea-side. If you look at the picture you will see them all as they took their first walk on the sands upon the evening of their



arrival. Whilst the girls were picking up sea-weed, Martin saw a small crab crawling in a little pool of water left by the tide. Martin had never seen a crab before, and of course, as usual, he laid hold of it at

once. Poor Martin, he made quite a mistake, for "snap" went the crab, and had his finger in its claw in a moment; so that, instead of catching it, Martin was caught. He quite roared with the pain; and, when the crab was shaken off into its little pool again, he said, as he sobbed, "Nasty thing, I should like to kill it—that I should." "Martin, my boy," said his papa, "you have no right to be angry with the crab; it was your own meddling which brought the pain upon yourself. Most creatures have been endowed by their Maker with weapons for their own defence, and with the instinct of using them whenever they are attacked, but few will injure you unless you first molest them. Instead of killing the crab, remember that it only obeyed its natural instinct in resisting your own aggression, and that every creature has as much right to enjoy its life and freedom as yourself. Remember, also, for the future, never to meddle with anything that does not first meddle with you, and you will save yourself from much trouble and vexation."—*Children's Treasure.*

MAKE YOUR OWN SUNSHINE.

H! dear, it always does rain when I want to go anywhere," cried little Jennie Moore. "It's too bad; now I've got to stay indoors all day, and I know I shall have a wretched day."

"Perhaps so," said Uncle Jack: "but you need not have a bad day, unless you choose."

"How can I help it? I wanted to go to the park and hear the band, and take Fido and play on the grass, have a good time, and pull wild flowers, and eat sandwiches under the trees; and now there isn't going to be any sunshine at all; and I'll have just to stand here and see it rain, and see the water run off the duck's back all day."

"Well, let's make a little sunshine," said Uncle Jack.

"Make sunshine," said Jennie; "why, how you do talk;" and she smiled through her tears. "You haven't got a sunshine factory, have you?"

"Well, I'm going to start one right off, if you'll be my partner," replied Uncle Jack. "Now let me give you three rules for making sunshine: First, don't think of what might have been if the day had been better; second, see how many pleasant things there are left to enjoy; and, lastly, do all you can to make other people happy."

"*Well, I'll try* the last thing first;" and she went to work to amuse *her little brother* Willie, who was crying. By the time she had him *riding a chair* and laughing she was laughing too.

"Well," said Uncle Jack, "I see you are a good sunshine-maker, for you've got about all you or Willie can hold just now. But let's try what we can do with the second rule."

"But I haven't anything to enjoy, 'cause all my dolls are old, and my picture-books all torn, and——"

"Hold," said Uncle Jack; "here's an old newspaper. Now, let's get some fun out of it."

"Fun out of a newspaper! Why, how you talk!"

But Uncle Jack showed her how to make a mask by cutting holes in the paper, and how to cut a whole family of paper dolls, and how to make pretty things for Willie out of the paper. Then he got out the tea-tray, and showed her how to roll a marble round it.

And so she found many a pleasant amusement, and when bed-time came she kissed Uncle Jack, and said:

"Good night, dear Uncle Jack."

"Good night, little sunshine maker," said Uncle Jack.

And she dreamed that night that Uncle Jack had built a great house, and put a sign over the door, which read:

SUNSHINE FACTORY.

Uncle Jack and Little Jennie.

She made Uncle Jack laugh when she told him her dream; but she never forgot what you must remember: "A cheerful heart makes its own sunshine."

SILVER-WHITE.

"I am black, but comely"—SONG OF SOLOMON, i. 5.

SILVER-WHITE!
Silver-white!
Swift across the flashing ocean,
With a soft, aërial motion,
Speeds the sail,
Silver-white!

Silver-white!
Silver-white!
Down the mirror of the river,
Flowing, flowing on for ever,
Glides the swan,
Silver-white!

Silver-white!
Silver-white!
From the dark skies mist-like shadows,
Gently thwart the woods and meadows,
Falls the snow,
Silver-white!

Silver-white!
Silver-white!
Child of beauty, playing yonder,
Thinking on thee, how I wonder
At thy spirit,
Silver-white!

Silver-white!
Silver-white!
Soul, by Jesus' blood redeemèd,
How art thou, so black, esteemèd
By the Judge,
Silver-white?

They "have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb"—REV. vii. 14.

THE TREASURY.

BISHOP OF MANCHESTER'S ADVICE TO THE COLLIERS.—"The prosperity of fools shall destroy them." "The fool" in the Bible did not mean an ignorant man, or one who could not read, write, and cipher; but the fool was the godless man, who said in his heart, "There is no God." The Bishop applied his remarks to the colliers in his congregation, who were earning high wages, and spending their money as fast as they got it, instead of preparing for the future.

DAYS are come in which strangers are gone forth professing to be the Bridegroom's friends. They even stand in pulpits, and give instruction in His name. By this sign you may know them. They exalt the bride rather than her Lord. They magnify His ordinances rather than Himself. They beguile her to admire herself, to lean on herself, to trust in herself, and to decorate herself in the mock robes of false humility and superstition. Take heed; the ground is slippery. It may seem pleasant to self-loving nature, but it slopes towards Antichrist.—*Dean Law.*

LONGFELLOW, on the Romish Confessional:—

"Indeed I marvel, and marvel greatly,
How a priest can sit here so sedately
Reading, the whole year, out and in,
Nought but the catalogue of sin,
And still keep any faith whatever
In human virtue! Never! never!"

A TRUE LADY.—I was once walking a short distance behind a very handsomely-dressed young girl, and thinking, as I looked at her beautiful clothes, "I wonder if she takes half as much pains with her heart as she does with her body?" A poor old man was coming up the walk with a loaded wheelbarrow, and just before he reached us he made two attempts to go in the yard of the house; but the gate was heavy, and would swing back before he could get in. "Wait," said the young girl, springing forward, "I'll hold the gate open." And she held the gate until he had passed in, and received his thanks with a pleasant smile as she passed on. "She deserves to have beautiful clothes," I thought, "for a beautiful spirit dwells in her breast."

STATISTICS OF IGNORANCE.—The President of the Statistical Board at Berlin, Doctor Schwabe, lately made a speech at a public meeting, in order to prove the deficiency of juvenile education in the centre of Germany. Children are much improved by public instruction, but they are strangely deficient in the knowledge of nature and natural phenomena. It was stated that from about 1,000 children examined before being admitted into school 777 never saw any rainbow, 633 a *field of potatoes*, 602 a butterfly, 583 the sunset, 462 the rising of the *sun*, *460* a meadow, 406 a corn-field, 387 a flock of sheep, 384 an elephant, *264* an oak-tree, and, lastly, 167 had never heard the song of the lark.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC ON PAGE 143.

1. Salmon*e* ..... Acts xxvii. 7.
2. Aaron ..... Numb. xx. 25, 26.
3. Tyr*e* ..... Isa. xxiii. 8, 9.
4. Absalo*m* ..... 2 Sam. xix. 1.
5. Naught*y* ..... Jer. xxiv. 2.

SATAN—ENEMY.

DOUBLE BIBLICAL ACROSTIC.

1. *This* magnify, O Lord, in me;
   In weakness let it perfect be.
2. *Her* heart with deep devotion stirred;
   By night, by day, her prayers are heard.
3. God owns not a divided heart:
   Those who serve Him from *this* must part.
4. In strength shall Israel be like *thee*:
   Pierced through, his foes before him flee.
5. With God's own wisdom in his hand,
   His laws *he* teaches through the land.
6. *Thus* faithlessly did she of old,
   Believing not the tidings told.

The much-loved *son*, whom to the Lord she lent,
He, to this *mother's* prayer, in answer sent.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES. By the well-known Mr. R. Young. Young and Co., Edinburgh.

In the work before us Mr. Young gives the Gospel of St. Matthew terally translated. This is valuable, not as a substitute, but as a ompanion to the received version of the Scriptures, helping to a better nderstanding of the Word of God.

THE INTERPRETER. Passmore and Alabaster, London.

Nos. 3 and 4 of this work are before us, and we find the hymns and otes as valuable as in the earlier numbers. To those who need uidance in *family worship* we commend the work, which is printed in *rge bold type.*

JULY.

PHASES OF THE MOON.

2—First Quarter .. 11h. 10m. p.m.	16—Last Quarter .. 8h. 58m
10—Full Moon .. 6h. 33m. a.m.	24—New Moon .. 10h. 34m

The Lessons are taken from the New Table.

1	Tu	Much coin, much care. Eccles. v. 12.
2	W	Every little helps. Zech. iv. 10.
3	Th	There is a silvery lining to every cloud. Psalm xliii
4	F	Rome was not built in a day. Isaiah xxviii. 10.
5	S	One never loses by doing a good turn. 1 Kings xvii.
6	☩	4th Sun. af. Trin. Lessons {Morn: 1 Samuel xii. Acts xiii. Even: 1 Samuel xiii., or Ruth i Matt. i. 18.
7	M	War is death's feast. Ezek. xxxii. 10.
8	Tu	A spark may raise an awful blaze. James iii. 5, 6.
9	W	Rule the appetite, and temper the tongue. Phil. i
10	Th	Patience is a plaster for all sores. James v. 11.
11	F	Do a little well and you do much. Col. iii. 23.
12	S	Walls have ears. Eccles. x. 20.
13	☩	5th Sun. af. Trin. Lessons {Morn.: 1 Sam. xv. to 24. Acts x Even.: 1 Sam. xvi., or 1 Sam. xvii Matt. vi. to 19.
14	M	The brightest sun will set. Rev. xxi. 23.
15	Tu	Glory surviveth good men. Prov. xiii. 22.
16	W	Curses, like chickens, come home to roost. Ps. cix. 17
17	Th	Man forgives, but God forgives and forgets. Col. ii. 1
18	F	The quiet mind enjoys the sweetest rest. Is. xxvi. 3
19	S	Muddle at home makes the husband roam. Prov. vii.
20	☩	6th Sun. af. Trin. Lessons {Morn: 2 Sam. i. Acts xxi. 17 to Even: 2 Sam. xviii. Matt. x. to
21	M	Look before you leap. Prov. xix. 15.
22	T	What you sow you must mow. 2 Cor. ix. 6.
23	W	Idleness is the root of all evil. Ezek. xvi. 49.
24	Th	Live and let live. Phil. ii. 4.
25	F	The truth may be blamed but not shamed. 1 Pet. i
26	S	Two heads are better than one. Prov. xi. 14.
27	☩	7th Sun. af. Trin. Lessons {Morn.: 1 Chron. xxi. Acts xxvi. Even.: 1 Chron. xxii., or 1 Chron. x to 21. Matt. xiii. 53, to xiv. 13.
28	M	Every Christian has a mission. Rom. xiv. 7.
29	T	Better buy than borrow. 2 Kings vi. 5.
30	W	It is better to do well than say well. James ii. 16.
31	Th	Truth will out. Prov. xi. 21.

*** Correspondents are invited to send Proverbs with suitable texts. Address, The Editor, 24, Paternoster Row, London.

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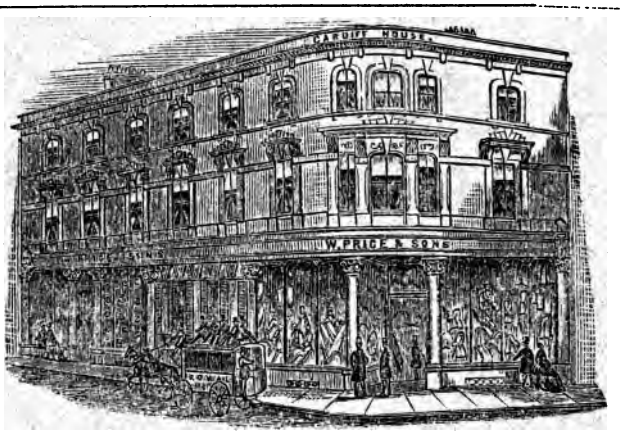
So far as the limited space at our disposal will permit, we shall at all times be willing to insert any communications from the Clergy or Laity of general interest to the Church in Wales. A synopsis of papers read at Ruri-decanal meetings will be inserted if addressed to the Editor of "The Churchman in Wales," care of Messrs. Lewis and Williams, Cardiff, before the 20th of each month. Correspondents will, of course, observe the usual regulations of the Press, viz., writing legibly on one side of the paper only, and when using a "nom de plume," sending at the same time their name and address privately to the Editor.

Advertisements, and other matters connected with the business portion of THE CHURCHMAN IN WALES, to be addressed to Mr. H. Lascelles Carr, *Western Mail* Office, Cardiff.



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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

HOW BEST TO INCREASE THE NUMBER OF CHURCH COMMUNICANTS?

THE SUBSTANCE OF A PAPER READ AT A MEETING OF THE RURAL DEANERY OF KIDWELLY, HELD AT LLANGENDWRNE.

MOST of us, I presume, will acknowledge that this is an important question—a question which must affect the welfare of the Church very materially. The number of earnest and devoted Communicants in the Church in any neighbourhood is the best witness to its vitality and power. If the Church is to succeed it must be chiefly through the good influence exerted by those who have identified themselves with it by the solemn act of partaking of the Holy Communion. The Communicants of the Church come into contact with their neighbours every day, and meet them in all the varied phases of life, and, if by such frequent contact they influence them for good, then they individually —and especially in the aggregate—become a mighty power, leavening the whole neighbourhood with a healthful Christianity. This is the desired issue of all our labours, and much must the heart of every true Churchman rejoice when this is approximately attained.

In order that the Church may lay hold upon the sympathies of the inhabitants of any town, village, or neighbourhood, it is absolutely necessary for it to show that it has done some real work. *By saying real* work, I mean something besides building *churches; for the true* spiritual progress of the Church does not *consist in the erection* of any number of churches, however spacious

and magnificent they may be. The most gorgeous temples of wood and stone may be erected to the worship of God, and the spiritual temple may remain stationary, or even fall into ruins. When the Church gathers together many "living stones," and builds them up on Jesus Christ, the Chief Corner-stone, and the one Foundation of the Church, then it performs a real work—a work that will stand the testing fire of the last day, when the wood and hay and stubble shall be consumed. This real work is a very different thing from that of seeking numbers for the sake of numbers, and multiplying Communicants of all kinds, reputable and disreputable, in order to make a fair statistical show before the world. It may be well for us to bear in mind that heaven has its statistics too; it is said that "God *writeth up the people*," and He only writes the names of those *born* in Sion. It may seem a very common-place remark that numbers alone do not constitute the strength of any community. Tares swell up the bulk of the produce of a field, but do not add to the real harvest. The chaff magnifies the heap on the garner floor, but adds nothing to the value of the store of the granary. So the merely nominal in the Church, although they may look well in figures and swell up statistics, are no real strength to the Church. When the Church, by the right and due administration of its Holy Sacraments—by the faithful and earnest preaching of Christ Crucified, and by its high spiritual life, gathers into its fellowship a great number of earnest and devoted souls, then it does a real work in the world.

By such means it will increase its efficiency, for as the number of Communicants is increased the number of workers is increased, at least it is to be hoped so. Every effort should be made to engage every new Communicant in some definite work in the Church and for the Church. No one can calculate the amount of good that might be effected, were everyone to feel that he or she had some definite work to perform. The vineyard of God would flourish and grow far better than it does were everyone that enters there to do his best to cultivate it and keep it in order; but hitherto a good many have entered it with no other end in view than to enjoy themselves, forgetting that the highest enjoyment is found in active exertion. The market-place, and not the vineyard, is the place for drones. A large accession of earnest workers would be a great blessing to the Church.

But how to increase the number? This question is surrounded with difficulties—difficulties which are felt in most parishes and districts, especially in large towns and mining and manufacturing districts. The general method adopted by the Church—if it may be called a method at all—does not seem to answer the purpose. Its failure may be partly accounted for on the following grounds:—*The method is too distant and cold and formal when dealing with*

higher interests of men. To have it announced publicly, either lly or in the Parish Magazine or Almanack that the clergyman the parish or district will, at certain times, be in the vestry in er to meet any who may feel desirous of becoming Communi- its, is certainly a very cold and formal manner of dealing with n in a religious sense. There is in most people a kind of desty and a shrinking back when thinking about taking upon m an open profession of religion. That weakness or diffidence many cases betrays a trait of character indicative of a noble nd and heart, and it would not be well to destroy it. The inking and tremulous seekers after Truth are often the most cere Christians, and there may be many a modest person of too id and shrinking a nature to go to a clergyman and face him in rivate interview, who, if there were some method of meeting h persons in their weakness may become most earnest and ful members of the Church. So long as the clergy wait for ple to go to them, either to the vestry or their own houses, I that the number of Communicants in the Church will continue e small.

Some may be ready to advance the plea that house-to-house tation supplies the deficiency in the former method. I admit t it may to a certain extent; but even the most diligent Visitor n house-to house cannot adequately meet the difficulty: for se-to-house visitation presents several difficulties when an mpt is made to speak to people respecting their duty of be- ing Communicants.

Here is the difficulty of meeting people at home especially the n who are engaged during the day either in the Office, or Shop, or ge, or Pit—and if these men are to be seen at their houses at the Clergyman must thrust himself into the workman's Cottage nconvenient hours, possibly to the disgust of the working-man ugh he and his family may have sufficient good manners to ceal their feelings of annoyance from the Rev. Visitor.

Then again, even though he should meet the family at home, it not judicious and becoming to obtrude religious questions upon person in the presence of the family. This remark of course pplicable only to the case of the working-man who in many es has no un-occupied apartment into which he may ask the rgyman who may call upon him.

Well, then, what can be done? It seems to me that it would be ood thing to have a kind of service after the ordinary service of Church is over in order to give opportunities for people to show ir desire of becoming Communicants. For such a service, those o are Communicants already, and those who may feel a desire becoming Communicants may be requested to remain. If the rgyman should see any who are not Communicants amongst se who remained, he might then read some portion of the *yer-book bearing upon the* Holy Communion and the duties and *lifications of those who* are invited by the Church to draw near

and take the Holy Sacrament for their comfort. A short practical address explanatory of such portions of the Prayer-book would be very suitable, and be the means perhaps of encouraging those who may hesitate to become Communicants from a misapprehension of certain passages of the Communion Office which are naturally calculated to deter and have deterred many from partaking of the Holy Communion.

Such a method as the above has its advantages. One is the influence of others. Although religion is a personal matter, yet it has its social aspect also. In this social sense every person is subject to the influence of others and the power of numbers. When persons stay behind at such a service they stay in company with others and seeing others may encourage and strengthen the weak and help the vacillating to decide. Such a method would to a certain degree meet the diffident in their modesty.

Then according to such a method the opportunity to decide is given to people when they may be supposed at least to be in a state of mind most favourable to religion. If the service of our Church leave an impression upon the minds of the people and if the preaching produce any good effect, then an opportunity at the close of such a service when such impressions are produced may be the best opportunity possible for gathering into the fold of the Church such as have always had pleasure in attending its services.

The above method may appear to some as novel and possibly un-church-like, and may be only regarded in order to be rejected; but I think it can be safely stated that there is nothing in the plan suggested that is in the least opposed to the spirit and genius of the Church and its services. But even though it should not quite accord with the letter of the directions of the Church, still it may not do any harm to the Church to act occasionally from hints and suggestions outside of itself. The Church may in more senses than one become a great deal more eclectic and fare all the better for it. It is a pity to see it bound hand and foot in the shackles of a false Conservatism which restrains its energies and paralyzes all its efforts.

P.S.—With your permission, Mr. Editor, I may send a paper for some future number of the "Churchman in Wales" on "How to gather the young into the Church and how to retain them in her fellowship."

W. C. DAVIES.

THE PURITAN DIRECTORY.

THE religion of the Church of England, as to its Forms of public worship, has been accused by the Dissenters of being a Parliamentary religion. Whether this is the case or not, the religion of Dissenters, as to its forms of public worship, is most certainly a Parliamentary religion; that is to say, a religion proposed, approved, and sanctioned by an English Parliament.

The Puritans of Cromwell's time had denounced the Church Book of Common Prayer, as unfit to lead the devotions of the people. A Committee was appointed to agree upon certain general heads, for the direction of the minister in discharge of his office before the congregation: and they drew up a *Directory for Public Worship.* This book was not so much a Form of Devotion, as a Manual of Directions: the minister being allowed the discretion, either to make the most of what was provided for him in that book, or to use his own abilities to supply what he considered needful.

A few of the variations, especially directed against the usuages of the Church, were the following:—The rejection of the Apocrypha—the discountenance of Private Baptism—of baptismal sponsors—of the sign of the Cross—of the wedding ring—and of the communion of the sick at home; with a preference of a sitting or standing, to a kneeling posture. All Saints' Days were discarded, and all ministering vestments. No Service was appointed for the Burial of the Dead. No Creed was recited. The Ten Commandments were not read. This was in the year 1644. The King, (Charles I,) denounced the Directory by a counter-proclamation.

This Parliamentarian Form of Public Devotion is intituled "A Directory for the Public Worship of God, throughout the three kingdoms of England, Scotland and Ireland. Together with an Ordinance of Parliament for the taking away the Book of Common Prayer, and the establishing and observing of this present Directory throughout the kingdom of England and the dominion of Wales."

The minister is to begin the public Service with prayer, in a short form, for a blessing on the portion of the Word then to be read. All the Canonical Books are to be read over in order, ordinarily, one chapter of each Testament at each meeting. After reading and singing, a long prayer before the sermon. After the sermon, follows a prayer of thanksgiving. The Lord's Prayer, as being not only a pattern of prayer, but being itself a most comprehensive prayer is recommended to be used in the prayers of the Church.

The above Parliamentary directions are followed by the Non-conformists of the present day,—with two important exceptions. The edicts of that Puritan Parliament were annulled in this behalf by the return of Charles II to the throne of his ancestors. So the above directions no longer bound the Dissenters: and they acquired a toleration to worship God in the way they thought best. They clung however to the Directory, and still cling to it, with, as I said two important exceptions, exceptions that would have horrified even the Puritans themselves, of that ye of formality and hyprocrisy.

One exception is this:—We see that the Directory enjoins the reading of the Canonical Books of the Old and New Testaments in order. Now the Dissenters, with exceedingly few and diminishing exceptions, when the Parliamentary Rubrics lost their authority, discarded this portion of the directions entirely: going, as everything anti-scriptural must do, from bad to worse, sinking deeper and deeper by the force of their own dead weight. The Church orders not only two chapters to be read, in every service, but also several Psalms, besides the Epistle and Gospel, and the Scripture Canticles. The Directory ordered that two chapters were to be read in each Service; counting a Psalm a Chapter; but then, this was to be done with an eye to such order, that the whole Bible was to be, in time, read through. But the Nonconformists of the present day, (and for some generations past), read, indeed, one Psalm or Chapter, but without any order or even a shadow of order whatever. You might worship in a Chapel for twenty years without hearing, a single chapter read from Isaiah or Jeremiah, or St. John's gospel, or Epistles. The reading there of the word of God, is a purely random proceeding, without the slightest attempt at any order or sequence. And is this "the rightly distributing the word of truth?" Could hatred of the rubrics of the Church go further than this in the matter of reading scripture in the congregation? I remember asking an innocent kind of neighbour why he frequented chapel rather than Church. He answered in all simplicity, "They read too much of that Bible in Church."

The Dissenters are zealous for the Bible, and are fond of extolling the Bible Society, boasting of it as their own blessed institution, and supporting it with wonderful liberality. It is the Book of their Sunday schools, the Book of their private *devotions*. You would expect that their public worship *would consist* of scarcely anything else than scriptures. But

woful to think! they distribute it there to the worshippers in such scant portions as thoroughly to belie their loud professions! And all this is obedience to a Parliamentarian Directory. That is, (thank God) no longer in force! Now these are the very religionists you could *à priori* expect would, when the proper time came, exclude the Bible from day-schools. And their doing so is in complete harmony with that Godless directory of theirs. Look at their doings. First of all, in the spirit of that Parliamentary Directory, they exclude the Bible from public worship, all but the smallest *modicum*, a Chapter or a Psalm or so, and the text of the sermon. Thus they exclude it *totally* from the day-schools as far as in them lies. And yet these are the people that profess such reverence for the Bible: these are the Bible-society people! The wickedness of schism is full of such inconsistences.

The second exception which we find in the practice of Dissenters to the recommendation of the Directory is this: The Directory recommended that the Lord's Prayer should form a part of Divine Service. The Dissenters, with the exception of a few, (and these few are becoming fewer and fewer,) utterly exclude the Lord's Prayer from *all* their public and family ministrations. It is never heard before or after the sermon, it is never heard in the Sunday School (as part of devotion), it is never heard in the prayer meeting, it is never heard in the private society, it is never heard in their family prayers. Our Saviour's express command is, "When ye pray, say Our Father," &c. The Directory recommends (forsooth!) this Divine Prayer to be said, but leaves it to the option of the Minister to say it or not, as he thinks the doing so or not to be most edifying. The Dissenters of this age (according to the example, doubtless, of many Dissenters of that age,) avail themselves of this discretion, and deem it more edifying *never* to say it in their public or family worship.

At heart, I know many of the Dissenters are not so slavish and hard-hearted as this. Not many nights ago, I happened to overhear a good old Calvinistic Methodist saying his private prayers at his bed-side, which, as many old people do, he did aloud. I was amazed and delighted to find him say the Lord's Prayer with much devotion and unction after his other prayer. It turned out that he had always been in the habit of doing so from a child. I pitied the good old man from my heart, that under the tyranny of the traditional Directory of the Puritans, he was deprived of that Prayer's

consolation in the Chapel he used to frequent. I asked him why he did not use it in his family. He said, "If I did so, I should be reprimanded in our very next private meeting: so I dare not."

But to return to the Directory. One most cruel thing is its forbidding to administer the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper to the sick at home. But most of the Nonconformists rigidly follow out this piece of religious cruelty. And, in conformity with the Directory, they very rarely administer Private Baptism in houses; which I look upon as another instance of religious heartlessness.

So far I have traced the practical effect of this Parliamentary Ordinance on the public ministrations of our present Dissenters, and have shewn that in some points they out-Herod even the very Directory itself, by utterly excluding *all order* in reading Chapters and Psalms from the Bible, and by utterly excluding the Lord's Prayer.

But there are one or two points in which the Dissenters of our day act *very much better* than they are commanded to do by this Act of the Puritan Parliament. And I trust they do so from conscience, and not under the pressure of law or of public opinion. I will mention two points.

First: about the *wedding-ring*. The Directory disallows the wedding-ring. But I believe there is no instance in these days of its omission in the marriages of Dissenters. No Dissenting woman would for a moment think of being married without it.

The other point is the Service for Burial. The Directory forbids any religious Service whatever on that solemn occasion. The simple direction in it is this: "When any person departeth this life, let the dead body upon the day of burial be decently attended from the house to the place appointed for public burial, and there immediately interred, without any ceremony." One cannot but see, from this savage direction, to what lengths of barbarous heartlessness Puritanism can conduct its votaries!

But the healthy voice of public opinion soon interposed to counteract this. Not even the most thorough-going Dissenter would now tolerate such a cold-blooded injunction. And even Mr. Osborne Morgan's Burial Bill contemplates some religious Service in the case of every Christian burial.

I think I have succeeded in proving that the religion of Dissenters, as to their forms of Public Worship, is a Parliamentarian religion.

BARNABAS.

CHURCH LITERATURE AS DESCRIBED BY THE "CHURCH TIMES," JULY 11, 1873.

"THE ultra-Low Church party never read nor think. It is ceasing to work or pray. It can only scold. Dissent, therefore, does not borrow from it: in truth the loans are all the other way.

"The Broad Church party, though it does not work even as much as the Low Church remnant, and prays still less, has at any rate a minority in it which reads and thinks; though the ruck of the school is made up of dunces who have learnt a few slang clap-traps by rote, and varnish over their own incapacity by incessantly repeating them. Many of these clap-traps are new and attractive to Liberal Dissenters, who are repelled by the exceeding narrowness of sectarian Shibboleths, and thus there is a Broad School amongst Nonconformists. But when thoughtful Dissenters wish to pass into the stage of actual reforms, the Broad Church School, which is essentially a talking, not a working body, can do nothing as teacher or pattern, and recourse must needs be had to the remaining section, which is the only one which makes literary culture, practical energy, and devotional thought, and thus exercises a threefold power of attraction.

"This remark of ours will be at once denounced as a mere *ex-parte* eulogium on our own school. We appeal to facts. If we take the first matter, it will suffice to mention the distinguished names in literature on the High Church side, which far outnumber the half-dozen Broad Churchmen who are made to do duty for their whole school. If six of the leading Broad Churchmen be withdrawn from the effective list, the remainder will show very poorly indeed. We do not ourselves know of six Low Churchmen all told who take literary rank at all. In the matter of practical energy Broad Churchmen are out of the field altogether, and Low Churchmen are abandoning this ground, which they once held with great honour to themselves. But now, it is matter of notoriety that the least work is done where Puritanism is in the ascendant, and that the first thought of an Evangelical clergyman on entering on a new incumbency is what services and other Church privileges he

can at once reduce in number, so as to enable him to be more than his predecessor could. As to the third matter, there are absolutely no Broad Church devotional books at all, and Mr. Macintosh's publishing list practically exhausts the Low Church supply, for the religious works which issue from the presses of Messrs. Seeley, Nisbet, and Hatchard are not devotional at all, while it is difficult for even a bookseller to keep pace with the continual pour of works of the kind from the High Church publishers, Masters, Parker, Hayes, Palmer, Bell and Daldy, and Rivingtons."

N.B.—If the above article in the *Church Times* is to be regarded as one of the best illustrations of Church Literature, it must be confessed that 'bad is the best.'

THE PRESS AND THE PRELATES.

THE late Daniel O'Connell used to declare that he was the best abused man in Great Britain. If he were alive now the English bishops may contend with him for that high honour, and claim the distinction (which O'Connell could not claim) of being abused more frequently by friends than by foes. The Low Church clergy are scolding the bishops for not being Protestant enough, whilst the High Church clergy are scolding them for being too Protestant, and it is highly probable now that if an angel came down from heaven and tried to please everybody, his experience would be very much like that of a certain traveller in the flesh driving a four-footed beast in an old fable, who in times past tried to please everybody with very indifferent success.

It is strange too that those ministers—(We humbly beg pardon, we meant to say "priests.")—who profess in principle to hold up the authority of the Church on the very highest pinnacles are just those who in practice are most constantly rebelling against the authority of the bishops. No Carlist in Spain, and no Communist in France, has more defiantly trodden authority under his feet than have some of the aristocratic Anglican priests. When they could not do it openly they have done it secretly, cunningly, stealthily, it may be dishonestly—but still they have done it. Not only so, but they have looked down from this altitude upon their Low Church brethren, very much like the patricians of old looked down upon the plebeians—as people very much beneath them, and to be Low Church seems to be in their estimation very low indeed: *breakers of* ordination vows, and faithless children of the Church.

Is it at all surprising then that our forefathers—plain, common-

sensed men of observation as they were—should have transmitted to us the homely proverb that "parsons do not always practice what they preach?" Is it not another form of the expression "physician heal thyself," tending to show how very much doctors and parsons are like other people? Neither the white neckcloth, nor any article of wearing apparel of any particular cut, nor the letters M.D. nor D.D. matter very much; the individual beneath the name and the neckcloth—black or white—will assert his relationship to his Great-grandfather Adam within the same common degree of collateral consanguinity, whatever degrees or distinctions may follow his name, If any person wishes particularly to anatomize the subject-nature of a parson he has only to dissect himself. Nevertheless it must be satisfactory to the English bishops to find two such opposite characters as Canon Ryle and Archdeacon Denison finding fault with them. It is in harmony with that great balance of antagonistic forces which pervades all creation. The Rector of Merthyr—whether he intended it or not—paid the bishops a very great compliment when he said in one of those eccentric essays, called sermons, which he has published in the *Western Mail*, that "The finest lever watch that was ever put together has not had a nicer balance than the episcopal mind has when it is called upon to decide a question that must have an answer one way or another."

There can be no doubt that a well balanced mind is the greatest gift of God to man, and from the want of it arises all our woe, social, civil, political, and religious. In just the same way as commercial insolvencies are constantly occurring from unbalanced accounts, so the loss of truth—a much greater insolvency—is constantly occurring from unbalanced minds. Perhaps the worthy Rector would scarcely admit that women are considered the weaker vessels because their affections often overbalance their good sense. But, be that as it may, most men suffer their prejudices or their passions to outweigh their reason, and thus they become unbalanced and one-sided men. The losses inflicted on society from this cause are infinitely greater than those which are adjusted in the Bankruptcy Courts. To have a mind balanced like a lever watch is a great desideratum, of which the Rector of Merthyr furnishes a happy illustration, and the bishops may thank God and take courage when the impulsive Rector admits that they possess well-balanced minds.

We may safely conclude that bishops in these times do not eat "the bread of idleness" by day and sleep "on beds of roses" by night, and there may be something more than fun in the *jeu d'esprit* from the pen of Dean Alford which the *Guardian* has recently brought to light—

> "I'm glad I'm not a Bishop,
> To have to walk in gaiters,
> And get my conduct pulled about
> By democrat dictators.

While I by my cathedral
Sit writing at my ease,
And fanning my grey temples
With the wanton summer breeze.

From Longley down to Sodar,
From Exeter to Lincoln,
They've knots to cut, or to untie
Would make me mad to think on."

It seems the scribes, not content with overhauling the ecclesiastical shortcomings of the bishops, have recently been making philosophical speculations as to the nature of episcopal hospitalities. A sprightly writer in *London Society* discourseth after this fashion on the subject :—

"There was rather an odd debate in Convocation the other day in which various Right Reverend Prelates in discussing the subject of the increase of the Episcopate, also discussed ways and means, and compared expenditure and experiences. The debate set me meditating on the agreeable subject of popular prelates, the social aspects of hierarchical life, that very human practical side of life which these great beings so freely exposed to the gaze of all readers of the ecclesiastical newspapers. I think there was a certain something in the debate which most readers would like ; the Bishops complained of hard times, increased expences, and insufficient income ; yet as a rule, they seemed willing to sub-divide their dioceses, and to make sacrifices, that they may attain their objects. Novelists have often had a great deal to say about Bishops. Both Thackery and Dickens introduced them ; and the Bishop of Barchester is as well known as any prelate on the bench. We will humbly venture to speak a little about Bishops—as they do not hesitate to speak rather freely about themselves.

"Still I think that some of these confessions, which perhaps the Bishops made in imitation of St. Augustine, are open to criticism. The bishops talk a great deal about their hospitality. A bishop we know is supposed to be given to hospitality. Perhaps something depends on what he means by hospitality. The amount of actual hospitality exercised by bishops towards the humble curates of a diocese is, I imagine, extremely limited. I have heard of very few authentic instances, except on the great event of a curate's life—his ordination. As a matter of fact, I believe that bishops receive from their clergy more hospitalities than they exhibit. Whenever a bishop comes to do Episcopal work, preach a sermon, hold a confirmation, preside over a meeting, the local clergyman always takes him in, perhaps his horses as well, and his chaplain, almost to a certainty. Some bishops are more considerate, and make the clergyman they visit, act as chaplain for the nonce. Sometimes the prelate condescends to prolong his stay for several *days. The Bishop's* visit is an immense event in the history of a

quiet parsonage. What it is like, may be seen in a characteristic passage in the life of Charlotte Brontë. She tells how Dr. Longley came to Haworth parsonage; what an excitement it was, and how she got the headache afterwards. Archbishop Longley was the most benignant of men; and Charlotte Brontë pronounced him to be every inch a bishop. He looked it every inch. Every preparation is made to receive the right reverend prelate, and as it is supposed that he will only eat and drink of the best, strenuous efforts are made to provide the best for him. Of course, bishops are as moderate, perhaps more moderate than most people, and can take very hard exercise. As a rule, they are a much less rubicund body of men than the judges. There are bishops who would surpass the hardiest of their clergy in predestrianism and climbing feats. Still, the rural clergyman lays himself out to commit perhaps his solitary extravagance in the course of the year that he may do honour to his diocesan. It is a good opportunity of gathering his friends and leading parishoners around him and doing things in the style of the old days, before his income was stationary, and his family anything but stationary. I know a place where a bishop's incursion is a sort of pic-nic. One friend sends in grapes, another a pheasant, another a raised pie, another a brace of bottles of old wine—and then they rejoice together over these good things, and their bishop.

"The great man comes—gives kindly speeches, and gracious glances, deplores, the spread of revolutionary principles makes a number of personal inquiries whenever he can find common ground, and departs—having conferred as much kindness as he has received. We are not criticising or finding fault with this kind of hospitality; no donbt it is genial and graceful. Our point is, that the bishop shows no such extent of hospitality that requires a large expenditure, or warrants an expression of regret over a limited income. In the first place, he gets as much hospitality as he gives. In the next place, he does not give very much, and what he gives need only be of the simplest kind. The clergyman would value a chop and a glass of sound sherry, with a little real kindness and counsel from his diocesan, much more than coming as one of two dozen to a banqnet, or one of two hundred to a garden party. The real expenses of a bishop which sometimes make him complain that he could not get on upon his episcopal income, unless a private fortune were superadded, lie in his large establishment; the many menials, expenses of his horses, the heavy bills with the tradespeople; and it is too bad that the poorer clergy should be credited with this heavy expenditure. The bishop is a county magnate, and he associates with other county magnates, and his 'light' and 'sweetness,' wines and dishes are generally reserved for them. It is rather hard to charge to the account of poor parsons what is really spent on the great ones of the earth.

"*Something more* might be said of episcopal hospitalities. A *bishop's dinners, within* living memory, have been very awful

affairs. A crowd of guests assembled in the drawing room, and were left to entertain each other. Just before dinner was ready, the great man made his appearance, and transacted some hurried greetings. Then he shuffled down stairs and took his seat at the head of the table. His secretary would take the other end of the table, crack his jokes, call for wine, and keep up the conversation. The bishop would make a few remarks to his right-hand neighbour and to his left—and make his escape as soon as he could.

"He treated his guests after the fashion of a Duke of Omnium, but for a very different reason. The bishop was a learned man, and a good one, but shy and nervous—hardly equal to the duties of hospitality, but desirous to discharge them, and to get out of them as soon as he could. There are several bishops who fill their houses with guests, but the guests complain that they see little or nothing of their hosts. It is rather hard when the guests are not only friends, but relations, and have seen nothing of their distinguished relative for many long years.

"There was one very kindly old Bishop, who filled his nice house with nice people, but only showed at a late dinner. His guests might see him walking about in a part of his garden (where none dared to intrude), reading a book and feeding his ducks. He was very nice during dinner, but would fall asleep directly afterwards. The difficult point with the guests was, whether they should wake him up to say good night, or leave him alone. In the latter case, the good bishop being a bachelor, would fall asleep in his arm-chair until he was picked up by the housemaid in the morning. There is an amusing traditional story of Bishop Warburton still preserved at Gloucester. Warburton was a warm-hearted impulsive man, who loved to enjoy himself, and see others around him do the same. A young curate was dining with him, who was too modest to take any wine, and too awe-struck to enter into conversation. All his endeavours were fruitless, and at last, the bishop quite lost patience. Sir, he shouted, if you're a man, talk, and if you're a fish, drink.

"Bishops do not now give much wine, but I suppose their wine is very good. I suppose that a wine-merchant would naturally send a bishop good wine. One day I met a high cathedral dignitary, somewhat of a valetudinarian, who was naturally obliged to pay considerable attention to diet. 'I have been obliged to pay considerable attention to what I drink,' he said, 'and, after a good deal of trial and attention, I have found out that upon the whole, Champagne is the most wholesome drink I can take, as an ordinary beverage. I don't take it however, on Fridays in Lent,' he added; and then, with a deep heartfelt sigh, 'I find it a great deprivation.'"

"We are treading on high and difficult ground when we speak of bishops; but episcopal stories are by no means the worst, or afford the least curious experiences. Bishop Blomfield used to tell a story of having been waited on by a deputation headed by a

colonel in the army, to request him to make provision that the inmates of lunatic asylums should be regularly visited by the parochial clergy. The bishop answered that he did not know whether the clergy would like this additional burden, and, even if they did, he hardly thought this would give any additional security for the comfort of lunatics. 'But,' rejoined the colonel, 'we would hail with satisfaction any additional security; for I can assure your lordship that there is not a single member of this deputation *who has not himself, at some time or other, been an inmate of a lunatic asylum!*' The bishop certainly felt relieved when this singular deputation left his apartment. He tells stories rather against his own order. Earl Spencer was introduced one day to a bishop's wife who was accompanying her husband on a visitation. He found her sitting in a room at an hotel clad in all the colours of the rainbow and covered with diamonds. The sight of such a mass of splendour overpowered him, and the earl is described as being struck 'all of a heap.' In the meanwhile, the bishop had been inflicting a 'visitation' on his clergy of the severest and most violent kind. We know the instance of a clergyman who once suddenly came into possession of immense estates. His wife invited some visitors to her splendid country residence, and, on the first morning of their stay, she received them at the breakfast-table in a low dress with a profusion of diamonds. One extraordinary visitation charge came incidentally to our notice. We are bound, however, to say that it was not by a bishop but by an archdeacon, a gentleman who 'discharges archidiaconal functions' and is *oculus episcopi*. He concluded his charge with the following affecting language: 'I must now, gentlemen, bring these remarks to a conclusion. I suppose we shall presently meet again for the purposes of refection, at our customary hotel in this city. I am happy to inform you that, since we last assembled, there has been a considerable reduction in the charges of the establishment.'

"The very essence of a prelate is to be popular. It is to many his final cause—the *raison d'être*. He has probably risen by the art of pleasing, and that gay science remains. When people were once discussing the character of a certain bishop, Dr. Parr turned round and said: 'Sir, he is a poor paltry prelate, proud of petty popularity, and perpetually preaching to petticoats.' Dr. Parr's language here, as so often, is exaggerated, and let us hope that, for the sake of alliteration, his phraseology has been peculiarly paradoxical and parabolical. Whatever else a bishop may be he is generally an astute man of the world. He studies society and character. He is as well read as any novelist in the lore of the human heart. He is a safe card, and his presence always ensures attention and confers distinction. The bishop knows society well. He might, perhaps, have given a hint to Chesterfield, or have deepened the cynicism of Selwyn. Those who wish to know *to what rare heights* the charm of manner may be carried

might study the social ways of bishops. The gracious accent, the honeyed tone, the beaming eye, the affectionate interest, not to mention the neat repartee, flow of eloquence, and store of anecdote, all make such a prelate popular. No wonder that he is eagerly engaged for a dinner weeks and weeks beforehand, and that his engagements are several deep a night in the height of the season.

"It does not follow, however, that such a prelate is equally gracious and popular outside the limits of the society which he adorns. The Proudie portraiture is hardly an exaggeration. He may lead a cat and dog life with his wife. He may quarrel with his son who has had a discreditable career at the University, and his daughter who wishes to make a match of which he disapproves. Now and then a prelate makes himself extremely popular in his parental arrangements. I remember the case of a young and almost penniless curate who was staying at an episcopal palace. He had managed to fall in love with the bishop's daughter. He thought it advisable to abbreviate his visit, and went to the father to explain the reason. His lordship inquired whether he had told his feelings to the daughter, and received the reply which he had expected. 'You are a good fellow,' said the bishop. 'I do not see any reason why you should not be my son-in-law. You are a good scholar, a good curate, a good man. My daughter will be safe and happy with you.' It must be owned, however, that bishops possess peculiar facilities in helping on their clerical sons-in-law. Other bishops are by no means so amiable. The man may be captious, irritable, impatient. It is said of a late very eminent bishop that he once rated a young clergyman very soundly after this style. The fact is given in a published memoir. 'My lord,' said the young fellow, 'you are called my Father in God. Permit me to inquire whether you consider that you have spoken as a father to me just now?' The generous-hearted bishop heard the reproof and, conscience-stricken, burst into tears. One day a poor parson was seen coming from a bishop's palace. 'You have seen the bishop then?' 'Yes,' was the answer, 'and I had rather any day meet my Maker than meet my bishop.' Bishops know, however, how to combine the *suaviter* with the *fortiter*, and to put the velvet over the steel. A friend of mine once had to see the late Bishop of Exeter on some long and painful matter, and that renowned Henry of Exeter knew not only to hold his own but to take, in matters of patronage, the own of other people. Battle was waged all the morning, and then the guest crossed the little bridge that led into the pleasant sea-swept garden of Bishopstowe. Presently the bishop was seen running after him from the front door and exclaiming, in his softest tones, 'My dear friend, let me implore you, whatever you do, not to turn to the left. You will meet the east wind.' Once a young Fellow of a college entertained me with an account of a long conversation which he had had with a right reverend prelate. The bishop had spent all the time in affectionately urging upon him the necessity of wearing goloshes.

(To be Continued.)

THE SEA WAVES.

O ye breakers of the ocean,
Endless sound, unresting motion!
Now ye lash, now kiss the shore,
But ye wear it evermore.

God hath given you the command
Ceaselessly to frit the strand,
And its atoms in the deep
Spread where future islands sleep.

In the storm rolls on your wave,
Like a dread and mighty slave;
In the sunbeam, as ye bask,
Aye, ye do your Maker's task.

Whether calm or troubled days
Sink me low or upward raise,
I will learn the lore from you,
Evermore my work to do.

SERMON.

DELIVERANCE FROM SIN.

BY THE REV. GORDON CALTHROP, M.A., VICAR OF ST. AUGUSTINE'S, HIGHBURY NEW PARK.

"In whom we have redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins."—COLOSSIANS i. 14.

IN the verses which immediately precede our text, St. Paul has been speaking of the privileges of the true believer; and you will observe that these privileges are described as being matters of actual and present, and not merely of future enjoyment. The Apostle, for instance, alludes to a fitness for heaven, a meetness to partake in the inheritance of the saints in light, but the fitness, by his showing, is a present fitness; the adaptation has already taken place; it is something which the Father hath bestowed on those who believe in the name of His Son. Then mention is made of deliverance from the dominion and tyranny of sin; this, too, is a blessing which has been already bestowed. The Apostle does not tell us that God will deliver His people, but that God hath delivered His people from the power and dominion of spiritual darkness. Having Christ, he has all the blessings which are included in the possession of Christ, and amongst them redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sin. We have, then, Christian brethren, thus suggested to us at the very outset an exceedingly important topic of Divine truth. There are two distinct methods, perhaps, by which all sinful creatures may hope to attain to the favour of an offended God. The one is by doing something ourselves, the other is by simply accepting and resting upon something which has been done for us. To which of the two methods our hearts most naturally incline I need scarcely remind you. There are hundreds of thousands of people in our Christian congregations who would consider it a piece of the most unwarrantable presumption to believe that their sins are blotted out, and that they are now received into the favour of God. What is their dependence? What is their hope? Their hope is that not now, but by-and-bye, after they have offered more prayers, after they have done more good deeds, after they have attended more services, after they have been present more frequently at the Holy Communion, after they have humbled themselves more, God may *think fit to* look upon them, and of His infinite mercy to extend to them *the blessing* of the forgiveness of their sins.

They depend, as you see, partly at least, upon what they themselves *have done* or are going to do. They place the Divine pardon at the

end, and not at the beginning of a Christian career; they make it the result and consequence, not the cause of a holy and devoted life. Now, God's method of salvation is precisely the reverse of this. What man places at the end He places at the beginning; what man teaches us to work to He teaches us to work from. He proclaims to us in His Word a complete and finished and present salvation. Turning away our thoughts entirely from our own doings He fixes upon that which Jesus Christ hath done. And such seems to me to be the teaching of the Apostle in the passage before us, when he makes the assertion that in Christ we have not that we shall have—"redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of our sins."

There are two topics which present themselves to our notice:—

I.—First, the Apostle represents redemption as being identical with forgiveness of sins. Now, what is redemption? It is something, of course, more than deliverance or rescue. If you see a man in danger, and plunge in and pluck him out, at whatever cost to yourself, you save him, but you do not redeem him. If you see a man tyrannized over and oppressed by a powerful enemy, and you interfere and snatch him out of that enemy's hand, your act is an act of deliverance and not of redemption. Redemption, properly speaking, is the release of a man from the power which another has obtained over him, and release effected by the payment of a certain stipulated price or ransom. In spiritual things the man who is to be redeemed has passed by his own act and deed, by his own sin, into the power of his enemy, and the ransom is one which the enemy cannot, if he will, refuse to accept. Now we, by our transgression, actually and imperatively had exposed ourselves to the curse of God's violated law. "Cursed is he," we read, "that continueth not in all things that are written in the book of the law to do them." The law, which knows and can know no pity, no relenting, no grace, has us in its grasp; we are under its power, and it will hold us fast, and will inflict upon us, except we be delivered, that fearful penalty which is spiritual and eternal death. "The soul that sinneth it shall die." But if by any means that penalty has been remitted, and we be forgiven, then we are so far redeemed from the curse of the law. In this sense, then, as you see, the forgiveness of sins is equivalent to redemption. But sin has done other things for us besides exposing us to the curse of a broken law. It has not only made us liable to the penalty of death, but it has also brought us under its own power and made us its slaves; and, again, the way to set us free from this power, the way to redeem us, is to grant and to extend to us the forgiveness of our sins.

II.—And now we come to notice, in the second place, that this redemption is effected through the precious blood of Jesus Christ. Now, you *may notice here* the choice of the words, "the blood of *Christ*." *That choice is of itself* a testimony to the fact that the idea

of expiation was in the writer's mind when he penned the sentence. He does not say, you will observe, "redemption through His *death*," but "redemption through His *blood*." I dare say most of you will remember a somewhat remarkable passage in the Epistle to the Philippians, in which St. Paul speaks of the exaltation of Christ as the consequence or result of His voluntary self-humbling. "He made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of man, and, being found in fashion as a man, He humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." Now, in this passage, as you will notice, the Apostle speaks of Christ's death, and not of Christ's blood. And why? Because the idea which was uppermost in his mind at the time was the idea of Christ's obedience unto death, and not the idea of Christ's expiation of sin; and, on the contrary, when the idea to be presented to our minds is that of the expiation of sin, the term employed in Holy Scripture is not death, but blood. "Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in His blood." "The blood of Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin." "He hath washed us from our sin in His own blood." And why? Because in the Jewish sacrifices it was not the death of the victim, but its blood, that was the typical instrument of expiation. The idea, then, of expiation, of atonement, of the sacrifice, of an innocent victim as a substitute for the actual offender, was uppermost in the Apostle's mind when he wrote the words of our text, "In whom we have redemption through His blood." Now, our argument is this, that such a redemption as this—a redemption through blood—is necessary to meet the demands and requirements of the human heart, necessary to produce all the effect that is expected from the forgiveness of sin. Remission of penalties, as I have said to you already, is very well in its place; indeed, it is necessary when the penalty is everlasting death, but it is not enough, because it does not set the heart free. In order that the feelings may be changed towards God, there are two things which it is needful for us to see: first, that the forgiveness is a righteous forgiveness, not a mere easy, weak-minded, passing over transgression, but a righteous forgiveness, a forgiveness which God may extend to us, and yet leave unsullied and intact His attributes of holiness and justice and truth. A redemption through the blood of Christ supplies this condition, meets this demand of the awakened human conscience. There, in the sacrifice of the cross, God appears more awful than He does anywhere else in His hatred of sin, and in His stern determination to punish it. There is no weak passing by of transgression, there is no condoning of offences; the demand of justice is extorted *and wrung out* down to the uttermost farthing. Dreadful as God is *amidst the* thunderings and lightnings of Mount Sinai, dreadful as *He is in the* fiery tempest which rained down upon the devoted cities

of the plain, dreadful as He was in His hatred of sin and consuming indignation against it when He arose to judge the sinful city of Jerusalem and afflict it with all His plagues, He is more dreadful still upon the hill of Calvary, calling on the sword of justice to awaken against the man that is His fellow, and burying it up to the hilt in the bosom of His own incarnate Son. Another condition already alluded to needs to be met. We want a forgiveness of such a kind as opens up the loving heart of God; and what so meets our requirements as the statement which we all of us are so familiar with, that "God so loved the world as to give His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life?"

III.—And now I am anxious to fasten, if I can, your attention upon the practical aspect of the subject which I have endeavoured to bring under your consideration. It is, says the Apostle—you remember the words—it is in Christ that we have forgiveness of sins;—*in* Christ, not *out of* Christ. There is no other way of obtaining forgiveness but by being in Christ. "There is no condemnation," says the Apostle, "them that are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the spirit." It becomes then a question for each of us to put very solemnly to himself, "Am I in Christ? Am I through faith in His blood, through hearty, entire, unreserved self-consecration to Him,—am I a true member of His mystical body, of His living Church?" The question, I say, Christian brethren, is a very important one. I trust you will none of you put it aside. You will see, I am sure, that it goes down into the very core and centre of our spiritual being. Respectability of life, decorum of behaviour, freedom from gross vice, are no answers to that question. The question goes deeper than that. Regular, formal observance of religious duties,—not a very common thing, by-the-bye,—habitual attendance at the house of God, systematic attendance at the Holy Communion,—these things are no answer to my question. It goes deeper than all these things. These are of the outward man, this concerns the very centre of his heart. Am I in Christ, or am I not? Can I say that He is mine and that I am His? Has there been a spiritual transaction between us, by virtue of which I have given myself to Him, and He has imparted Himself to me? This, and no less than this, is the meaning of the Apostle in the text. The forgiveness of sins and the possession of Christ are inseparable things. Just as the wife cannot have the husband's property, the husband's protection, the husband's cherishing, unless she will consent to accept his person also, no more can we be possessed of the blessings of salvation unless we have accepted Christ, Christ Himself—not true views about Christ, not respect for Christ, not outward homage for Christ, not the mere external ordinances of Christ's religion, *but Christ* Himself. Is it then so with us all? Are *we in Christ, or are we not?* Are we one with Christ, united to Him

by saving faith, by a ready, joyful acquiescence in the method of salvation through His blood, by an entire, unreserved dedication of ourselves to His service, by an honest, practical determination to live the life which we are now living in the flesh as a life of faith in the Son of God, who loved us and gave Himself for us? I leave the question with you: answer for yourselves: can you say,

"'Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
Midst flaming worlds in these arrayed
With joy shall I lift up my head.'"

COURAGE PUT TO THE PROOF.

A FABLE.

"My advice, ma'am, is, never to show fear," said a rabbit to a nervous friend, as they sat by their holes watching their young ones at play.

"Yes, ma'am," answered the friend; "but please tell me how one is to help it."

"By reasoning on the matter, as thus—I have a natural fear of the sight or sound of dogs."

"Oh, don't speak of them!" said the friend, with a shiver.

"I can understand your feeling, ma'am, but I should like you to overcome it, *thus*—say to yourself, I have a natural fear of the sight or sound of a dog, but how do I know that if I were to turn and fly at one he wouldn't run from me as I do now from him? How do I know but that it is our cowardice which has made dogs tyrants? Ma'am, I have thought much on this subject, and—"

"Hush!" said the friend, cocking her ears.

"What?" asked the rabbit, with a startled look.

"The dogs; I hear them!" said the friend, and disappeared in a moment into her hole, while the white tail of the philosopher vanished as quickly into hers.

"Now ma'am," said the friend, peeping out of her hole presently, after the dogs had passed, "I should have liked to stay and to have seen you face the enemy, and fly at him, but I had not the courage; please tell me how it came off."

"Ah!" sighed the philosopher, still agitated, "I got such a fright; I tell you what, friend, reasoning is a fine thing when the dogs *are out of sight* and hearing, but the moment they appear I'll defy *the strongest-minded* rabbit going to think of anything but getting *into her hole!*"

AN IRISH WAKE.

(Continued from page 154.)

N a moment or two the latch of the door was suddenly lifted, and Frank O'Rorke, the farmer's eldest son, entered, accompanied by Mr. Branigan, the village Scripture reader. A shout of welcome greeted the former, while the latter was regarded with a stare of curiosity, and a whisper went round as to who he could be. Many had seen him frequently in the town, but were ignorant of his occupation. John Connor and Ned extended their hands, being the only persons acquainted with him. The widow was absent from the room at the moment of his entrance, and so numerous were her guests that he escaped attention. Had this not been the case, most probably she would have informed her friends of his reading the Bible for her husband before death. For Tom Dennehy had taken a warm interest in the Irish teaching movement, though secretly for fear of the priests.

The night passed away rapidly. Frank and Branigan sat deeply immersed in their own conversation, heedless of the jest and laugh, under the impression that their movements were unheeded by those around. Little did they suspect that there was one watching them with the eye of a lynx, noticing every look and gesture, and recording in his mind the substance of each half whisper which caught his ears. This was Mick Hennessy, clerk of the parish, collector of dues, and general factotum of the village ecclesiastic.

Farmer O'Rorke and his wife now rose to take their leave, but their sons, John and Frank, remained.

"That's a bad cowld you have," observed Bartle to Frank, as the party he addressed coughed frequently. "Dhraw near avic and take a hate o' the fire, there's room enough. If we had a pack of cards we could amuse ourselves."

"Andy avic," said the widow, "there was an ould pack on the shelf there; but I forgot, Kate lit the fire with them—wirra sthru, my poor brain's bewildered."

"Well shure, we'll have another story or a song," remarked Bartle, "If I'm ould itself, I flatther myself there's a thrifle o' sperits left in me."

"Thrue for you, Bartle," said Ned, "an a couple o' glasses more you'll have before we break up."

"Now hearken to me: alcoholic distillations is one thing, and the energetic and pristine vigour of manhood is another. So there's where you're out, for 'tis the latther he manes."

"See what it is to be larned, Ned," exclaimed Andy, laughing.

"'Tis more nor I ever purtinded to," replied Ned.

"But the story," cried several voices.

"*Ay, thrue enough, I forgot that,*" responded Bartle. "I'll Mister

Frank wouldn't mind the like; but if it was plazin' we'd be glad to hear him tell us a story."

"I'd give you a story with pleasure, boys," replied Frank, "but the truth is I haven't one. To be sure I could read one for you, only for the cough. But here is Mr. Branigan," he continued, "a friend of mine, and he'll read one for you with pleasure."

"On entering the cottage the latter kindled his pipe, and in chatting freely with the old men on the principal topics of the day, he soon ingratiated himself with them.

"Well!" said Bartle, "av he wouldn't think us troublesome we'd be thankful."

"I hope 'tis none of your modern invintions," observed the ex-schoolmaster. "No use, sir—all plaigerisms."

"Not by any means," replied Frank, with a glance of meaning at Branigan. "The story he'll read for you was written eighteen hundred years ago, and as for its goodness, there's nothing better."

"Eighteen hundred years? It must be a thranslation from the original manuscripts."

"No translation at all," said Frank. "'Tis written in one of the purest primeval languages. 'Tis Irish."

Ned put on a quaint smile full of meaning, and passed one hand slowly over his features.

"Irish!" exclaimed the schoolmaster. The ould tongue for ever!"

"Boys," suddenly exclaimed Mick Hennessy starting up in a passion, "will you hear your church insulted? 'Tis the Bible he's going to read for you."

Ere a reply could be made, Branigan commenced to read in the Irish tongue that portion of St. John's Gospel which alludes to the death of Lazarus. Complete silence reigned. Intense as were the feelings of his auditory on learning of the love of Christ for his friend, of pity for his kindred, yet were those feelings wrought up to the highest pitch at two simple words, "Jesus wept." "Then said the Jews, Behold how he loved him!"

There was many a wet eye in the cabin then. Branigan turned to the fifteenth chapter of 1st Corinthians, which he read slowly. They had drawn nearer, until they formed a complete circle round the reader; with open mouths and distended eyes they listened.

When Branigan rose, with Mister Frank and John O'Rorke, to take his leave, many pressed forward silently to shake hands with him, while others, whose hearts were softened, wished him "God speed."

The remainder of those present continued their stay till morning. Some drank again, and smoked, and chatted, and the streaks of *morning had gilded* the mountain tops ere they departed for their *homes, to seek* some repose during the day before they gathered again *on the next evening.*

THE COACH-BOX NAIL, AND THE FIRE-SIDE HAMMER.

ALL England was ringing with the victory of Waterloo. The illuminations were not so brilliant as illuminations are now. There were not so many inventions for such things nor so much room for displaying them; for England, in its capital and large towns, has greatly advanced since 1815. But the rejoicings for peace were hearty, and, although mourning reigned in the dwellings of the widow and the orphan, gladness made sunshine in the homes of the re-united.

A stage-coach from London to a provincial town was standing in the yard of the "Green Man and Still," in Bishopsgate Street, ready to start, when a soldier on a crutch appeared and looked up to the box.

"Plenty of room," said a kind, clear voice from the top.

"Room?—Yes, but I don't know about getting up there," said the soldier.

"Afraid to mount?—here—stop—I'll get down and help you." With this the kind traveller on the box dismounted, and assisted the lame man, who did not even then arrive at his seat without much suffering.

The traveller did what he could to adjust the coats, etc. on the seat, so as to make the lame man comfortable, and looked at him with an expression of pity as he saw his face blanch and his whole frame wince with the pain.

"Waterloo?" he asked.

The soldier nodded.

After this they rode on in silence for some time, the wounded man gradually recovering his serenity, while the traveller busied himself with papers printed and written with which his pockets were filled.

"Well, comrade," he cried at last, "how is it?—ready for action almost, I hope."

The soldier looked at him doubtingly, and said he was pretty easy; at the same time examining the face and person of his companion. He was rather above than below [six feet, and broad in proportion; his face was the very soul of determination; but the firm set mouth could relax into the sunniest smile, and there was radiant benevolence in the keen eagle eye.

"You're not in the service, sir?" he said, after having satisfied himself that he would not disgrace any army so far as looks went.

"Oh yes. I have been a commissioned officer these twenty years," said the traveller.

"In the allied army?"

"Yes; but I wasn't at Waterloo."

The soldier seemed about to enquire more particularly into his "comrade's" affairs, but the traveller prevented him by questioning him on his own adventures. This drew from the wounded man a very long story, told with great animation and in martial style, with plenty of military phrases, all of which the traveller seemed to be quite familiar with.

"I don't know if I should ever be fit for the service again, even if this peace wasn't like to be lasting," said the soldier; "but as it is I see no more work to be done for many a long day; however, I have enough to live on—that's a comfort; and my two daughters are steady, good girls, and will make me a good home; so I've got nothing to do but to settle down and make up my mind to be idle."

The traveller smiled and shook his head.

"What, hard work you think? Well, it is, but what's to be done? I doubt my leg is never going to be worth anything again."

"I could get you full pay in the service I'm in—lame as you are," said the traveller.

"No, could you? What is it? Not under the great Duke?"

"You think he is the only captain worth fighting under?"

"No one like him—he's the soldier's friend—hard as iron—but as true as steel, no favour nor injustice—no, no, all straight—earn your money and you shall have it—earn your medals and you shall have 'em—and earn your *lash* and you shall have it; and more besides if you will earn it—that's the commander for me!"

"What! that shows no mercy?"

"Mercy? What does a man want with mercy that does his duty?"

"Ah, true! it may be a fine thing indeed to fight under such a commander; but mine suits me better: he knows how to show mercy, which I find a good many want."

"Not *you*?" said the soldier, looking at him with surprise.

"Yes, *I*—for, to confess the truth, I ran away and served the enemy—I did indeed!"

"And didn't get shot when they caught you?"

"No, I confessed and was forgiven."

"What was the need of confessing? It was plain enough, I suppose," said the soldier, beginning to feel much contempt for the rebel and coward, and adding, "I shouldn't be so proud of it as to talk about it on the top of a coach."

"Perhaps *I* shouldn't if I hadn't been with a fellow-traitor!" said the traveller.

The soldier looked electrified, and exclaimed "Traitor!"

"*Ay, look here* at one or two proofs of what I am charging you *with;*" *and the* traveller produced a small Bible from his pocket and *read some verses,* showing a Christian's duty.

"*Oh!*" *cried* the soldier, "and how do you know whether I have been

faithful or not?" There was an air of scorn mingled with the anger in which he spoke.

"You have used several oaths since you have been sitting by me—the soldier of Christ is no swearer."

The soldier was silenced while the traveller continued:

"For twenty years I have been, as I told you, a commissioned officer; I have fought against the world, the flesh, and the devil—as you vowed to do—not only on my own account, but I have laboured to lead on others to the same battle. I was a rebel against Christ till I was thirty years of age; at that age He showed me, much as He showed the apostle Paul, that I was in arms against Him and my own soul, and I repented and believed and was pardoned. Then I became a soldier in earnest, and in His service I hope to die, sword in hand."

The soldier, now perfectly understanding his companion, muttered something about not knowing he was "a parson," and would have become entirely quiet; but that was not the intention of "the parson."

He made such kind, but such searching, enquiries into his life and the present state of his mind as forced him to confess that he had been wholly careless of salvation. Then he displayed to him in vivid colours his base ingratitude to the Lord, who had done such great things for him, until his cheek burnt with shame.

They reached at last the town to which the coach was bound.

"Here we part," said the traveller. "Take these papers and read them, and see if I am not right, and whether it is not a happy thing for you, as for me, that there is mercy with Christ!"

The soldier unwillingly took the papers and thrust them into his pocket. He saw his two daughters hastening into the inn-yard to meet him, and thought of nothing now but them.

Joyful indeed was the meeting. The young women were overwhelmed with delight at the sight of their father, and he seemed as well pleased to behold his children once more.

They were dressmakers, and supported themselves in great comfort and respectability by their work, which, although it was irksome and injurious to their health, had some great advantages; it made them so far mistresses of their own time that they could always secure the rest of the Sabbath, and it prevented them from mixing with the thoughtless and pleasure-seeking of their own age and rank, for they had not an hour to spend on idleness. It made them independent too; they were unmolested in their quiet but comfortable little home by any one, and felt it as much "a castle," as any fortress in the land.

The soldier was highly pleased with the appearance of things around him; *he had been away for some years, and did not know exactly how he should find his girls going on, though he knew they were well meaning and respectable.*

His leg gave him much pain for a long time, and made him often peevish and unreasonable. This was a great tax on his daughters, but they did not count the cost to be greater than the object they hoped to attain was worth, and they vied with each other in tender vigilance.

"Mary," said the younger one day with great animation, "see what I have found in father's pocket;" and she unfolded the tracts and handbills that the traveller had given him.

"Father's pocket!" said Mary. "Why what pocket could they be in; I never saw them before."

"His great coat pocket. I thought it wanted a dusting as he had not worn it lately, so I took it into the yard, and went to turn out the pockets and found these."

"He has not read them, I think," said Mary; "they look as if they had never been unfolded. See how clean they are inside!"

"Ah, if he only believed this!" they both exclaimed; and then they consulted what they had best do with them.

Jane, the younger, proposed showing them to him at once, saying, "It will give us an opportunity of speaking to him on these subjects, which he always shuns"

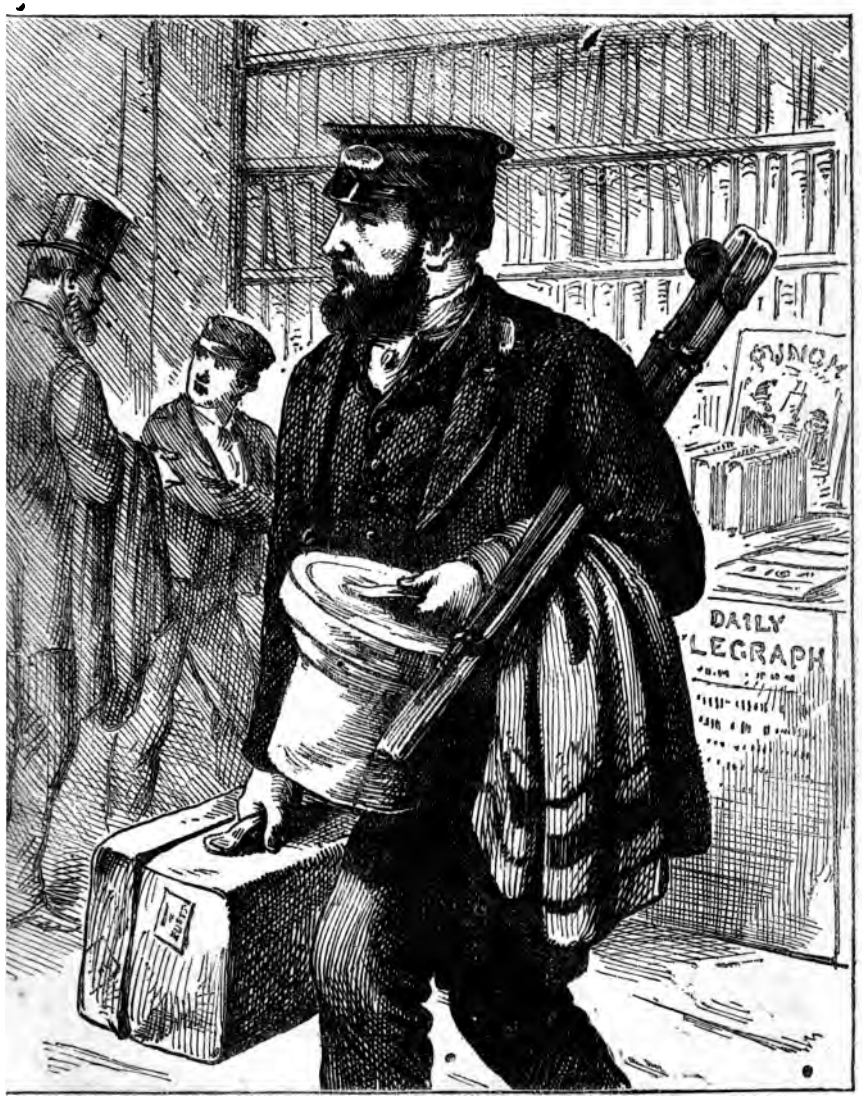
"No," said Mary, shaking her head, "that will make him angry and do no good; the best way will be to put them back where we found them, and, if any opportunity offers, to remind him of them; he must have had them from some one and forgotten them. Nothing would offend him so much as our seeming to teach him, or to remind him of his duty."

(*To be continued.*)

"SMILING WILL."

A FEW days ago I was waiting, in company with the vicar of the parish, at a large railway station, when he suddenly drew my attention to a fine, manly-looking fellow, dressed in the official garb of a railway porter, and who was bustling about with cheerful alacrity among the passengers' baggage. Now here and now there. Now conveying a delicate lady to a comfortable carriage, and then, loaded with a gentleman's luggage, we saw him rushing along and calling a *cab from the adjoining* rank.

"*I call that man* 'Smiling Will,'" said my clerical friend; "*his smiles and good* conduct have raised him from the gutter, and, *if I mistake not, will,* with God's blessing, raise him still higher."



"SMILING WILL."

The time was but short, yet, 'ere my train arrived, I learnt that "Smiling Will's" father had been a stoker on the line, and lost his life in a brave and successful attempt to prevent a smash. The shock his sudden death occasioned had such an effect on his widow that she died shortly after, and poor Will was left an orphan, and without a known relative at eleven years old. For some time he was dependent on the charity of the railway officials, for the men remembered his father, and in turns gave him food and shelter. After a while he began to run errands, and to carry carpet bags and boxes for passengers, and his smiling face and pleasant manner obtained him many an extra sixpence, so that he was able to pay for a lodging, poor as it was.

During all this time he never omitted attending my friend's night school and Sunday-school, in both of which he became a great favourite, and made so many friends that, as soon as he was old enough, they recommended him to the manager, and, as he could read and write well, he was taken into the company's service, and after a few years was promoted and made a porter.

Let our boy readers observe that it was entirely owing to his good conduct that "Smiling Will" made friends, and got on in the world, thus proving the truth of Eccle. vii. 1.

CONTENTMENT.

A STORY FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

"MAMMA, I think this is the most disagreeable month in all the year," said Kate Hailton, one foggy morning in February: "it makes me feel quite miserable."

"Hush, Kate," said her mother; "I do not like to hear you speak so. This fog certainly is not pleasant, but you must remember that God sends it, as he does everything else, and that you are murmuring against him."

"But it has been quite dark ever since dinner, mamma. I cannot see to do anything, and you say the weather is unfit for a walk. What am I to do?" and she impatiently pushed aside the book she had been reading.

"I am grieved to see you so put out about the weather, my child," said Mrs. Hailton, drawing her little girl to her side. "If you give way to these discontented feelings they will grow upon you, and, in time, *nothing will please you.*"

She was about to say more, but was interrupted by the entrance of

a servant, and was then obliged to leave the room to attend to some little business in the kitchen.

Kate still stood by the window, looking very disconsolate, and wishing there was no such thing as fog, when she was startled by the cry of a child, and, looking up, saw a poor woman with an infant in her arms, and a little girl, not more than two years old, dragging behind, and crying most piteously.

The woman, with tears in her eyes, entreated Kate to give her something, saying that her little girl was crying with hunger, and she had not a halfpenny in her pocket to buy a morsel of bread.

Kate soon forgot her own misery when she heard this sad tale and having told the woman to wait, she ran out of the room in search of her mother.

"Oh, mamma!" she exclaimed, "there is such a poor woman at our door; she has a little girl and a baby with her, and the little girl is crying with hunger, and the poor woman has not any money to buy bread. May I not give them something to eat?"

"Certainly, my dear," said Mrs. Hailton; "we will go and see what we can find."

They took them something to satisfy their present hunger, and, after having heard her sad story, promised to make inquiries respecting her case, and if the information given should prove satisfactory, assured her she would call and do something towards relieving her distress.

The poor woman expressed much gratitude to her kind benefactress Mrs. Hailton took that opportunity to remind her that nothing happens by chance; that it was God who had directed her steps that day, and had put it into her heart to assist her, and trusted she would thank him for his goodness.

Kate was very silent the remainder of the afternoon. She remembered with shame how discontented she had been, simply because the weather was foggy; and when she remembered the poor woman who could not get a piece of bread to give her little girl, she could not help thinking God had indeed been very good to her in giving her a happy and comfortable home, and kind parents; and when her mamma wished her good night she saw that she was looking unhappy.

"What is the matter, my child?" said Mrs. Hailton.

"Oh, mamma!" said the little girl, "I have been so very naughty to-day. I do not deserve all the good things I enjoy nearly so much as that poor woman who came here. I never thought before how good God is. Do you think he will ever forgive me, mamma?"

"Yes, my child, if you are really sorry, and ask him, for Jesus' *sake, to* forgive you, he will. Ah, my dear little girl, pray that you *may be kept* from these discontented feelings. What a happy thing *it is always to* be contented, in whatever station of life it pleases God *to place us!*"

THE PIC-NIC.

THE Pic-nic is a peculiarly English institution, and has taken deep root in this land. High and low rejoice in turning their backs on the streets and lanes of the city, and going forth, basket in hand, to enjoy themselves in the woods and green fields.

Whenever our young readers partake of a pic-nic we hope they will always remember the Giver and Author of all. We were one day on the top of Malvern Beacon Hill, from which you can see the Bristol Channel, and we are afraid to say how many counties of England and Wales. Near to where we stood a large party of people, evidently from some of the manufacturing districts, had laid out their table-cloth on the grass, and covered it with an abundance of good things; but before they set to, a fine white-headed old man stood up at the end of the row, and, taking off his hat, called out, "Now, lads and lasses, we munna forget the Lord," and then he solemnly said grace, while all stood round with uncovered heads till he had finished, and then ensued such a cutting-up of ham and beef and pies, &c., mixed with laughter and clattering of knives and forks, as we have seldom heard.

We trust our young friends will enjoy many happy pic-nics this *lovely autumn season*, and be sure to imitate the example of the good *people on Malvern Hill* and not forget the Lord.

CHAPTER ON PARROTS.

FROM a shower of anecdotes about parrots, we select a few which appear to possess novelty or interest. One correspondent says:—

I had occasion to look after some luggage which had come by steamer, and had to go to the house of a sailor at Wapping. He was out of the way, but I was met by his wife, an ill-tempered looking, shrewish woman, with a voice shrill, loud, and disagreeable. In a corner, in a large wicker cage, hung a grey parrot, who, as soon as the notes of the mistress's tongue reached him, in a sharp pitch began to outscream her with, "You talk," "You talk," "You talk," "You talk," till the dumbfounded woman could not hear herself speak. Our sailor, *se defendendo*, had taught Poll this overwhelming manœuvre for the promotion of quiet. In the present instance the scene ended by the woman, in a whisper, roundly abusing all parrots, when a reply (as it were) came from the cage, "About Polly, pretty Polly; all lies, all lies!"

The anecdote of the bald-headed parrot may be well paired by another, of a Polly brought from Lisbon. The fun of this queer-looking bird was to see it flap its wings, as bare as a chicken's plucked for the spit, and exclaim, "I'll be hanged, if I don't fly away; I'll be hanged, if I don't fly away." Here there might have been teaching, but it looked as natural as it was droll.

The story of the Angola rabbit and cockatoo has also its parallel in the following:—

A huge ungainly fowl, of swan size and unknown description, was brought in from somewhere in the South Pacific. On the spur of the moment, Mr. S—— was at a loss what to do with it; but, *pro tem.*, it was put into one of the "stone jugs" where the unnaccountables used to be, for the nonce, partially accommodated. Whether attracted by the splendid plumage of a grand macaw, one of the inmates, or not, it is impossible to say; but the stranger persisted in wabbling and poking after him, in utter disregard of the lesser game. At length the persecuted macaw was worn out, terrified—and retreated to an angle of the den, where he threw himself on his back, and, stretching out his long claws, screeched to the last poke of the Great Unknown, "Who *are* you?"

The bad habit of cursing and swearing, and occasionally using other not very creditable language, acquired by parrots in their sea voyages, *have been too* generally illustrated to deserve much notice. The story of *O'Keefe's parrot* and George III, is the old Josephus, and rather over-*dressed*. A contemporary anecdote, relating to the same king, is more

likely, and, we fancy, less familiar to readers. On Admiral Hawke's return from his great victory, his Majesty and Queen Charlotte honoured him with a visit on board his flag-ship. Among the curiosities always incident to such quarters was a famed talking parrot, hung in the Admiral's state-room, which, of course, their Majesties were called on to see, hear, and admire. Alas! for Polly. She forgot all her good manners and behaviour; and volubly uttered a torrent of immodesty most unfit for royal (or even plebeian) ears; and the Queen was hurried out of the room, whilst the Admiral, with a swing of his elbow, hurled pretty Poll, cage and all, off her perch, and left her sprawling and screaming on the floor, quite unconscious of any indecorum.

Many of the recorded coincidences are entertaining enough, and might be quoted *ad infinitum*. This happened in autumn, only the other day. A fine petted grey parrot was lost over night, from a lady's cottage at Kensington, and grief and searches "everywhere" ruled the disconsolate domicile. At daybreak, however, a workman, going to his work, was hailed by Polly, from a pile of bricks piled up for building, with the call, "Take me home! take me home!" Now, did the night-chilled bird attach the meaning to its words? At any rate, the workman did, and he made a good day's job of it.

A loiterer over an old bookstall in Holborn, when the time ought to have been otherwise employed, heard a timely hint from a voice above say, "Begone about your business. Why not? Begone about your business." Looking up, he saw a parrot squinting down at his upturned gaze.

The same locality yields a very different and ungenteel anecdote, which (being less refined) we are afraid may be pronounced vulgar. Here, however, it is. A recently caught Scotchman, in sauntering along, was astonished by the scream of "Dirty Scot; dirty Scot." Burning with indignation, he bristled up to revenge the national insult; when, ascertaining the actual state of the case, he controlled his passion and exclaimed, "You! If ye'd been a man, as ye're a green goose, I would have wrung the wizzen o' ye!"

It is probable that Poll, safe upon the window-ledge from the enraged Gael, was not frightened; but another effect of terror, and probably true, is related of a favourite parrot of the French Commander de Bougainville, which, after the tremendous action in which he was defeated, could never be induced to be talkative as before, but to every question or endearment answered in only one word, "Bomm! bomm!! bomm!!!" The thunder of the cannonade seemed to have destroyed her memory.

A cockle-shell may as soon crowd the ocean into its narrow shell as vain men ever comprehend the decrees of God.

THOUGHTS FOR AUGUST.

ONCE, in a meditative mood,
I rambled through a quiet wood,
Where myriad leaves and branches made
A clotted chequering of shade.
Thought I, "So life is: many woes
Darken the path from ope to close."

But soon I reached an open place—
A sunny, unembosomed space,
Where blue and golden blossoms bloomed,
And all the buoyant air perfumed.
This is our life, not all of gloom,
Nor all of sunniness and bloom.

I marked the flower that 'gan to blanch,
The fallen trunk, the withered branch;
Morsels of last year's rotten leaves,
And cobweb blights the spider weaves.
Thought I, "Thus fades the world away,
In ever-sinking, sure decay."

Yet over me the vestured trees
Held their green glories to the breeze;
And nut and berry, corn and cone,
Grew as though blight were all unknown.
And this is man: he fades and dies,
Yet to a new life he shall rise.

WINGS.

IF I only had wings like you!" said Addie Lewis, speaking to her pet bird as she opened the cage door.

"Chirp, chirp!" answered the bird, flying out and resting on Addie's finger.

"Sweet, sweet!" said Addie.

"Chirp, chirp!" answered birdie, fluttering his wings.

"*Ah, birdie*, if I only had your wings!"

"*Wings!*" spoke out Addie's mother. "What do you want with *wings?*"

"To fly with."

"Fly where?"

"Oh, anywhere and everywhere."

Mrs. Lewis did not reply for several minutes, during which time Addie was playing with and talking to her bird.

"You have wings," she said at length, in a quiet way.

"I, mamma?" There was a tone of surprise in Addie's voice.

"We all have wings."

Addie looked at her shoulders, and then at her mother's.

"I don't see them," she said, with a little amused laugh.

"No, you can't see them; but we have them for all that."

"If we can't see them or use them, I don't see what good they are."

"We are using them all the while," said Mrs Lewis. "Did you never hear of the wings of thought?"

"Oh! that's what you mean!"

"Yes, dear. Now, don't you remember what I said to you yesterday, when I talked about birds and beasts and all things that God has made?"

"You said they were all created for man."

"Yes; and I said that there was a likeness in man to all visible things in nature. He is bold and fearless like the lion, cunning as a fox, innocent as a lamb, cruel as the tiger or vulture, timid as the hare; his thought is winged as the eagle, and can fly swiftly here and there, now resting in a pleasant valley, and now sweeping over seas and mountains."

"Our thoughts are our wings?"

"Yes; and our minds can fly with these wings higher and farther than any bird can go. If I read to you about a volcano in Italy, off you go on the wings of thought and look down into the fiery crater. If I tell you of the frozen North, you are there in an instant, gazing upon icy seas, and the wonders of a desolate region. The wings of an eagle are not half so swift and strong as the wings of your thought. The very king of birds would perish in regions where they can take you in safety."

THE TREASURY.

THE BIBLE.—An old man once said, "For a long time I puzzled myself about the difficulties of Scripture, until at last I came to the resolution that reading the Bible was like *eating fish*. When I find a difficulty I lay it aside and call it a *bone*. Why should I choke on the bone *when there is so much* nutritious meat for me? Some day, *perhaps, I may find that* even the bone may afford me nourishment."

FOUR AGAINST ONE.—The doctrine of transubstantiation clearly confutes itself. A denies the doctrine. B, a papist, declares that it is revealed in Scripture. A denies it. B quotes the passage, "This is my body." A denies that there is such a passage. B produces it, and tells A that he can see it with his own eyes. A retorts that on B's own principles the sense of sight is not to be trusted, and justly charges B with being utterly unreasonable; for, if four senses are not to be trusted as proving bread to be bread, surely one is not as proving words to be words.

I HEARD Philosophy sigh,
"No rose is without its thorn,"
And Faith made sweet reply,
"Of thorns are the roses born."

BENEVOLENCE.—There is something sweet and beautiful in the very derivation of the word "benevolence." *Bene volens*, good willing, or willing the good. This is the burden of that glorious song which broke across the world when the mysterious and despised Nazarene came into it. It was His mission; and because of it there has passed out upon the world since His death a fragrance that shall cling to it while time endures. Benevolence, as the meaning of the word indicates, is as much a passive as an active virtue; or rather, which is the better way of putting it, all true benevolence must be passive before it is active. To give rightly we must have given purely with the heart before putting forth the hand. Then will come the right gift. The heart's suggestions being right, true deeds will follow in their train. But do ye not, O men, generally insert a little word in the grand old injunction, and "do unto others as ye would that they should *not* do unto you?" There is evidently something wrong here. We are really noble as we feel and act for others. Platitudes, it may be said, to which all can subscribe without prejudice, but which business men cannot attend to. Nevertheless, men are chiefly worthy as they reduce such things from platitudes to practicalities.—*The Quiver*.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC ON PAGE 167.

1. Strength ..... 2 Cor. xii. 9.
2. Anna ..... Luke ii. 37.
3. Mammon ..... Luke xvi. 13.
4. Unicorn ..... Numb. xxiv. 8.
5. Ezra ..... Ezra vii. 25.
6. Laugh ..... Gen. xviii. 13.

SAMUEL—HANNAH.

DOUBLE BIBLICAL ACROSTICS.

1. *Their* piteous cry is heard in Heaven,
   As wounds the murderers' knife;
   And martyr's crown to them is given,
   Without the martyr's life.

2. Ointment *he* makes with care and cost,
   Dead flies do spoil its savour;
   Through folly thus his name is lost,
   Who had with men found favour.

3. And now the fiery trial ends,
   Which faith alone could dare;
   The *offering* that God intends,
   He finds provided there.

4. In *him* the Lord could see no blame,
   An Israelite indeed.
   Take the *first* letter of his name,
   The initial that we need;
   And then *his friend* recall to mind,
   Through whom to Christ he came,
   Our *final* letter now we find
   Begins and ends his name.

5. The midnight sky is dark and drear,
   The sailors, anxious, sound,
   For in *this* stormy sea they fear
   The ship may run aground.

6. Dreading on dangerous rocks to fall,
   And wearying for the day,
   This let they down, and but for Paul
   Would all have fled away.

7. By him alone upon a stone
   Were slain his brethren all,
   And, through a stone by woman thrown,
   He, struck to death, did fall.

8. With conscience clear, and free from pride,
   They could in this rejoice—
   That, fleshly wisdom set aside,
   They walked in *these* by choice.

May we like *him* in Christ our home abound,
And in our hearts his kindly grace be found.

AUGUST.

PHASES OF THE MOON.

1—First Quarter .. 2h. 29m. p.m.	15—Last Quarter .. 4h. 41m. a.m
8—Full Moon .. 1h. 52m. p.m.	23—New Moon .. 1h. 30m. a.m
31—Last Quarter .. .. .. 3h. 48m. a.m.	

The Lessons are taken from the New Table.

1	F	Never rip up old sores. Micah vii. 18, 19.
2	S	After a storm comes a calm. Acts ii. 37—46.
3	☽	8th Sun. af. Trin. Lessons { Morn: 1 Chron. xxix. 9 to 29. Rom. ii Even: 2 Chron. i., or 1 Kings iii. Matt. xviii. to 21.
4	M	Humility is the high road to honour. 1 Peter v. 6.
5	Tu	Consider each day your last. James iv. 14.
6	W	As a man lives so shall he die. 1 Tim. v. 24.
7	Th	Get wealth honestly. Deu. viii. 17.
8	F	Prayer drives foes from their lair. Psalm cxvi.
9	S	Too much bed makes a dull head. Prov. xxvi. 16.
10	☽	9th Sun. af. Trin. Lessons { Morn.: 1 Kings x. to 25. Rom. ix. to 1 Even.: 1 Kings xi. to 15., or 1 Kings x 5—26. Matt. xxii. to 15.
11	M	All is good that God sends us. 1 Tim. iv. 4.
12	Tu	Know thyself and study others. 1 Tim. iv. 16.
13	W	Rome was not built in a day. Isa. xxviii. 10.
14	Th	Example is better than precept. 2 Tim. ii. 15.
15	F	After a shower follows sunshine. 2 Cor. iv. 17.
16	S	Truth will out. Prov. xi. 21.
17	☽	10th Sun. af. Trin. Lessons { Morn: 1 Kings xii. Rom. xiv. & xv. to Even: 1 Kings xiii., or 1 Kings xvii Matt. xxv. 31.
18	M	Good counsel is above all price. Eccl. vii. 19.
19	T	Hiders are good finders. Josh. vii. 21.
20	W	We should study men as well as books. Eccl. ii. 14.
21	Th	Ill news travels apace. Eccl. x. 20.
22	F	A wise child makes a glad father. Pro. xv. 20.
23	S	He is not alone whom God favours. Dan. iii. 25.
24	☽	11th Sun. af. Trin. Lessons { Morn.: 1 Kings xviii. 1 Cor. iv. 18 & Even.: 1 Kings xix., or 1 Kings xxi. Matt. xxviii.
25	M	Ambition may make a son of perdition. Num. xvi.
26	T	Let passion be obedient to reason. Eph. iv. 26.
27	W	Never tread on a sore toe. Pro. xii. 23.
28	Th	No bad man can be happy. Is. xlviii. 22.
29	F	Do common things uncommonly well.
30	S	Gain honestly, spend honourably. 1 Cor. vi. 7.
31	☽	12th Sun. af. Trin. Lessons { Morn: 1 Kings xxii. to 41. 1 Cor. xi. 2 to 1 Even: 2 Kings ii. to 16, or 2 Kings iv. 8 t 38. Mark iv. 35, to v. 21.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

So far as the limited space at our disposal will permit, we shall at all times be willing to insert any communications from the Clergy or Laity of general interest to the Church in Wales. A synopsis of papers read at Ruri-decanal meetings will be inserted if addressed to the Editor of "The Churchman in Wales," care of Messrs. Lewis and Williams, Cardiff, before the 20th of each month. Correspondents will, of course, observe the usual regulations of the Press, viz., writing legibly on one side of the paper only, and when using a "nom de plume," sending at the same time their name and address privately to the Editor.

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THE CHURCHMAN IN WALES.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

CHURCH DEFENCE IN WALES.

WITHIN and without the walls of Parliament; from the pulpit, on the platform, and in the columns of the press, a section of the community who are the votaries of a narrow-minded school of thought, have long ago proclaimed, and are still declaring the Principality to be the stronghold of political Nonconformity. And they wish it to remain so. Having their minds blinded by prejudice, these people profess to learn from history that nearly all the glorious traditions of Wales, worthy of preservation, primally grew out of the roots of Puritanism; and that their seeds were sown when some of the English refugees of Germany, who would fain have been political revolutionists instead of religious reformers, and whose fiery spirit called forth from Martin Luther severe rebukes, returned to their native land, and commenced the disastrous plottings against peace both in Church and State in the days of Queen Elizabeth, which shortly culminated in rebellion and regicide. Ask these ever vociferating patriots, moreover, by whom the foundations of the freedom which a modern Welsh generation enjoy were laid, and their reply will instantly be—the fathers of Welsh Dissent. Blind guides! Were they invited to furnish proofs for such a platitude which, when their hollow enthusiasm is kindled, is ever on their lips, and to which they cling with a tenacity savouring rather of bigotry than intelligent conviction, it is possible, nay probable, nay, it is absolutely certain they would fail. Skill greater than theirs, a logical acuteness more subtle than any they have yet displayed, would be requisite for the manipulation of so plain a fiction into a seeming fact. Whenever they have essayed a demonstration of the fond theory that the liberties of Welshmen

sprung out of Nonconformity—and the writer has both heard and read such attempts—their chain of reasoning has exhibited many gaps, and they have broken down. The Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli once silenced the verbose railings of the tribune of Birmingham, Mr. Bright, by the pithy reminder that the liberties of Great Britain are older than Nonconformity. What is true of the whole island is equally accurate when applied to the Principality.

Amongst the religious agitators of Wales the word "liberty" is too flippantly spoken; and seldom is its meaning defined. Why? The definition has baffled even political philosophers, who at least are not agreed on the point. It would be well were this more frequently remembered. But we will lay down a proposition bearing correlatively on the subject, and by which we will abide at all hazards, viz., that a Bible in the vernacular, with no restriction placed on its perusal and circulation, is the veriest safeguard of a nation's freedom, and the only impenetrable palladium of popular liberty. More; we challenge an instance from either ancient or modern civilizations, of a nation unpossessed of an unchained Bible, being itself really free. Are we pointed to Greece and Rome? Those classic peoples had their splendours, their heroes, games, and philosophic schools; but were they really free? Not even when Athens vaunted its democracy, were its citizens free. Only the half of the man, only the physical and intellectual side of human nature was then actually throbbing with the pulsations of vitality. Once, however, a people have tasted the sweets of an unrestricted circulation of Holy Writ; once they have drunk deeply at its fountain of love; once they have been made to feel that nature is the kingdom of a superintending Providence; once they have learned that they are endowed with never-dying souls, a truth which men never firmly grasped until the pages of revelation were placed in their hands; once they have discovered the completeness of individual personal redemption on Calvary; once they realise that no artificial barrier blocks the path to the Saviour's Cross, then no despot in the whole world, then no union of Neros can crush them into slavery; their souls are beyond the reach of the prison's iron; they feel they are free indeed; they revel in the consciousness that they can soar to the very gates of heaven; and they will gladly yield life and risk death rather than relapse into their former condition.

Welshmen, then, enjoy liberty because they have a Bible in the vulgar tongue. Before the Reformation, even before the incorporation of Wales with England, rugged aspirations towards so-called freedom undoubtedly inspired the population. But the goal which they strove to attain, the object which they yearned to achieve only related to their physical welfare. Our Celtic ancestors, when they lined their national borders, and grappled with their *Saxon foes,* fought and bled merely for civil independence. Let *no one suppose* that the writer is insensible to patriotism, or that

he misprizes the worth of national independence, because he thus speaks of both in a comparative strain. The very mention of patriotism fires his temperament; and he holds that a citizen who would not die to vindicate the sanctity of his country's soil is a despicable craven. Still, it must be repeated that it was only when Wales obtained its Bible, when the people read the Bible, and understood the Bible, that they became free in any genuine sense of the term. And who procured a Bible in the native tongue for the homesteads which crest the hills and dot the valleys of Cambria? Was it the fathers of Welsh Nonconformity who did this? We can imagine Mr. Henry Richard shrugging his shoulders with discomfort at the inconvenience of the question. At the opening of the Brecon Memorial College, three years ago, he denied all traces of religion in Wales outside the pale of Nonconformity, a remark which is but a specimen of the delusive and calumniating utterances unhappily disseminated too widely now-a-days. Let the parliamentary prophet of Merthyr-Tydfil, however, cease for a moment from reckless rhetoric, and confine himself to strict historical facts; and even he, his animosity notwithstanding, will be constrained to confess that it was the Established Church which provided Wales with its present beautiful translation of the originals of the Sacred Scriptures, a translation that has helped to shed their sweetness and light upon every domestic hearth in the land of mountains and floods. In his annals of Welsh Nonconformity, Dr. Rees has also endeavoured to detract as much as possible from the credit belonging to the Welsh bishops who first rendered the text of Holy Writ into the native language. Scarce a word of praise is bestowed on them; they are alleged to have been negligent and indolent, and only to have translated the inspired volume because compelled to do so. While thus fashioning his narrative, Dr. Rees must surely have been unaware of the inevitable deduction from his statements. If the Bishops were driven by the force of law to carry out so good a work, what have we in the fact but a powerful testimony to the value of a recognition of religion by the State? According to the clear showing of Dr. Rees, an Independent Minister, the Principality is indebted to that Union of Church and State which it is the purpose of Church Defence Associations to maintain, for its admirable version of the Book of books. As the case is put by Dr. Rees, we deem it to be exaggerated. An Act of Parliament, no doubt, was passed ordering a Welsh translation of the Bible; but from the character of the Bishops engaged in the work, their sloth in the fulfilment of the task is extremely doubtful. It is only natural, moreover, that Dr. Rees, of Swansea, should fall foul of the Bishops; and if he does not imitate the famous Jenny Geddes in Edinburgh Cathedral, and employ stronger weapons than words, we are tempted to believe, from the tenour of his volume, that it is partly because such a mode of warfare has gone out of fashion. How differently does he deal with John *Penry, the reputed* author of the Martin Marprelate tracts!

Penry only translated some of the Minor Prophets; yet he is eulogised as "seraphic," and almost elevated into a Nonconformist calendar of saints. The partiality of the picture drawn by Dr. Rees relative to the labours of the Reformed Established Church in Wales, three centuries ago, in procuring for the people the Bible in the language which they understood, undermines the whole of his book as biassed and untrustworthy. A comparison of many pages in "Johnes' Essay on the Causes of Dissent in Wales," with the narrative which Dr. Rees has given, will clearly indicate that the latter is distorted; and Mr. Johnes is far from evincing any charity towards the Church in the Principality.

We have dwelt on this introductory part of the subject at greater length than was intended at the outset, for the purpose of showing that the Established Church in Wales, has at least, some claim on the gratitude of all classes of the population, whatever their denominational predilections. Remove the Bible in the native tongue from Wales, and religion would soon begin to decline. Hence the Established Church prepared the way for religious prosperity in the Principality. And that being so, the formation of a Church Defence Association to prevent her spoliation, and to preserve her means of usefulness, is hardly so deserving of ridicule as sometimes has been represented. The writer fancies himself, at present, addressing Nonconformists—political Nonconformists if you like, on the subject; for he is anxious it should have a wide treatment. Can they place their hands on their hearts and solemnly declare, in the face of history, and in defiance of every sense of thankfulness for the blessing of a vernacular Bible, that the Church which has presented them with such a heirloom, merits a fate of pillage and plunder? Of course it is possible to retort that the Church ought to stand on its present merits, and not trade on its past achievements. Now a more dangerous idea could not be advanced. It hoists the standard of a perfect utilitarianism; and what institution thus tried, will triumphantly emerge from the ordeal? A Church is a human organisation, and must necessarily be disfigured by defects; and therefore, these alone are not perpetually to be paraded, but some consideration must be likewise given to good services, else no institution could stand for a single day. If, however, the utilitarian test be applied, can the translation of the Bible into the Welsh vernacular be regarded as a matter of three centuries ago only? The benefit is as much realised now as then, and never will cease to be felt, while Wales remains firm in the profession of Protestant principles; so that we claim for the Established Church in Wales now as much gratitude from the people as when the translation of the Welsh Bible was first effected. This line of argument we shall pursue further, in a subsequent paper, when discussing the general grounds on which the Established Church *ought to* be defended against the malevolent designs of the *Liberation Society.*

There is also a class of nominal Churchmen, who view the St. David's and Llandaff Church Defence Association with disfavour, and as the embodiment of an Utopian conception, avowing themselves to be believers in Darwinism and Huxleyism. They desire the overthrow of the Church because of her orthodoxy. They complain that the Established Church preaches superstition, that her doctrines are too antiquated to be entertained by any person whose brain reflects the blaze of modern enlightenment. "Alter her standards," say they, "sweep away her thirty-nine articles, substitute Protoplasm for Providence, and the Physical Basis of Life for the common teachings respecting man's miraculous creation, proclaim from the pulpits of the Church that man is the king of monkeys, and that his grand progenitor was a jelly-fish, and we will practically endorse any movement for the defence of the Church, just as we now rally round any Association for the development of scientific discoveries." Alas, that the writer is driven to mention these things! A thousand times rather would he that there were not a cause. But he cannot efface from his memory the results of his experience. The miserable perversions of science just specified, are fast growing in society. Darwin is a greater authority than Daniel, in the eyes of many; and until the Church consents to sacrifice Daniel for Darwin, they are resolved to refuse all co-operation in shielding her from robbery. Here is not the place to refute such miserable and enslaving sophistries, which are as repulsive to the human conscience as they are foreign to the realm of truth. The demand, however, which these pitiable creatures of intellectual pride make on the Church is monstrous and inconsistent. Assume that the Established Church complied with their behest, at once she would be guilty of abandoning the Bible; and where, after the capitulation, would be her title to the very name of a Church? Although it is not altogether requisite for a successful defence of the privileges and status of the Established Church, that she should be a perfect depository of truth, as will be hereafter argued out, still an Established Church which played at shuttlecock with truth, would be capable of working immense mischief, and could awaken but a feeble sense of loyalty towards itself from the Christian community. Without trespassing on the fertility of human imagination, we may venture to assume that the majority of political Nonconformists will indulge little sympathy for the persons who decline, as disciples of Huxley, Darwin, and Tyndall, to rally beneath the banner of the Church Establishment in Wales.

But what do orthodox Welsh Churchmen think of the Church Defence movement? What ought they to think? What is, and what ought to be their attitude towards the Liberation Society? Do they discharge their duty in the matter?

G. F. H. R.

(To be Continued.)

THE DUTY AND PRIVILEGE OF PAYING TITHE.

THIS is the great question to be pressed home on the unwilling consciences of Christians, whether they will hear or forbear—whether they be Clergy or Laity—Dissenters or Churchmen—in these money making times. Do the pious gifts of our Ancestors, who bequeathed a tenth part of the produce of the soil for the perpetual maintenance of the Christian Church in England and Wales exonerate me individually from the payment of Tithe? If I am a spiritual child of Abraham, and my faith has any resemblance to his—is it not my duty and my privilege to look up to God, and say in His presence, as Jacob did, "of all that Thou shalt give me I will surely give the tenth to thee?"

The Prime Minister of England, who ought to know the fact, recently stated in public, that more money had been made in these Islands during the present century than in all the centuries which have elapsed since the time of Julius Cæsar. If this be so—it is quite certain that the gifts to God—the true Tithes as Abraham gave them have not increased in the same proportion. On the contrary our Ancestors in England and Wales, gave a far larger proportion of "all that God had given them," than we do in these wealthy times.

A few years since it was estimated that the annual income of the middle and upper classes in this County was 350 millions, whilst all the Tithe and other Endowments of the National Church do not amount to 3½ millions annually.

The money paid in commutation of Tithe in this County therefore does not equal the one-hundredth part of the income of the middle and upper classes—to say nothing of Tithe required from the masses—from artizans and labourers who compose 77 per cent. of the population, and whose wages have recently increased beyond all precedent in the history of the world. Is there not then a great national debt for Tithe due to God from England and Wales? The interest and management of our recognised national debt in 1872 amounted to £26,840,214. It is quite clear that there is a much larger debt than this owing annually by the Nation for Tithe; if every man now gave to God as Jacob did, "a tenth of all that God had given him."

The following anonymous sermon, on this solemn subject published apparently with the sanction of the "Catholic Apostolic *Church," will* doubtless be read with interest by Churchmen in *Wales :—*

"THE LORD'S TITHE.

"Bring all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in my house, and prove me herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it." MAL. 3 C., 10 V.

One of the special blessings of God's returning grace unto the Church, in these last days, has been the restoration of the knowledge of the permanent obligation of Tithe. And the work which he is doing in the midst of Christendom, has this sign of His hand, among others, that the faithful are again bringing all the tithe into His storehouse; with glad hearts, rendering unto the Lord the tenth of all their income, from whatever source arising;—whether from their corn fields, or their flock, or the labour of their hands or of their heads. "Cast, as our lot is, in the 'perilous times of the last day's,' the prominent signs of which are self-love, and covetousness." (2nd Tim., 3. c., 1. v.)—We cannot sufficiently thank God for His goodness in lifting up such a standard against the prevailing temptations, and teaching us to love the habitation of His house, and honour Him with the Tithe of all our increase.

That it was the practice of the Church, in the earliest ages, thus to acknowledge the goodness and providence of God in temporal things, and to pay Tithe as the recognition that all we possess comes from God, sufficiently appears from the records of the Church. And according to the laws of this, and most other Christian States, the land has always been subject to pay Tithes to the Church as established by law:—an abiding witness of the traditional faith that Tithe is ever due from man to God. But, inasmuch as the payment has ceased to be an act of faith on the part of the owners of the land, and has become a legal burden, paid only by compulsion, the religious character of the act has departed. It is no longer an act of worship and homage to "The Most High God, possessor of heaven and earth." And, inasmuch as even this witness for the truth is confined to the occupiers of the land merely, it leaves out all that great multitude of persons who derive their incomes from other sources. So that it may be said, that until the Lord, by His Spirit, speaking in prophecy in these last days, called attention to the subject, the matter of Tithe,—like the hundred truths of a Fourfold Ministry, and spiritual gifts; of the one Body of Christ; of the first resurrection, the translation, and the Coming and Kingdom our Lord,—was forgotten and unknown.

It was in the year 1834 that the privilege and duty of paying Tithe was first opened up to us. The words spoken by the prophets, pointed to the truths of our Lord Jesus Christ being a Priest for ever after the order of Melchisedec, and appealed to all who believed in Him, and desired to be blessed with a blessing of faithful Abraham, to do as Abraham did, and give Him Tithes of all. *This light received* the confirmation of Apostolic judgment.

And from that day, all who have had faith to believe what God is doing, and have been admitted to the fellowship of Apostles, have brought up the Tithe of all their income to the Altar of God; and every Lord's Day, the Tithe so brought is solemnly presented to the Lord, in the Eucharist Service; in worship and homage to Him who, as our High Priest for ever after the order of Melchisedec, feeds us with His Flesh, which is meat indeed, and His Blood, which is drink indeed;—the Bread of everlasting life, and the Cup of eternal salvation.

In the fellowship of this faith we are all assembled here. But lest, through the deceitfulness of temptation, or through want of sufficient instruction, any one of you should be coming short in this matter, we desire briefly, to call to your remembrance the history, object, and blessing of the Divine ordinance of Tithes.

You are all aware that many of our Christian brethren deny the obligation of paying Tithe, affirming that it was a part of the Jewish economy merely and does not pertain to the present Dispensation. But this is entirely a mistake. The payment of Tithe did not begin with the law. Four hundred and twenty years before that time, Abraham paid Tithes to Melchisedec, who was not the type and foreshadowing of the Aaronic Priesthood, but of Christ.—Gen. xiv. c., 18 v., Heb. vii.

Again, we find Jacob vowing to the Lord, at Bethel, and saying, "If God will be with me, and will keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat and raiment to put on, * * * then shall the Lord be my God: and this stone which I have set for a pillar shall be God's house: and, of all that thou shalt give me, I shall surely give the tenth to thee."—Gen. xxviii. c., 20. v.

The expression "Surely I will give" seem to imply that the duty was well understood by him, no doubt through the instruction and practice of his father Isaac. And we may justly conclude that the same worshipful faith which he had in his heart, two hundred and sixty years before the law was given by Moses, would lead him to vow the same vow, if he were living now, eighteen hundred years after that economy has ceased.

By many it is supposed that we have traces of this ordinance still farther back: and that, whatever else there may have been offensive in Cain's Sacrifice, one fault was that it was not enough, not a *tenth*. This opinion receives confirmation from the words used by St. Paul in speaking of it, in the vi. chapter of Hebrews; where it is said,—"By faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent Sacrifice than Cain, by which he obtained witness that he was righteous, God testifying of his gifts; and by it he, being dead, yet speaketh."

The word which is here translated "more excellent" is literally *fuller*. And it is observable that the witness which Abel obtained was that he was '*righteous*' or just. On both these grounds it is concluded, not unreasonably, that the Sacrifice demanded was *the Lord's* Tithe, and that Cain, through covetousness, kept back *a part*.

Whether this reasoning be true or not, the probability almost amounting to a certainty is, that a law of such a kind, which was binding on Abraham and Jacob, must have been equally binding on Adam and all his descendants.

But the example which concerns us most nearly is that of Abraham. We are the true seed of Abraham (Gal. iii. 9.), and Christ, our High Priest, is the true Melchisedec, the Priest of the Most High God, possessor of heaven and earth; and if the recognition of this truth, by paying Tithes was right in Abel, and Abraham, and Jacob, and afterwards in all the literal Israel, it is hard to see how it can be less binding on the spiritual Israel, the Christian Church. Impartial reasoning would rather lead to the conclusion that it is more binding upon us, if that were possible. For, as nothing happens by chance, and the whole mysterious and wonderful transaction between Abraham and Melchisedec was evidently overruled and ordered by the Omniscent God,—the connection between the payment of Tithes by him to whom the promises were made, and the ministry to him by Melchisedec, of bread and wine,—the eternally ordained symbols of the Body and Blood of Christ—is very remarkable: and seems a most strong declaration, as far as a figure could shew it, of the will of God concerning the Christian Church.

This argument becomes still stronger when we consider the reasoning of St. Paul in his Epistle to the Hebrews. Six times over he repeats that Christ is a Priest after the order of Melchisedec: and he dwells again and again on the fact of Abraham having paid him Tithe of all.

Nevertheless, the Apostle does not say in so many words, that the Church should now pay Tithes. Nor is it affirmed in any part of the New Testament. As far as positive written commandment in the New Testament is concerned, the payment of a tenth of our substance stands on the same footing as the dedication of the seventh of our time. Both ordinances existed before the Law, and under the Law, but there is no express command for either under the Gospel. The obligation, in both cases alike, seems left to be determined either by the voice of a competent ministry, or the conscience of the Christian Church. And, as regards the keeping of one day in seven holy to the Lord, all Christians have alike concluded that what was binding in such a matter before the Law, and under the Law, and has never been abrogated, is equally binding on us also; and by so much the more as we are partakers of higher hopes, and recipients of greater blessings.

The argument is the same regarding Tithes; but in this we have been less faithful. Although the civil law of most Christian nations has retained the civil statute regarding them, the Church, both Priests and people, have been unmindful: and this part of the will of God, like much besides regarding the constitution and order of the Church, (which is the Body of Christ). His living presence, and His Second Coming and Kingdom, lay open before *our eyes in the* volume of the Book in vain, until God in mercy

shed upon it the light of Prophecy.—Jeremiah viii. 8. Whatever ground of reasonable doubt there might have been, from lack of positive commandments by the lips of our Lord or his Apostles, has been now removed by the Lord himself speaking, and determining the question. And those who have heard that voice, and know what the Lord is doing, are thankfully bringing up their Tithe to the possessor of Heaven and Earth, in confident assurance that according to his faithful promise, He will open the window of heaven, and pour out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it; that, in measure now, according to our present necessities, he will bless us with the daily blessings of salvation, reviving His weary heritage, and that ere long He will send "Jesus Christ, whom the heavens have received until the times of the restitution of all things, which God hath spoken by the mouth of all his holy prophets since the world began."—Acts iii. 21.

Having said thus much concerning the history of Tithes, it remains to speak of their object and blessing—the blessing of those who give, and those who receive. It is clear that the silver and the gold are of no use to the Lord in Heaven, but for the service of His House and work of Ministry among men. Such was their object and destination under the Law; and such, no doubt, according to the requirements of the time, was their destination before the Law, and the same purpose remains. The Lord's Tithe is dedicated at the Altar of His House, and laid at the Apostles' feet, and by their authority, and on their responsibility, distribution is made for the maintenance of the Clergy, and other holy purposes. Great is the grace and liberty which flow from such an appointment. Ministers are strengthened and solemnised by the thought that they live by the bounty of the Lord, and are not dependent on the favour and wages of men; and all the people feel that the House is indeed the Lord's, and Ministers are free gifts of God to rich and poor alike, without money and without price. The rich man who's Tithe is £500 a year, and the poor man who's Tithe is but £5, meet together on the same level, in this respect. Each has only *paid his debt.* And it is done in secret. No one knows but God. If you think of the quietness and regularity with which the services of God's house are carried on among you, the places of Ministry supplied and maintained, and the support of Ministers provided for, without the rich man feeling proud of his riches, or the poor man ashamed of his poverty, without discussions and without strife, you cannot but admire the goodness and beauty of God's order. Not that all this is done by the Tithe alone; for there are also the voluntary offerings of the willing-hearted, also made in secret. But the great stay and support of all is the Tithe—the Lord's Tithe, which he has reserved for himself. In conclusion, let me dwell *a little* more in detail on the obligation of Tithe, as distinguished *from our free-will offerings*, lest there should be in any of your *minds the* seeds of uncertainty or confusion, which, springing

up, might mar your joy, and hinder the abundant blessings which are promised to those who are faithful in this matter.

Tithe is a debt, payable to the Lord. Not ours, but his. The position which he has reserved for himself; as it is written in the Book of Leviticus, "All the Tithe of the land, of the seed of the land, or of the fruit of the tree, is the Lord's; it is holy to the Lord. And concerning the Tithe of the herd, or of the flock, the tenth shall be holy unto the Lord."—Ch. xxviii. 30.

When our income or our wages (whatever it be called), wherever God has prospered us, comes into our hands, whether it be little or much, the tenth of our free income or wages is the Lord's; and the man or woman who has the faith of it, and is obedient, will separate the tenth, whatever the amount may be, whether £100, or only £1 or one shilling, and will set it aside as the Lord's portion, to be paid into the place appointed for Tithes on the next Lord's Day.

If, after this is done, it is in their power, and they have the heart to give more, they can make what offerings they please. But, according to that true saying, 'Be just before being generous,' we must pay our Tithe before we can make an *offering*. And this Tithe must be carefully deposited in the place appointed for, and marked "Tithe." Not in any place; nor yet divided, and put in different places; but always, and only, into the place for Tithe. It is the Lord's, to be used as He appoints.

Our free-will offerings we can distribute as we please, putting them into the places for the 'poor' 'the Church,' or any other. But in the respect of the Tithe, it is the Lord's, and we have no choice or discretion regarding it. What we offer for 'the poor' goes to the poor, according to our choice, and so of all other offerings; but before any offering can be made, we must scrupulously pay our debt, that is our Tithe, which is the LORD'S.

There have been some who have rejoiced, so far, in the knowledge of what God is doing, but have shrunk back again through unwillingness to come under the obligation of paying Tithe. But this obligation follows them wherever they go, and they cannot escape from it. They may resist it, but it still remains. To pay the Lord that which is His is not choice, but duty; so that they greatly err.

And assuredly, to pay our debt to Him, who gives us all, is not to lose but to gain. All duty done is gain. But a special promise is attached to the fulfilment of this, even the blessing of abundance. Yet let not any man imagine folly in his heart, like Simon Magus, and say, "I will pay my Tithe to the Lord, for then I shall get twice as much again." Tithe is not so paid. There can be no bargain. The Tithe is the Lord's. He will bless all who pay it in faith, opening the windows of heaven for their sake. If it be for their good, doubtless he will prosper them in the things of this world; but certainly their souls shall prosper; and in stedfastness of spirit and joy of hope the remaining nine-tenths of their substance, *which is theirs, and sanctified* by the payment of the Tithe, shall

be far better and more profitable than the unblessed whole could be.

Tithe is not a burden, but a blessing. And it is probable that the poorest among us, who apprehend the truth, rich in the hope of the life to come—the poor man's hope—would be the last to wish to escape from the duty. I say the hope of the life to come: for, in truth, the chief thought involved in the payment of Tithe is the thought of eternity. The feeling uppermost in the mind is that He, who is our Lord, by whom and for whom all things were made, who now upholds all things by His intercession at the right hand of the Father, shall, ere long, take to Himself His great power, and come again to reign; when the Kingdoms of this world shall become the Kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ.—Revelation xi. c., 15 v.

Yes, the payment of Tithe has respect, in the first place, to Eternity, the inheritance which is incorruptible.

It is an act of Faith; an act of Duty. And a reward of faithful duty is the blessing of God, guaranteed by his faithfulness: not measurable by our understanding, but based on a surer and better foundation.

Bring we, then, all the Tithes into His storehouse, and prove Him therewith if He will not open the windows of heaven and pour out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it. Pay we our Tithes with gladness of heart; and bring up our offerings also, as God shall prosper us—offerings of time, and money, and bodily help; every man according to that which he has; and the Lord will be with us.

THE POSITION OF THE LORD'S PRAYER RELATIVELY TO OTHER PRAYERS.

To the EDITOR.

SIR,—You must have very frequently noticed that, till of late years—indeed until very lately, Clergymen use the Lord's Prayer on most occasions not immediately connected with their Prayer-Book ministrations, as their last prayer of all, just before the "Grace of our Lord," &c., or just before the Blessing. This is the way in which this is done always in Family Prayers, and in what is called the *Wylnos*, or the short evening service that is usually held (in North Wales at least) in the house from which a dead body is to be conveyed for burial on the following day. Some other extra-rubrical occasions might be mentioned in which the same thing is done. It seems to be the general impression *with the Clergy* that the proper place and position of the Lord's

Prayer is after all the other prayers, and immediately before the Blessing or the Grace: for this is the place they assign to it whenever the Rubric does not stand in their way. The Clergy mean no harm whatever by doing this: they merely follow tradition and custom, without for a single moment asking themselves whether this is in accordance with the spirit of the Church and Prayer-Book.

But the fact is that the position indicated above is *never* assigned to that Divine Prayer in the Prayer-Book. It might not be uninteresting to see how the matter stands there, by just notifying the different cases. It does not occur just before Grace in the Morning or Evening Prayer, nor in the Litany; but long before the end. In the Communion Service it stands at the very beginning, and it recurs immediately after the Communicants have partaken of the Sacrament, but still far from the end. In the three Baptismal Services it occurs a considerable way from the end. And so it does in the Confirmation Service; and so it does likewise in the Marriage Service. It is near the beginning of the Service for the Visitation of the Sick. It is near the middle of the Service for the Churching of Women. It is far from the end of the Commination Service. And in the Burial Service there are two long prayers between it and the Grace. But as the latter half of this Service is usually read not in Church but at the grave, many Clergymen remove the Lord's Prayer from its proper place in that Service, and read it immediately before the Grace.

When the Lord's Prayer is read just before the Grace or Blessing, it sounds as if it did not form an important and integral portion of the Service; it sounds exactly like a kind of flourish by way of winding up.

I have been for many years doing what I am here finding fault with; but I never do it now. In family prayer, for instance, I say that prayer either at the beginning or about the middle; but never at the end.

Yours, &c.,

AN OLD CLERGYMAN.

THE APPROPRIATENESS OF THE LORD'S PRAYER TO DIFFERENT OCCASIONS.

The comprehensiveness of the Lord's Prayer renders it the most proper prayer we can possibly use in our daily devotions. Scarcely can anything occur in our daily and weekly lives, but that, if we are in a decent mind, we are able to connect it in thought with some portion or portions of that Prayer. And it is impossible to decide whether it is more admirably fitted to our private or to our *public* acts of worship. What a balm accom-

panies its use immediately after the Confession and Absolution in the Morning and Evening Service! How admirably it corresponds with our inmost feelings, when it comes immediately after the Apostle's Creed! How appropriately it comes after those petitions in the Litany! Some people say it comes too often in the Service: but we think, for ourselves, that its omission in any of the above, or other cases, would greatly mar the beauty and heartiness of Divine Service, because, whenever it occurs, it occurs with such perfect appropriateness, and, as it were, *rings* so admirably in unison with the feelings of the heart at the time.

Most Christians must have noticed how well some portion or other of it corresponds with the feelings of those that are present at the Occasional Services. Let me try and exemplify this:—

In the Baptismal and Confirmation Services, for instance, the petition "Hallowed be Thy name," awakens a corresponding chord in the heart, and makes us say in ourselves, "May these children, O Lord, who are now dedicated to Thee in Holy Baptism, sanctify Thy Name in their conduct as long as they live." And "May these young people that have now confirmed their profession of the Gospel, adorn it by a holy life and conversation."

And how wonderfully do the petitions "Hallowed be Thy name," "Give us this day our daily bread," "Lead us not into temptation," in the Marriage Service, strike the hearts of the newly married couple, if they have the least feelings of devoutness.

And again in the Service for the Visitation of the Sick, the petitions, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven," "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us," how they must affect the heart of the sick man, making him to refer his life or death to the will of his Heavenly Father, and softening his spirit, now bowed down by illness, to be in a forgiving and charitable frame and disposition.

Especially in the Burial Service, the petition "Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven," gives the sorrowing friends and surviving relatives of the dead person a great help to feel resigned to the ways of God, and to say to Him, in the words of one of the funeral Psalms, "I became dumb, and opened not my mouth; for it was Thy doing."

But the place where this prayer occurs perhaps most affectingly of all is where we repeat it immediately after partaking of the Holy Communion. Every word of it then tells wonderfully on us: every petition in it responds then to a cry in our heart of hearts. We say, "Give us this day our daily bread," at that solemn time with a new and a higher meaning: we refer naturally to the Bread of Life, the hidden manna; and we unconsciously pray to be fed with that bread of the soul every day of our life.

ONESIMUS.

THE PROGRESS OF EDUCATION IN ENGLAND AND WALES.

PUBLIC Education has made vast progress in Great Britain within the last quarter of a century; but much yet remains to be done. A recent report of the Register-General, shows that 32·7 per cent. of the male miners who married in 1841, were obliged to sign the register with marks. This proportion diminished year by year till 1866, when it was 23. The progress of education among women has been still greater. In 1841, 48·8 per cent. of miners were unable to write their names; but in 1867, there were only 23 per cent. In the whole quarter of a century, from 1842 till 1866, the proportion of men who write, has risen from being only two thirds, to be three fourths, and of women, from being a half, to two thirds. But the spread of education over the kingdom has been very unequal. It appears from a parliamentary return issued in the session of 1867, that more than a third of the Welshmen who married in the year 1865, had to 'make their mark.' Very nearly a third of the men of Hertfordshire, Cambridgeshire and Norfolk, were put in the same predicament. More than a third of the men from Suffolk; 35 per cent. of the men of Bedfordshire; 38 per cent. of the men of Staffordshire; and 40 per cent. of the men of Monmouthshire. In all Lancashire, one man in every four who married had to make his mark. Foremost among the ignorant districts, so far as concerns women, stands South Wales with more than half its women unable to write their names; and in North Wales, Monmouthshire, Staffordshire and Lancashire, the number exceeds 46 in 100. In Bedfordshire, two women in every five who married in 1865, had to make their mark. In the eastern counties, and in many counties in the southern half of England, more women signed the marriage register than men. Westmoreland had the largest number of men able to write, and Sussex, the largest proportion of women.

From a report of the Army Medical Department, giving an account of the state of education among the recruits of the British Army, it appears that out of every 1,000 recruits examined in the year 1864, 239 men were unable to read or write; 37 able to read only, and 724 able to read and write. In Scotch districts, the numbers were respectively 163, 157 and 680. In Irish districts, 318, 104 and 578. Compared with the results for 1861, there is a decrease in the proportion of uneducated in England, but scarcely any difference in Scotland and Ireland."—*Statesman* Year Book, 1870.

HYMN

Written for the Harvest Festival at Llangoedmore.

Jesu blest, in hallow'd story
Born to be the Incarnate Word;
Now enthroned supreme in glory,
Thee we hail creation's Lord.
Of all needed grace the giver,
Praise and vow in Sion ever
Wait for Thee by saints adored.

But for hearts subdued and lowly
Faltering awe beseems alone;
For before the High and Holy
Who may dare approach the throne?
Yet art Thou of grace the giver,
Merciful and tender ever;
Thine to bless, as to atone.

Then assured our buoyant voices
Swell the song to worship Thee;
While each lip and heart rejoices,
Full in fervent harmony.
Of the kindled glow Thou giver,
Fire our altar's incense ever;
So may sweet the savour be.

Praise our God for bounteous measure
Of the teeming year's increase,—
For the soil's new-garner'd treasure,—
For the seasons ne'er to cease.
Of our basket's store the giver,
Lord, vouchsafe us still, as ever,
Israel's dew on Gideon's fleece.

Glory to the Three Eternal,
One in sovereign Deity;
Thou who breathest free the vernal
Grace to quicken souls for Thee;—
Lord of life, of growth the giver,
O that ever and for ever
We to Thee may gather'd be.

SERMON.

"BLESSED ARE THE PEACEMAKERS."—MATT. v. 9.

BY THE BISHOP OF DERRY.

THE opening sentences of our Lord's Sermon upon the Mount, known in the Church by the name of the Beatitudes, give us a delineation of the saintly character. We shall misunderstand these divine sentences if we suppose that we find in them so many different classes of saintly men. It is not that the poor in spirit form one division, and the mourners a second, and the meek a third, and they which hunger and thirst after righteousness a fourth, and the merciful a fifth, and the pure in heart a sixth, and the peacemakers a seventh, and the persecuted an eighth: all the saints of God have that true Gospel poverty of spirit which Bishop Taylor calls "the highway of eternity;" all mourn; all are meek; all hunger and thirst after righteousness; all are merciful; all are pure in heart; all are peacemakers; all, more or less, are persecuted for righteousness' sake. We have not so many different kinds of characters, but so many aspects of one and the same character; not eight different vines, but eight different clusters of one and the same vine.

It is an easy thing to speak about the saints and the saintly characters, admiring them as we might admire the radiance of an autumnal sunset; but we are all called to be saints; unless that character be formed in us, we shall have no share in the beatitudes of the Sermon upon the Mount. Let us consider that aspect of the saintly character which is exhibited in the words "Blessed are the peacemakers."

I. Who are the peacemakers?

If we inquire merely what our Lord's first hearers must have understood by the term, no doubt it may be restricted to the signification which has been *given* by an old divine—"pacific, gentle, good-*natured.*"

old times—of his youth, of his wife, of the sorrows of his first parting, of the dangers he had been in, and many other things; to all of which Mary listened and replied as she went on with her work.

"You're a good girl, Polly, a very good girl,—so is Jenny; but you've got more age and woman's wit. Well, your mother was a good woman, and she bred you up right; there's different ways of being good, a soldier's goodness lies in fighting for his country."

Finding that he expected some assent to this self-justification, Mary ventured to say, "What kind of goodness do you mean, father?"

"Goodness? why goodness to be sure; I don't know of many kinds of goodness; if I'm good, I'm good, and there's an end on it. What have you got to say against that?"

"I may be a good dressmaker and not a good woman!" suggested Mary, in a humble tone.

"You mean, I may be a good soldier and not a good man?" he said quickly.

"I don't speak of you," she said; "but surely, father, some great soldiers have been very wicked men. I remember some that threatened to murder Mr. Hart last winter—they were very wicked; and some confessed it."

"When did that happen?"

"In the very dead of winter. There was a house in one of the dark streets leading from the Friar's gate,—men used to meet there to drink and gamble and fight, and do all sorts of wickedness; and there was one named Philpot; he was a decent, orderly man enough till he got into bad company; then he got worse and worse, till he came to be one of the party at that house. His poor wife declared her life was not worth a feather's weight when he came home; he was mad with drink and passion, and she had much ado to keep her children safe out of his way. They would have starved if it hadn't been for Mr. Hart, but he helped her and often asked where Philpot was and how he went on. She didn't like to complain, but at last she told him; and that very night he went to the house at twelve o'clock, and pushed his way in and faced Philpot and told him he'd come to take him away. And he turned and talked to the men till he made them half afraid; but they soon got more angry than afraid, and set on to beat him, but he had his great stick and kept them off; and Philpot, who wasn't quite tipsy, and had just been cheated out of all his money, helped him. However, they would have killed them both if the constables hadn't come in. Amy Philpot knew Mr. Hart was going, and she went and begged them to follow him there."

"He must be a stout fellow, whoever he is," said the soldier.

"*Mr.* Hart? He's our clergyman, father; Jane has gone to hear *him preach to-night.*"

"*Parson!* why he'd make a good soldier."

"Yes, father, he would indeed make a good soldier; he is such a good man. He never lost sight of Philpot after that night; and now he is a better husband than ever he was."

"What kind of looking man is Mr. Hart?" said the soldier.

"Very tall—and stout—and greyish hair, and such a firm-looking face; but he's as kind as possible to any one in trouble."

"He never comes here."

"Not since you've been home; he has so much to do. He goes where he is most wanted. He often came to us when Jenny had the fever so badly, and sent her wine, and gave her fruit. Oh, he was like a father to us then."

The soldier felt in his pocket, and pulled out the papers. He opened one, and read it in silence, while Mary went on with her work. A great deal of work came in the next day—family mourning. Mary and Jane were so busy they were obliged to employ hands to help them. The Sunday was indeed a rest. To their surprise, in the morning their father, of whom they had seen very little during the last few days, came down dressed in his best clothes, and announced that, as his leg was better, and he felt altogether more easy, he had a mind to go to church with them.

It was the first time since his return home. He had always said he could not sit out the service for pain. The day passed. No comment was made by him on the minister or his sermon.

More mourning came in on the Monday (as is often the case), and Mary and her sister gave up all hope of Wednesday's lecture.

As they were in the evening busily arranging Thursday's work, Jane asked "where father could be." He was not in the habit of going out at night.

"Very likely at the Crown, reading the papers. He goes there sometimes when we are too much taken up to attend to him," Mary answered.

But when supper was ready, the soldier walked in and took his seat, saying, "Girls, I've been to church. I thought I was but in the way here, so I would just pass away the time there."

Jane longed to ask some questions about the sermon, but Mary looked at her, enjoining silence.

From this time the soldier never missed going with his daughters on Sunday or week-day; and they noticed that he was often alone in his room, and that the Bible which they had placed on his table was now first on one side and then on the other, showing that it had at least been moved.

Stimulated by these things to more earnest believing prayer on his behalf, they went on, waiting and watching.

They were on the point of starting for the lecture one Wednesday evening, when an old comrade of the soldier's, who occasionally paid *him a visit, dropped in.*

EDUCATION.

BY THE REV. CANON BELL, RECTOR OF CHELTENHAM.

NO system of education, national or otherwise, can deserve the name of education, which does not include the instruction of the whole man. Man is made up of mind, and soul, and body; and if the mind is to be trained, and the body is to be developed, the soul must also be enlightened. "That the soul be without knowledge is not good." The communication of useful knowledge, with which many identify education, is but a very small part of education. Useful knowledge, as the phrase goes, is limited by its advocates to a knowledge of such subjects as enable a child to make its way through this world, without bringing into view the unspeakably important questions that have to do with our relations towards God. This idea of education keeps out of sight altogether man's highest nature, shuts out the future, limits his hopes and fears to the horizon of time, and neglects entirely the moral and spiritual character. Is such a system deserving the name of education, if you take education to mean the act of training the whole man; of drawing forth, developing all his faculties, not merely physical and intellectual, but moral and spiritual likewise? Surely education in its truest aspects is too grand and comprehensive to be dwarfed and narrowed down to a conception of its objects so petty as that of imparting certain kinds of knowledge which are as transient as the subject of which they treat? "Useful Knowledge!" Is there not a begging of the whole question at issue in the words? For how can we say what knowledge will be really useful to a man, until you give its proper importance to the spiritual part of his nature, and bring into your calculations the God to whom his obedience is due, the Saviour who claims his heart, the eternity where he shall reap in happiness or in misery the harvest for which

he has been sowing in time? I cannot admit that any education is deserving of the name, no matter what amount of "useful knowledge" be imparted, which leaves the greater part of human nature untouched. I do not believe that to teach a boy algebra, or history, or geography, or physical science, is all that is needed for a moral and spiritual being such as man. How can any education be perfect which keeps the pupil's eye off his highest interests, limits his thoughts to the world of sense, and supplies no instruction in what it concerns him most to know as a being who is a citizen of another world, and one infinitely grander and more important than the present? Is any system deserving the name of education which brings before the scholar every book but the divine, detaches duty from the idea of God, and gives a boy no guidance or direction in the way of morals except in the shape of some conventional standard of right or wrong? I contend that an education in so termed "useful knowledge," the very best that can be given; ignoring, as it does, the heart, and the conscience, and the will, and dealing only with the intellect, limits and cramps the pupil's mind within a very narrow formula, and is a very poor and unworthy conception of a most solemn and sacred responsibility. How can any man calling himself a Christian limit his idea of education to a system of instruction which is only serviceable for this world, when he may base the life and thought of the pupil on a revelation from heaven which can "make wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus." And is not this the divine idea of all that can properly be called education? What says the inspired Psalmist? "He established a testimony in Jacob and appointed a law in Israel, which He commanded our fathers that they should make them known to their children. That the generation to come might know them, even the children which should be born; who would arise and declare them to their children; that they might set their hope in God, and not forget the works of God, but keep His commandments." To communicate such an education as this I hold to be the very first duty of all who are to be considered in any sense the guardians of the young. Some of our philosophers and philanthropists, some of our secular educators, disliking anything of doctrinal theology, and some of our Political Dissenters (I advisedly use the term Political Dissenters, as there are many Nonconformists who, I am happy to say, are of a better spirit), jealous of the influence of the Church of England, which has been pre-eminent in the great work of education—hating her more than they love the Bible—may, like the chief priests and scribes of old, "be sore displeased" as they hear the children singing in our schools, "Hosanna to the Son of David!" But we have the answer of our Lord with which to justify the course therein pursued, and with which to meet their angry cry—"Yea, have ye never read, Out of the *mouth of babes* and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise?"

A MONKEY'S INSTINCT.

WO brothers, Englishmen, were once travelling on foot from Dondra Head, the southern extremity of the island of Ceylon, towards Candy, in the interior, about one hundred and twenty miles northward. They started upon their journey very early in the morning, and expected to accomplish it in three or four days, though, as the sun is so exceedingly warm in that country, they intended to rest
ıe heat of the day under the shade of the many broad-leaved
ıs that grew by the side of the road.
.ad travelled some distance when the younger stopped, and,
ıquiringly around, said, "I surely heard a cry, Robert, as if
was hurt. Let us look and see what it can be," he added,
moan now distinctly reached their ears. It proceeded from a
cocoa-nut trees that grew on their right hand.
others sprang hastily, but cautiously, forward, and searched
around, till at last the elder exclaimed, laughing, "Here it
:; come and see;" and, as his brother turned towards him,
ł to a monkey, who, having fallen from one of the branches
it-tree, had hurt himself very severely.
fellow!" said Arthur; and, taking him up, he tore a strip
handkerchief, and bound the wounded limb, and then turned
e his journey with the monkey in his arms. "You surely,"
ırt, "do not intend to take that disgusting animal as your
n to Candy!"
ou think," replied Arthur, "that I would leave this poor
reature to die of his wound? No; he shall be my companion
ı cured, and then he may return, as soon as he likes, to his
he forest."
ɔ brothers travelled on their way, though the elder could not
s refrain from joking the other about his *companion*. They
ıeyed two days, and were about half way from the place of
ɨination, when the heat became exceedingly oppressive, and
rous springs which had hitherto flowed along the side of the
become dried up, and they began to suffer from the want of
Their strength was failing; they felt as if they could proceed
:; and on the morning of the fourth day, when about thirty
ı Candy, both brothers sank down at the foot of a palm-tree
and parched with thirst.
we die here?" exclaimed Robert, with a groan.
in God," replied Arthur, raising his eyes towards heaven.
y the monkey, who was resting by his side, sprang up and
ly along the road, as if he were searching for something.

"How strangely he acts!" said the young man; "what can he have found?" And, summoning all his strength, he arose and followed the animal.

When he reached the spot, what met his delighted eyes? There, growing in luxuriant abundance, was the silky, downy pitcher-plant, or monkey-cup, so called on account of its being sought after by those animals for the purpose of quenching their thirst. The flower is in the shape of a cup, about six inches in length, and one and a half in diameter; it has a lid, which opens and shuts with the changes of the weather, and is filled with pure water, a secretion from the plant.

The two brothers drank of the water, and were refreshed; and when they at last reached their home they related to their astonished friends how the monkey had been the means of saving their lives. "Lord, how manifold are Thy works! in wisdom hast Thou made them all."

THIRTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY—SEPT. 7.

"Go, and do thou likewise."—Luke x. 37.

PERCHANCE, you may not meet a man
In such a helpless, wounded state,
Stricken by thieves, but still you can
All be compassionate.
For on the life-course you will find,
Always around you hearts to bind,
Wounds you may heal by being kind.

Oh, follow ye, with earnest heart,
The sweet example of this man;
Nor from your fellows live apart,
But, like the good Samaritan,
Hold out the hand of kindliness
To those around you in distress,
And God, our God, your lives shall bless.

SCOTLAND IN BYGONE DAYS.—On the 26th day of February, 1546, the Governor and Cardinal, with the Earl of Argyll, Justice-General of Scotland, condemned to death and caused to be hung four honest men for eating a goose in Lent. Likewise they caused to be drowned a young woman, because she would not pray to our Lady and other saints.—*Chronicles of Scotland, by Lindsay of Pitscottie*, vol. ii., p. 453. [*Such are the fruits of Popish teaching.*—ED. *C.M.P.M.*]

GIPSIES ENCAMPED.

ON TELLING FORTUNES.

BY OLD MERRY.

THE days of fortune-telling are fast dying out, and some of our readers may live to see the time when fortune-tellers will be as scarce as sedan-chairs or stage-coaches are now. Fortune-tellers have been great terrors in their time to some of us. Who has not seen an old woman with dark, flowing hair, and bronzed face, and jet-black eyes, dressed in an old stuff gown, and covered over with a large red cloak, coming up with a pack of cards in her hand, and saying, "Now, my pretty gentleman, let me tell you your fortune?" And while the young gentleman has blushed a little at being called pretty, he has trembled a good deal lest the old lady should whisk him up in her great red cloak, and carry him away into her tent, sell all his fine clothes, paint him brown like a gipsy, and make him go out poaching for hares and rabbits all the rest of his natural life, while she goes on with her fortune-telling for the remainder of hers.

These gipsy folk are all very well if you see them in a fair, or meet

them out in a country lane when the bright sun is shining, and you have got lots of friends round about you: but they are terrible bogies if you happen to meet them at night, just when the sun has gone down, and the moon hasn't come out; when trees look like bad-shaped men; and the white clothes hanging out to dry look like ghosts—and all that sort of thing.

When I was a boy, I went one night to a party, and, when all the fun was over, I had to walk between three and four miles home, along a dreary lane where there were no gas-lamps, and only a house or two by the road-side all the way. I was always frightened of that lane because I knew the gipsies used to come there sometimes, and the boys at school used to tell all sorts of horrible stories about how those very gipsies would steal little boys and make meat pies of them; and how one old woman in the camp would work miracles, and, if people didn't give her money, she could turn them into turnips, or logs of wood, or make them go to sleep and never wake again for a hundred years.

Of course I knew it was all rubbish, and didn't mind it a bit in the day-time; but that night, as I walked along, all these tormenting stories would come into my head; and, when I came to the darkest and dreariest part of the road, you may guess how my teeth chattered and my knees knocked together when I saw, not a hundred yards off, the gipsy encampment. Yes, there were two large caravans and a tent. In the midst was a roaring fire, and round it were half a dozen great big men, with such faces that, as they lay there, and the light flickered on them, I thought they were too ugly to be human. And there were the women skinning rabbits and plucking fowls (I wished Farmer Haycroft could have seen them, for I felt sure they had been stolen from his farm), and others were attending to a great big pot, which was swung over the fire—and I had to go past! Should I creep on my hands and knees very gently, so that they could not hear me or see me? or should I go by whistling, as if I didn't care a bit about them? I tried to whistle, just to see if I were man enough for that; but my whistle was dry with fear, and I couldn't get out a sound. While I was thinking what I should do, a great monster stepped out from a ditch, and accosted me, in a most violent manner, with "He—haw!"

I could not stand being made fun of by such a donkey as that, so I screwed up my courage and walked boldly along. But my step was heard, and just as I came up to the gipsies, who should step out to me but that abominable old woman in the red cloak!

"My pretty gentleman, let me tell your fortune," she said. "Now, just let me cross your hand with a shining sixpence, and I'll tell you *all that* will happen to you till your dying day."

"*That's now*," thought I; but I said, "No, thank you, I must *make haste* home; but, as you can tell fortunes, can you tell me if I

shall have the good fortune to meet my father before I get to the end of the lane?"

I thought it would frighten her to make her believe my father was coming; but she wasn't frightened a bit, and only said that she could tell me nothing till she had crossed my hand with some silver. So down among whip-cord, buttons, marbles, ends of slate pencil, and other lumber indigenous to a boy's pocket, I drew out a sixpence.

"Now," said she, "if you don't want your fortune told, you do want to have luck through your life; and so I will just cross your hand for luck, and——God bless you, my pretty gentleman." So saying, she pocketed my sixpence, and I thought she was a true fortune-teller, indeed, for I was lucky at once in getting away without being robbed, or murdered, or turned into a turnip.

One other time I was alone in the house, and a gipsy knocked at the door, and asked me to buy a broom; but as that was not in my line—except to make a leaping-pole out of the handle—I told her I did not want one. So she asked me to let her tell my fortune; and, not knowing how to get rid of her, I put a shilling into her hand to cross it with. Innocently enough I only *lent* her the shilling!

"Now," said she, "shut your eyes, and turn round three times, and wish."

I did so, and, as nearly as I remember, I wished I might get back my shilling at once, and marry a princess, and live in a beautiful castle in the future. But when I opened my eyes, the woman was gone. She had hobbled away down the road, and was crying, "Buy a broom!" with an exultant voice. So I never got back my shilling, and, up to the present day, I have not married a princess.

I could tell you lots of stories about having my fortune told. Some of the women have said things which have really come true; for instance, "You will go for a long journey, and you will know what it is to suffer pain; you will see many ups and downs in life, but you will live through them all till your dying day. There will be a beautiful girl, with dark eyes, and long black hair, who will love you; but she will love somebody else as well," and so on.

Now, do any of you believe in fortune-telling? I do—yes, joking apart, I do. Come, lend me your hand—that's right; lay it open in mine, and look me straight in the face, and I will tell you your fortune.

I see by the merry twinkle in your eye that you love fun and frolic. You will have many friends and companions who will seek your society on that very account. Some of them will try to make your pleasant, happy manner the instrument of your downfall. Beware of following them anywhere they may wish to lead you; it were better for you to turn your *smiles and laughter* into tears than to wear the smile upon *your face, while your heart* is aching with remorse.

I see by your broad, open forehead that by-and-by that head of yours will be full of high and noble thoughts; you will have an influence in the world so great that, after it has gone from you, as the perfume goes from the flower, no earthly power can call it back. Beware how you think. Your thoughts will be as storehouses of treasure to give to the needy if you employ them well; but that very capacity for good may be perverted into as great a capacity for evil. Your fortune is to use an influence. It rests with you to decide how you will use it.

I see in your future that you will be called into the battle-field. You will ride on a prancing war-horse, and rush into the din of the fight with the clangour of arms and the booming of shot and shell. Beware how you fight. If you do not take tried weapons with you, you will be sure to be wounded in the battle, and get trodden under foot, never to rise again. But, mark my words, before entering the battle you will have a choice of weapons (Eph. vi. 13—17). Choose that helmet which has saved so many of the good old warriors of yore, and that sword which has never been sheathed since the first battle was fought; and that breastplate which so well protects the heart; and your fortune will be to wear the wreath of the conqueror.

I see, too, that there is unbounded wealth lying across your path in the future. There are title-deeds in which are secured to you a purchased possession, a share in the throne of a great kingdom; a crown exceeding costly, and titles which are the most honourable. You *may* never attain to all this. It is just possible you never may—but you *can*. And, be sure of this, it is worth trying for, worth living for, worth dying for, if need be. An old chronicle, which has been read by kings and peasants, the wise men of the East, and the poor boys of London, contains an account of all these possessions. You want no lawyer to explain to you the nature of the title-deeds. Take the Book and look out for your own name, and see what it says about the rest of your interests: and there all the boys and girls in the land will find their fortunes told.

Robert Hall, who was easy and playful in his conversation with such persons as had the privilege of his friendship, affecting amongst them no extraordinary gravity, was on one occasion thus rebuked by a loquacious fellow-minister, after a charity-sermon, for the vivacity of his remarks. "Brother Hall! I am surprised at you; so frivolous, after delivering so serious a discourse!" "Brother!" was the retort, *"I keep my nonsense for the fireside, whilst you publish yours from the pulpit."*

OUR CHURCH LITURGY AND DISSENT.

WELL-WRITTEN article on the question—"Is a Liturgy desirable for Dissenters?" has appeared in the *English Independent*, from which we make the following extracts:—"The popularity of the Church of England with the masses is, without doubt, largely attributable to the use of its beautiful liturgy; and even where High Church curates have driven evangelical worshippers away from their usual sanctuary, these latter have found our extemporaneous form of service so intolerable that they have been unable, often solely on that ground, to associate with us. On the other hand, large numbers of our young people, especially the more highly cultured, migrate into the Church for the sake of enjoying its responsive ritual. If Congregational ministers will read the signs of the times, they will do their best to bring into use some form of liturgy in their services.

"Many evils would be remedied if the Liturgy were used. The minister would be kept somewhat within the bounds of moderation as regards time, so that the congregation could know when the whole service would be ended. He would not forget many things he meant to say, and ought to have said. He would avoid 'vain repetitions.' If he happened to be mournful, his prayer would not be a dirge; or, if he were very merry, it would not simply be one continuous psalm—*i.e.*, the interpretation of the feelings of the people would not be made altogether dependent upon the minister's frame of mind, as it now is. Nor would he ever be 'restrained' in prayer—his whole nervous system racked by a painful sense of a want of fluency. Saved from this wearing process, he would preach with twice the amount of freedom and power. I am constantly meeting with ministers who undisguisedly express their preference for it—generally in a modified form—but who think the time is scarcely ripe for its introduction. Here and there it is being tried; and when tried, *as used in the Established Church*, is almost always successful."—*Rock*.

PAST AND PRESENT VALUE OF MONEY.—In 1299, the price of a fat lamb in London, from Christmas to Shrovetide, was 16d. (Stillingfleet's *Chronicum Rusticum*, p. 66). Three years afterwards the price of a fat wether was 1s., and that of a ewe 8d. Money was so scarce in 1351 that the price of a day's work was fixed, by Act of Parliament, at one penny, and in 1413, the allowance to the chaplain to the Scotch bishops (then in prison in England) was three halfpence per day. At this time twenty-four eggs were sold for a penny, a pair of shoes for fourpence, a fat goose for two and a half pence, a hen for a penny, wheat threepence per bushel, and a fat ox for six shillings and eightpence.

"TEMPTED AND TRIED!"

"Tempted and tried!"
Oh! the terrible tide
May be raging and deep, may be wrathful and wide!
Yet its fury is vain,
For the Lord shall restrain;
And for ever and ever Jehovah shall reign.

"Tempted and tried!"
There is One at thy side,
And never in vain shall His children confide!
He shall save and defend,
For He loves to the end,
Adorable Master and glorious Friend!

"Tempted and tried!"
Whate'er may betide,
In His secret pavilion His children shall hide!
'Neath the shadowing wing
Of Eternity's King
His children shall trust and His servants shall sing.

"Tempted and tried!"
Yet the Lord shall abide
Thy faithful Redeemer, thy Keeper, and Guide,
Thy Shield and thy Sword,
Thine exceeding Reward!
Then enough for the servant to be as his Lord!

"Tempted and tried!"
The Saviour who died
Hath called thee to suffer and reign by His side.
His cross thou shalt bear,
And His crown thou shalt wear,
And for ever and ever His glory shalt share.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL

THE TREASURY.

THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.—Ten thousand human beings set f together on their journey. After ten years, one third, at least, h disappeared. At the middle point of the common measure *life but half* are still upon the road. Faster and faster, as the ra *grow thinner*, they that remain till now become weary, and in th

and rise no more. At threescore and ten a band of some four hundred yet struggle on. At ninety these have been reduced to a handful of thirty trembling patriarchs. Year after year they fall in diminishing numbers. One lingers, perhaps, a lonely marvel, till the century is over. We look again, and the work of death is finished.

SELFISHNESS.

"Oh, if the selfish knew how much they lost,
What would they not endeavour, not endure,
To imitate, as far as in them lay,
Him, who His wisdom and His power employs,
In making others happy?" *Cowper.*

Mother!—The Emperor of China, on certain days of the year, pays a visit to his mother, who is seated on a throne to receive him; and four times on his feet, and as often on his knees, he makes her a profound obeisance, bowing his head even to the ground.—*Dodd.*

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC ON PAGE 191.

1. Babe*s* ..... Matt. ii. 16.
2. Apothecar*y* ..... Eccles. x. 1.
3. Ra*m* ..... Gen. xxii. 13.
4. Nathaniel—Phili*p* ..... John i. 45—47.
5. Adri*a* ..... Acts xxvii. 27.
6. Boa*t* ..... Acts xxvii. 30.
7. Abimelec*h* ..... Judges ix. 5, 53, 54.
8. Simplicity—Sincerit*y* ..... 2 Cor. i. 12.

Barnabas—Sympathy.

DOUBLE BIBLICAL ACROSTICS.

1. The *man* who well deserved the name of David's friend.
2. The convert *slave* whom Paul to Philemon did send.
3. The mournful *wife* who sought her husband's heart to gain.
4. Proud Babel's lofty god was raised upon *this* plain.
5. Strange fingers wrote *this* word, of fearful import found.
6. The prophet warns that *he* in evil will abound.
7. A *prince* whom Gideon slew, though he was strong and brave.
8. *This* to the king was he, who wisest counsel gave.
9. *He*, whom calls Midian's priest, that he should share his bread.
10. A *Benjamite* of old, who a large army led.
11. *This* keeps the souls of men from entering into rest.
12. Those who in *this* indulge cannot of God be blest.

Lord, if Thy strengthening hand be near,
No foe I'll dread, no danger fear.

SEPTEMBER.

PHASES OF THE MOON.

6—Full Moon .. 9h. 9m. p.m.	21—New Moon .. 5h. 51m. p.m.
13—Last Quarter .. 3h. 40m. p.m.	29—First Quarter .. 2h. 56m. p.m.

The Lessons are taken from the New Table.

1	M	Mind that your seeds are not of weeds. Gal. vi. 7.
2	Tu	The world is his who has patience. 1 Thess. v. 14.
3	W	Wisdom speaks little, but that little well. Eccles. ix. 17.
4	Th	Too much bed makes a dull head. Prov. xx. 13.
5	F	A truth ascertained is a life pension gained. Pro. xxiii. 23.
6	S	Uncertainty walks on both sides of us. Prov. xxvii. 1.
7	✠	13th Sun. af. Trin. Lessons { Morn.: 2 Kings v. 1 Cor. xv. 35. Even.: 2 Kings vi. to 24., or 2 Kgs. vii. Mark viii. 10 to ix. 2.
8	M	Charity begins at home. 1 Tim. v. 4—8. [Rom. xiii. 8.
9	Tu	A hundred cares will not pay an ounce of debt.
10	W	Never meet sorrows half way. Matt. vi. 34.
11	Th	Bear and forbear. Col. iii. 13.
12	F	Every light has its shadow. Job. xii. 22. [Acts ix. 26—28.
13	S	Keep good company and be one of the number.
14	✠	14th Sun. af. Trin. Lessons { Morn: 2 Kings ix. 2. 2 Cor. vi. & vii. 1. Even: 2 Kings x. to 32. or 2 Kings xiii. Mark xii. 13 to 35.
15	M	Good words cool more than cold water. Prov. xv. 1.
16	T	Forgiveness is sweet revenge. Rom. xii. 20.
17	W	Evil beginnings have wretched endings. Gen. iii. 24.
18	Th	Time and tide wait for no man. Gen. vi. 17.
19	F	We see pride in everybody but ourselves. Luke xviii. 11.
20	S	Fair words break no bones, but foul ones many.
21	✠	15th Sun. af. Trin. Lessons { Morn: 2 Kings xviii. 2 Cor. xii. 14 and xiii. Even: 2 Kings xix., or 2 Kings xxiii. to 31. Mark xv. 42 and xvi.
22	M	Man's necessity is God's opportunity. 2 Kings ii. 1—7.
23	T	Heavy trials ought to make the heart tender. Job xxiii. 16.
24	W	A small spark makes a great fire. James iii. 6.
25	Th	A good tongue is a good weapon. Eccles. xii. 10, 11.
26	F	Nothing is respectable but truth. Prov. xii. 19—22.
27	S	Fretting kills more than cholera. 1 Kings xxi. 4.
28	✠	16th Sun. af. Trin. Lessons { Morn.: 2 Chron. xxxvi. Gal. vi. Even.: Nehem. i. & ii. to 9, or Nehem. viii. Luke iv. to 16.
29	M	Health is more precious than wealth. 2 Kings v. 14.
30	T	A fool's bolt is soon shot. Prov. iii. 35.

*** Correspondents are invited to send Proverbs with suitable texts. Address, The Editor, 24, Paternoster Row, London.

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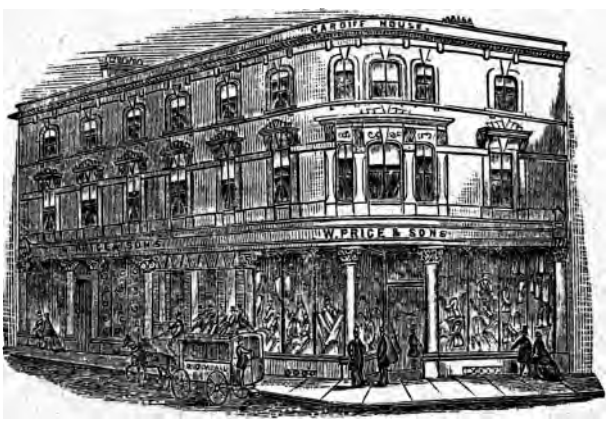

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CHURCH DEFENCE IN WALES.

ARTICLE II.

"A secret friend is sometimes worse than an open foe.' So runs an old proverb. At the present juncture, the believers in a Church Establishment in the Principality may profitably study their attitude towards the Church Defence movement in the light of this hackneyed saying. Viewed as a body, they are neither cold nor hot. Practical lukewarmness towards the great issues involved in the controversy which Mr. Miall has contrived to raise, strongly marks their conduct. Only a comparative few have ventured to make a firm publicstand against any additional ecclesiastical spoilations by the legislature, and have given of their substance in order to nip in the bud Liberationist schemes whose effect that thoughtful Nonconformist, Dr. Pye Smith, summarised as "downright robbery." What of the many? What of the tens of thousands who pretend to regard the agitation against the Established Church as a crusade against their country's prosperity? It is better that the plain truth should be told. In private and suitable circles, a considerable proportion of Welsh Establishmentarians are eager to fulminate their fierce anathemas against the high-priest of compulsory voluntaryism, as well as his obsequious "Little Johns." Very different is their demeanour, once the gaze of the world is fixed on them. Suddenly there is a change; they pause as if the birth of new ideas had constrained them to halt between two opinions. Have they ever calculated the amount of depressing influence which their vacillations *must produce* on the cause of Church Defence?

Let them, for a moment, now examine their portrait as accurately depicted in words, and ask themselves whether the unexaggerated picture charms their vision, and wins their admiration. Secretly they encourage the bolder amongst their brethren to still more doughty deeds; yet when the stubborn conflict with the envious, jealous, and frequently uncharitable assailants of the Established Church must be waged at the expense of both trouble and patience; when facts must be opposed to fictions, arguments to sophistries, genuine statistics to concocted tables; when the scales have to be removed from the eyes of the masses; when ecclesiastical loyalty demands that the Goliaths of the Philistines shall be ever and anon confronted in public assemblies; when in short, foot to foot must be planted against the foe, these wayward and peculiar souls prefer to step aside out of the ranks, and simply to shout for the battle in the cruel hope of being entertained by the crash of intellects. Strange enough is this disposition when manifested in England, where the Established Church can boast a majority amongst the worshipping population; it is doubly perplexing and painful in Wales where the congregations of and sympathisers with the modern descendant of the ancient British Church constitute a minority, and where every help is needed to check the persistent efforts of political Nonconformists to mould public opinion for the accomplishment of their own revolutionary ends.

There is a severity in these strictures, but it is the unhappy severity of facts. A perusal of the list of subscriptions to the St. David's and Llandaff Church Defence Association, will remove any doubts on the point. That list ought to have attained four-fold its present dimensions. Far be it from the writer wantonly to bring railing accusations against his fellow Churchmen. He smites reluctantly, and with a friendly hand. How can neutrality in the matter of Church Defence be condoned when nearly all the outworks of the Church of England have been razed to the earth; when it is even sought to convert her parochial burial-grounds into arenas for vitalising theological differences over the remains of the dead, and to wrench them from her control; and when, moreover, disestablishment and disendowment are annually threatened in the House of Commons? Either the Established Church has a moral right to her endowments or she has not; the privileges enjoyed by her clergy are either beneficial to the laity or not; her connection with the State either conduces to religious liberty or it does not. And *regarding* disendownent as a grievous wrong, approving the

privileges exercised by the clergy, accepting the Union of Church and State as the chief security for an enlightened system of theology, for the blending of religious and political forces, and for the perpetuation of Christian government, can any section of earnest Churchmen stand with folded arms in the midst of a surrounding clamour for an extension of the recent fate of the Church in Ireland to England and Wales? Such callousness has already been too long maintained in Wales. Its fruits are being daily realised. An impression is abroad amongst the Nonconformist branch of the working classes that the Church is incapable of defence, and that a consciousness of her anomalous position is the origin of the silence of Churchmen. The leaders of Political Nonconformity in the Principality, to strengthen the impression, have engrained a thorough misrepresentation of the annals of the Church into the popular mind; and are never tired of conjuring up the spectres of their martyred forefathers for the purpose of enraging ignorant auditories. Nothing but treachery to the Established Church in Wales can suffer this to be longer continued without correction. Welsh Churchmen ought to resent with honest indignation the caricatures whereby their Church is made to appear as having been in the past the simple engine of hard-hearted persecutions.

But abuse of this kind has also its bright aspect. Warfare against the Established Church carried on by such means, ought to induce her friends to take courage, for a clear glimpse is thereby afforded of the desperate tactics which her assailants are driven to adopt, and of the paucity of their weapons. Assume the historic perversions of the career of the Protestant Established Church in Wales to be even well-founded, and after all they will not in reality militate in the least against her status or privileges. The attack made under their cover is not upon a system, but against persons. Now a system may be sound, and the conduct of its adherents faulty meanwhile. Unless the distinction were observed, individuals in the nineteenth century might be tempted to repudiate Christianity itself because of the terrible baseness of Judas Iscariot, the untruths of Peter, the excesses of the Christian Church in early centuries, or the persecutions of Galileo by the Italian priests. In short such are exactly the transparent sophisms employed by Charles Bradlaugh, to influence his devotees against a belief in the Bible. Let it once be demonstrated, however, that the faults exhibited by the Established Church in Wales in successive generations were the inevitable and essential results of a religious establishment, and from which voluntary communions must

demonstrate conclusively that a religious establishment in Wales is the natural fostering parent of vigorous exertions to evangelize the people. Are political Nonconformists who affect to have a grievance in the periodical sloth which they ascribe to the Church in bye-gone days, sincere in the matter? If so, they must welcome her new-born zeal at last? We witness, however, just the contrary. Their fierce ever be free, and something of a substantial nature will have been contributed to the controversy. The writer now publicly and fearlessly challenges Mr. Henry Richard, the anonymous and cowardly pamphleteer of the *British Quarterly Review*, and Dr. Rees, the historian of Welsh Nonconformity, to do this. It is an impossible task. The very vitality which the Church displays throughout the Principality, the energies of her clergy, unparalleled in any previous generation, the multiplication and restoration of her sacred edifices, the attractiveness of her services, the increase of her schools, hate is now even more embittered than heretofore. Hence the hollowness of the position which they take up; hence the pressing necessity that every Churchman in the Principality should immediately abandon a truce with the implacable antagonists of the Church Establishment.

It may be alleged, and with considerable truth, that the reasoning here adopted is too minute for the general mass of working men, that they will not be guided by fine distinctions such as have been drawn, but rather by the broad facts of history; and that their enquiry will be—Has the Established Church in Wales been guilty of the lethargy attributed to her? Churchmen ought unmistakeably to be prepared to furnish some reply. An answer of a satisfactory character can be returned. She has not. Of course, within the brief compass of the pages of a magazine it can not be expected that we shall wade through and refute all the numerous charges brought against the Established Church. As a specimen, one statement shall be selected at random from the many to which utterance has been given by her inveterate foe, the member for Merthyr-Tydfil. It bears on a tender point. It appeals to a cherished instinct of the Cymru, their love for the Sacred Volume. Speaking at Brecon, four years ago, on the occasion of the opening of the Memorial College, Mr. Henry Richard, in a paper prepared with some care, asserted that between the years 1640 and 1690, Nonconformists circulated 30,000 copies of the whole Bible, and 40,000 copies of the New Testament in the Welsh vernacular, whereas Churchmen only published a single edition of 1000 copies. The *animus* of the contrast is patent. It was meant to

insinuate that the Established Church had been enormously negligent of its duties in the circulation of the Bible. Now, first of all, let it be observed that some doubt rests on Mr. Richard's figures. We should be glad to learn where he obtained the statistics as to the numbers connected with several of the editions for which he has given Nonconformity credit. His sources of information evidently were not at the command of Dr. Rees, the author of "The History of Protestant Nonconformity in Wales." In page 499 of that somewhat bulky volume, there is a complete list of the editions of the Bible, or any portion, ever issued in Welsh; and to several editions mentioned by Mr. Richard at Brecon the figures are wanting. Next let us look at the other side of the picture. That the Established Church gave the Principality a Bible in the vulgar tongue, Mr. Richard cannot deny. And if, during the half-century between the years 1640 and 1690, she did not make endeavours to issue many fresh editions of the Sacred Scriptures, is it a matter for surprise? Has Mr. Henry Richard forgotten his history? Does he require to be informed that for a considerable portion of that period she was in a state of disorganisation owing to the violent aggressions made on her by fanatical Puritans? Must we remind him that her clergy were ejected wholesale from their livings? Sir Anthony Astley Cooper, speaking in a debate in the House of Commons about this time, and referring to the religious condition of Wales, said:

"I have passed through Wales, and found churches unsupplied, except *by a few grocers or such persons.*"

Forsooth, Mr. Henry Richard, the calumniator of the Established Church in Wales is ignorant that in the year 1654 there were no less than 700 parishes in the Principality unsupplied with clergymen, arising out of the usurpation of power by that miscreant regicide, Oliver Cromwell. Not only so, but Churchmen, because they were Royalists, were persecuted with fiendish zeal, subjected to merciless taxation, and often compelled to hide themselves in order to preserve their lives. What wonder then, if between the years 1640 and 1690, Churchmen only published a single edition, amounting to 1000 copies, of the Bible in Welsh? But take the 80 years succeeding the last of Mr. Henry Richard's conveniently chosen dates. Between the years 1690 and 1769 there were published and circulated, through the instrumentality of the Established Church, no less than six editions, comprising 73,000 copies, of *the whole Bible* in Welsh, while not a single edition was produced by Nonconformist agency. What has Mr. Henry Richard to say to this? If the production *of only one* edition of 1000 copies of the Bible in 50

years reflects discredit on the Established Church, does not the production of none at all in the still longer period of 79 years reflect far greater discredit on Nonconformity? It suited Mr. Henry Richard to conceal the latter fact at Brecon. Moreover, from the years 1690 to 1769, Nonconformists cannot plead persecution as an excuse for what, according to Mr. Henry Richard, must plainly be culpable sloth.

Thus may be learned how slender is the foundation for many of the calumnies against the Established Church in Wales to which its unscrupulous assailants have given currency. Were the real facts, therefore, fully brought before working men, the Church would soon regain her hold on the hearts of the masses. All that is needed is that Churchmen should study her annals, and intrepidly crush the authors of historic delusions.

G.F.H.R.

To be continued.

ON PHYSICAL AND MORAL SEWERAGE.

THERE has recently been a discussion in the London Papers on the relations between Milk, Sewerage, and Typhoid Fever, and the controversy has found its way into Wales. The sewage farms of Merthyr Tydfil and of Croyden, have, alike been the battle fields of medical science. When learned doctors differ, who shall decide? has long since become a proverbial expression, and is as true now as at any previous period of history. Perhaps there is no profession where its members are constantly brought in closer contact with the physical laws of nature than in the medical profession. There is certainly no class of men to whom the public is more indebted for their disinterested labours in the promotion of healthfulness in the community. At the same time there is no class of men—with the single exception of Newspaper Editors—who set up the claim of infallibility more frequently than medical men. They would oftentimes be little Popes in their own provinces if no one disputed their claims. It is, however, due to the profession, to say that the disputers of those claims are generally found in its own ranks, so that in respect of the infallibility of medical science the members of the profession practically illustrate the Homœpathic principle—"that which kills, cures," which is only another mode of "taking a hair from the dog that bit them." It is, therefore, gratifying to find at the last meeting of the British Medical Association, held at King's College, London, that an eminent authority confessed—very much like Sir Isaac Newton of *old—that,* notwithstanding the great progress both of preventative *medicine* and curative medicine within the last forty years, still the

subject of individual and national health was in its infancy. This is a great fact, to be admitted in this vain, glorious nineteenth century, when it is borne in mind that sanitary science has come down the stream of time from the remotest antiquity, bringing with it the wisdom of the Egyptians and the learning of the Greeks, and that for nearly 3000 years, it has occupied, more or less, the subtlest intellects of the human race. Notwithstanding, a sound mind in a sound body is one of the greatest blessings on earth—and the whole machinery of nature in the animal, the vegetable, and the mineral kingdoms, is so constructed to gather up the fragments of matter, that nothing be lost, yet the individual, or national health is scarcely valued until it is lost, and most men wilfully put natures machinery out of gear, and "ratten" it without remorse. The Creator has impressed his will on matter and mind, and conformity to the laws of of the Great Lawgiver, is the ultimate aim and end of all Art and Science—Religion and Philosophy—yet not only do the mass of mankind blindly and recklessly contravene those laws—but the subject has not entered into modern systems of political economy which aim only at the wealth of nations, and our Statesmen scarcely acquaint themselves with the laws of God or Nature, by which a sound mind in a sound body may be secured. Physical and Moral Sewerage, therefore, has been alike neglected by nations and individuals during Peace and War. Among the Gentile Nations especially, the ordinary rules of morality and religion were relaxed in the time of war, and every man then was a law unto himself, and did that which was right in his own eyes; but amongst the Israelites in their earliest journeyings from Egypt through the wilderness, we find that the most perfect sanitary regulations were enforced, and the sanctity of the camp strictly preserved, even in the time of war. The instructions given in Deut. 23, v. 9, bear directly upon this point—"When the host goeth forth against thine enemies, then keep thee from every wicked thing." And again, v. 12-14—"Thou shalt have a place also without the camp whether thou shalt go forth abroad. And thou shalt have a paddle upon thy weapon; and it shall be when thou wilt ease thyself abroad thou shalt dig therewith, and shalt turn back and cover that which cometh from thee. For the Lord thy God walketh in the midst of the camp, to deliver thee, and to give up thine enemies before thee; therefore shall thy camp be holy; that He see no unclean thing in thee, and turn away from thee." Here we have the principles of physical and moral sewerage clearly laid down many centures before Greece or Rome had any existence. That "cleanliness is next to godliness" is not an axiom only of mordern times. The whole Jewish economy taught the same lesson, and made the external washing and purification of the body the representatives of the inward purification of the mind. In the same manner disease and guilt are associated together, and the leprosy of the body is the type and symbol of sin in the *soul*. *We* see then, that the sanitary regulations of the

Israelites, whilst in a nomadic state in the Desert, practically reduced to the narrowest limits that segment of sewerage in natures circle, which is broken and scattered in a thousand pieces in our modern civilization. Nor were those regulations neglected when some centuries later the Israelites had relinquished their wandering habits, and were peacefully settled in Canaan when the magnificent structure, the Temple, was erected at Jerusalem. It is well-known that very recently the old foundations and outer walls of the Temple have been carefully examined, and it appears that the Phonecian mason marks—probably the very men whom Hiram, King of Tyre, employed to assist Solomon in building the Temple have been found on some of its stones. It would naturally be expected that some remains may still be seen of its system of sewerage. Accordingly we learn that "Signor Pierotti has discovered a complete water system connected with the Hebrew Temple. The complicated arrangement of aqueducts, drains and reservoirs remains intact, having been hewn in the solid rock. Even the mode of dealing with the sewage may be inferred from the manner in which the works were laid out. The records of the Mishna enlighten us on this point, it being stated therein as follows:—"There was a certain cave beneath the altar, whereby filth and uncleanness were carried down to the Valley of Kedron, and the gardeners paid so much money as would purchase a trespass offering for the privilage of fertilizing their gardens with it." Hence we find among the Jews that sewage was utilised and made a source of revenue, a point which has scarcely yet been reached by the sanitary authorities of England. History indeed, tells us that a large quantity of water was used to flush the precincts of the Temple, and carry away the offal and blood before the latter had time to coagulate. There is little doubt that similar care was taken with regard to the refuse liquids of the city. Translated into modern parlance the sewage of Jerusalem seems to have been treated on the principle of mechanical deposition in tanks, the supernatant liquid being used for the purpose of irrigation, while the solid matter was removed and sold." (*Standard*, August, 1873.) It must not be forgotten that Solomon's Temple was also built many centuries before Carthage, Rome, or Herculaneum were heard of, and in each of those cities there has been discovered a complete system of sewers and waterworks. In Rome, the Cloaca exists after the lapse of 25 centuries, and now serves its original purpose.

Is it not then gratifying in this vainglorious nineteenth century, when men are everywhere boasting of the progress of physical science, to find one of the highest medical authorities in the wealthiest country in the world, publicly confessing to his assembled medical brethren that the subject of individual and

national health is almost in its infancy? In a review of a recent work on Sanitary Engineering by Baldwin Latham, it was stated, "The progress made in England during recent years in the execution of sanitary works is shown to have had a marked effect on the public health. Taking the death-rate of towns before and after the carrying out of these works, we find a positive saving of life, and a very decided reduction in the prevalence of typhoid and phthisis. The saving of life in Dover and Warwick is 7 per cent., in Merthyr 18 per cent., in Salisbury and Macclesfield 20 per cent., and in Cardiff and Newport 32 per cent."

Now, assuming these facts to be relied upon as stated above, it follows that the life of nearly every third person you meet in the streets of Cardiff and Newport has been prolonged by sanitary improvements in the town in which he lives. This is a great fact, and we commend the lessons it teaches to certain economical Boards of Guardians, and other sanitary authorities in rural districts not a hundred miles from Cardiff, and we would ask them seriously to consider whether the saving of a vulgar fraction in the pound on the local rates of a district is of more worth than saving the lives of one-third of its inhabitants. If it be so, does it not follow that a certain proportion of the population is sacrificed by parsimonious sanitary authorities, at so much per head per annum?

But do they really save their money at last? Are not lives lost and money lost also? If labourers were scarce in any particular country village, would it be good policy *to kill them off by dozens?* As there are many ways of killing dogs besides hanging them, so there are many ways of killing labourers without shooting them. There can be no doubt that labourers often shorten their own lives by drunken and dissipated habits; but it is an unquestionable fact that in certain towns where drunkenness is not less prevalent than in other places, the ravages of disease and death have been diminished, and the average duration of human life prolonged. "How much society annually loses by preventible disease," Mr. Latham states, "it is impossible to fully estimate as health is so intimately connected with all the branches of every-day life." Dr. Lyon Playfair calculated that for every preventible death, there are 28 cases of sickness. Dr. Farr has computed the money-value of the agricultural labourer at 25 years of age, at £246, as being the estimate of his future wages, after deducting the necessary cost of maintenance." Upon this principle the money-value of a collier's life will be about double that of an agricultural labourer. "From these and other data Mr. Latham computes that a very large balance of profit accrues to those towns which carry out an effective system of sewerage and water supply. In 13 years there has been a saving of 2,439 lives at Croyden, and a proportionate reduction of sickness. Such a result, even on commercial grounds, outweighs the £195,000 spent in sewerage, waterworks, and general improvements."

There are many people who can understand an argument which appeals to their pockets much easier than one which appeals to their intellects. Let us imagine that in a colliery district in Monmouthshire the saving of 20 lives in a year may be effected by sanitary improvements, and that each life saved had a commercial value of £246 as above estimated, that is, taking the collier at the same marketable value as the agricultural labourer, which would be considered an injustice by the collier, if he did not strike on account of it.

Let us suppose that a Sanitary Ledger was kept in the district, and a Profit and Loss account, balanced and audited at intervals upon the same plan as that adopted at Croyden by Mr. Latham. We may imagine the sanitary authorities in Monmouthshire posting their books, and debiting themselves after this manner:

	£	s.	d.
To loss on 20 labourers by death from preventible disease, at £246 each ...	4,920	0	0
To 28 cases of sickness to each preventible death—viz., 560 cases of sickness, at £2 each	1,120	0	0
Total	£6,040	0	0

On the other side they would be entitled to credit themselves with money saved in Rates and Medical Superintendence—suppose as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
By our share of General Medical Superintendent, at £800 a year	19	14	6
By money saved in avoiding a rate of 6d. in the pound on a rateable valuation of £100,000 per annum... ...	2,500	0	0
Total money saved ...	£2,519	14	6

The balance, £3,420 5s. 6d., shows the loss to the district by the neglect of sanitary improvements, and by mistaken ideas of *economy*. This is the kind of moral account which the *consciences of* sanitary authorities must render before they will understand the importance of physical and moral sewerage.

Having looked at the L. S. D. philosophy of the subject, we will now glance at the sanitary condition of a representative English village in balmy and beautiful Gloucestershire. A correspondent of the *Western Mail* has recently pictured Cinderford to us thus—

"When the visitor to Cinderford once leaves the high road which passes through it, and betakes himself to the straggling thoroughfares which do duty as roads or streets, he might well fancy himself in one of the out-of-the-way districts of Wales or Scotland. In some cases the roadway is so broken up as to be little better than the dry bed of a mountain stream, and in none is there any pretence of maintaining it in anything like a decent condition. But this is not by any means the worst feature of the district. In various directions, from numerous channels, sometimes out of open house drains, at others from ditches which issue out of gardens, or by streams which stealthily trickle out of side entries, sewage matter finds its way into them, forming, in many cases, black and stagnant pools, which in hot weather emit a nauseous stench, and, after rain, fill up the roadway with an expanse of filthy mud. Similar pools of sewage may be seen at the back doors of many of the houses, or in open spaces between them, and in fact, wherever the fall of the ground allows it conveniently to accumulate. Near some of these fragrant spots, ducks, geese, pigs and children may be seen promiscuously congregated, and the observer who is acquainted with the natural history of parasites may perhaps be interested, but not surprised, to learn that worms form a not unfrequent item with the pathology of the district. There is, with one exception—this exception is apparent rather than real, and consists of a so-called 'sewer' that runs for a short distance through the northern part of the district, and is so loosely constructed and defective as to be scarcely worthy of the name, indeed in some respects it is worse than no sewer at all—no pretence of drainage in any part of the district; not only the house slops, but, alas, the contents of the privies being allowed to find their way wherever they most easily can. A certain amount of this filth finds its way eventually to Bilson Green, through which it meanders in open ditches, and is poured by various tributary streams into the brook that runs along the valley, where the wind wafts an odour which is at times the reverse of balmy. The greater part of it, however, without doubt, sinks down into the subsoil, there to percolate with more or less rapidity, according to the variations of the soil, rainfall, and other conditions, into the numerous wells which exist throughout the district. That this is not a mere hypothesis is proved by an examination of the waters of these wells, which exhibit every gradition from that of practical purity, which is, however, exceedingly rare, to a condition of inky blackness and strangely offensive odour. One of the public wells which I examined was so contaminated with organic matter as to be *little better than* diluted sewage. Such is the aspect which

presents itself to the eye of a stranger who may casually walk through what may be by courtesy called the streets of Cinderford, and a closer examination to the immediate arrangements of the houses themselves only strengthens the conviction of utter and almost incredible sanitary neglect, which first impressions suggest. Not more than two-thirds of the houses are provided with closet accommodation of any kind. Many of the existing privies are without cess pits, and where they do exist they are frequently exposed, almost always full to overflowing, and often running over, either into neighbouring premises or, as has been before stated, into the public road."

It must not be forgotten that villages in England are generally considered to be in a better sanitary condition than in Wales, and it is not unlikely that Cinderford may be a little paradise compared with many colliery districts in the Principality. It is obvious that the sanitary regulations of a district cannot be left entirely to the collective wisdom of a Parish or a Union. Its highest aim would be to divert its sewage into the neighbouring brook, and afterwards to have no further concern about it. The pollution of rivers seldom interests the payers of rates or their Guardians. Sanitary science therefore requires its commanding officers, as well as military science, and you might as well put a private soldier to command an army as a Board of Guardians to direct sanitary operations beyond its union. It is clear, then, that the science of physical sewerage is in its infancy, and however much it might grow during the next few years—when all is done that its ablest generals can command in our country villages, as well as in our provincial towns, for the health of the individual and the community—there yet remains the more important question of moral sewerage. We have already referred to the improved sanitary conditions of Cardiff, but, very recently, in the suberb of Grangetown, which is not under the municipal jurisdiction, eighteen people were found sleeping together in a small house, the atmosphere of which was declared to be unbearable. The stench in the small house at Grangetown is a type of the moral atmosphere of hundreds and thousands of dwellings in the land, but the state of the moral atmosphere is seldom reported by policemen. After the health of the body is secured, the body is only the house of which the mind is the tenant. A sound mind therefore relatively is of greater importance than a sound body—but a combination of the two is the grand desideratum for the well being of the body politic. In the same manner as physical disease injures the body, so moral guilt injures the mind. This fact is scarcely recognised by mental philosophers or political economists, notwithstanding it is noticed in almost every page of Scripture during the records of four thousand years. Guilty men are constantly reported to have eyes that see not and ears that hear not—Moral *truths!* and the assertion is confirmed by the inexorable logic of *facts in history* and experience in modern times. Now, if the

volume of Revelation stands to man's soul in the same relation as the volume of Creation stands to his body, then the laws of man's moral nature are unfolded in the one book, in the same manner as the laws of his physical nature are unfolded in the other, and both these laws must be obeyed in order to secure a sound mind in a sound body. We find that the diseases of the body are constantly chosen to illustrate the sin of the soul, and the Church of England adopts the same idea in her general confession, when she acknowledges—"We have offended against thy holy laws. We left undone those things which we ought to have done, and have done those things which we ought not to have done; and there is no health in us." It is evident that the health of the body and the health of the mind are destroyed in the same way by contravening the laws of the Great Lawgiver, which He has clearly inscribed on Creation and Revelation. His moral laws are broken more openly than his physical laws, and moral sewage cannot be turned into drains or converted into manures. The crime and pauperism of the kingdom are the natural outlets of moral sewage and it is devoutly to be hoped that the time may come when a Profit and Loss account will show a greater pecuniary gain arising from moral healthfulness than is found at Croydon or elsewhere from sanitary improvements. But it appears men must have the appeal addressed to their pockets in order to believe that a sound mind in a sound body is a great gain. This subject underlies the well-being of nations—and yet it is utterly ignored by statesmen and political philosophers in the enlightened nineteenth century.

We need not go to France or Spain for illustrations whilst we have so many at our own doors. We have only to go to the "back slums" of the metropolis, or in any of the provincial towns of England and Wales, to see the absolute necessity which exists for the study alike of physical and moral sewerage. Without it our industrial labour is no better than that of the beasts of the field, and the "wealth of nations" may be rapidly converted into the "curse of nations."

BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.

"THERE is no book, excepting the Bible, from which I have derived so much benefit as from the Book of Common Prayer. It seems to me, perhaps, the very gravest of the mis-

fortunes almostinseparable from myposition as a dissenter, that I am unable to make constant use of it in public worship. Yet, perhaps, this misfortune should hardly be called *inseparable* from the position of a dissenter. The Book of Common Prayer belongs to every Englishman. It is still the test of orthodoxy, and has done more than any other book to preserve the majority of sober-minded men from infidelity on the one hand, and fanaticism on the other.—*Essays by the* Rev. W. KIRKUS.

DR. DOLLINGER ON THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

"IT may still be said with truth that no Church is so national, so deeply rooted in popular affection, so bound up with the institutions and manners of the country, or so powerful in its influence on national character. During the last forty years it has extended its range, besides strengthening itself internally by the foundation of numerous colonial bishoprics in all parts of the world. It possesses a rich theological literature, inferior only to the German in extent and depth, and an excellent translation of the Bible, a masterpiece of style, and more accurate than the Lutheran; and it has made the Bible the people's book all over England, so that one finds it even in the bedrooms of hotels. I believe that we may credit one great superiority of England over other countries to the circumstance that there the holy scripture is found in every house, as is the case nowhere else in the world, and is, so to speak, the good genius of the place, the protecting spirit of the domestic hearth and family. I mean that no such literature of sin and shame as has poisoned the moral atmosphere of France, and is, alas! circulated in a lesser degree in Germany, has yet found entrance into the British Isles. Another point of superiority is the observance of Sunday, which all churches and parties have at heart, though it is not at present free from indulging exaggerations. But what I should estimate most highly is the fact that the cold, dull indifferentism, which on the Continent has spread like a a deadly mildew over all degrees of society, has no place in the British Isles. To whatever extent scepticism may have advanced among the younger generation, on the whole the Englisman takes an active part in church interests and questions, and that unnatural division and hostility between laity and clergy produced by

Ultramontanism in Catholic countries is quite unknown there, so much so, that the influence of the prevalent manners has extended to English Catholics, and the relations of the laity to the priesthood among them are more intimate and confidential than anywhere else. What has been accomplished during the past thirty years by the energy and generosity of religious Englishmen, set in motion and guided by the Church, in the way of popular education and Church building, far exceeds what have been done in any other country. Attendance at religious worship on Sunday is not, as in France, the exception—but the rule with the higher and middle classes. The Church Congress at Nottingham, in October, 1871, in which sixteen bishops, and some three thousand clergymen and laymen of the most various ranks and classes took part, presented an enviable spectacle to other nations. The weightiest religious questions of the day, and the special events and difficulties of the Anglican Church, were discussed with a dignity and thoroughness which suggests to every German the tacit enquiry whether anything of the kind would be possible with us."—The above is extracted from Dr. Dollinger's "*Lectures on the Re-union of the Churches.*" (Translated by H. N. Oxenham, 1872).

THE BIBLE.

THE Bible is like the vesture of its Blessed Lord wrought outwardly by human hands, yet filled inwardly with "all the fulness of the Godhead bodily." Occupying fifteen centuries, in composition, it is perfect unity, "woven without seam;" seemingly the offspring of many minds, it is the teaching of one; compiled by many writers, it has but one Author. Those writers were selected from courts and sheepfolds, from thrones and from fishing boats; yet they tell but one story, unbroken in thread, and perfect in keeping, though the narrators themselves did not know fully what the Spirit of Christ that was in them did signify (1 Pet., 1, 2). Distilling from every leaf the best wisdom and the highest knowledge, it yields its copious treasures, not to the man of genius the philosopher, and the scholar, but to the lowly and pure in heart, "for they shall see God." Ancient of days, like its author,

"time writes no wrinkle on its brow." While other works become obsolete in language, tone, and thought, it matures with age, ever yielding to faithful research new origin and new beauty. Ages have discovered no flaw in it; decay's effacing finger has left no scar on it. Finding an enemy in every human heart, "hated by the world," a stumbling block to many and an offence to all; assailed by the mythologies, philosophies, and religions of the whole earth; sadly marred and wounded even in the house of its friends, it has nevertheless triumphed over every assault, and worsted every assailant, and will do so still. Its language is universal; at home, in every garb, in every tongue, among every people. More than one thousand million men and women walk this earth every thirty years, and their minds are as varying as their faces; yet this one book exactly suits the state, capacity, and wants, moral, intellectual, and spiritual, of one and all. The *magna charta* of mankind, it offers them the freedom of the great celestial city. The dying testament, the title-deed drawn in blood, of a Friend and Brother, it appoints us heirs of all things, and declares us joint-heirs with God, on this one simple condition—"only believe."

C. E. FRASER TYLER.

AN OCTOBER EVENING.

Behold the western evening light!
It melts in deepening gloom;
So calmly Christians sink away,
Descending to the tomb.

The winds breathe low; the withered leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree;
So gentle flows the parting breath
When good men cease to be.

How beautiful on all the hills
The crimson light is shed;
'Tis like the place the Christian gives
To mourners round his bed.

How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast;
'Tis like the place memory left behind
When loved one's breathe their last.

And now above the dews of night
The harvest moon appears;
So faith springs in the heart of those
Whose eyes are bathed in tears.

But soon the morning's happier light
Its glory shall restore,
And eyelids that are sealed in death
Shall wake to close no more.

THE CRY FOR HELP.

A WESTERN drover tells the following story:—"My name is Anthony Hunt. I am a drover, and I live miles and miles away upon the Western prairie. There wasn't a house within sight when we moved there, my wife and I; and now we haven't many neighbours, though those we have are good ones. One day, about ten years ago, I went away from home to sell some fifty head of cattle—fine creatures as ever I saw. I was to buy groceries and dry goods before I came back, and, above all, a doll for our youngest Dolly; she had never had a store-doll of her own, only the rag babies her mother had made her. Dolly could talk of nothing else, and went down to the very gate to call after me to 'buy a big one.' Nobody but a parent can understand how my mind was on that toy, and how, when the cattle were sold, the first thing I hurried off to buy was Dolly's doll. I found a large one, with eyes that would open and shut when you pulled a wire, and had it wrapped up in paper and tucked it up under my arm, while I had the parcels of calico and delaine, and tea and sugar put up. It might have been more prudent to stay until morning, but I felt anxious to get back, and eager to hear Dolly's prattle about her doll. I mounted on a steady-going old horse of mine, and pretty well loaded. Night set in before I was a mile from town, and settled down dark as pitch, while I was in the middle of the wildest bit of road I know of. I could have felt my way through, I remembered it *so well; although* I was almost, when the storm that had been brewing *broke, and* pelted the rain in torrents, five miles, or may be six, from

home too. I rode on as fast as I could, but all of a sudden I heard a little cry like a child's voice. I stopped short and listened. I heard it again. I called and it answered me. I couldn't see a thing. All was dark as pitch. I got down and felt about in the grass—called again, and again I was answered. Then I began to wonder. I'm not timid, but I was known to be a drover, and to have money about me. It might be a trap to catch me unawares, and rob and murder me. I am not superstitious—not very—but how could a real child be out on the prairie in such a night, at such an hour? It might be more than human. The bit of a coward that hides itself in most men showed itself to me then, and I was half inclined to run away; but once more I heard that cry, and said I, 'If any man's child is hereabouts, Anthony Hunt is not the man to let it die.' I searched again. At last I bethought me of a hollow under the hill, and groped that way. Sure enough, I found a little dripping thing, that moaned and sobbed as I took it in my arms. I called my horse, and the beast came to me, and I mounted, and tucked the little soaked thing under my coat as well as I could, promising to take it home to mammy. It seemed tired to death, and pretty soon cried itself to sleep against my bosom. It had slept there over an hour when I saw my own windows. There were lights in them, and I supposed my wife had lit them for my sake; but when I got into the door-yard I saw something was the matter, and stood still with dead fear of heart five minutes before I could lift the latch. At last I did it, and saw the room full of neighbours, and my wife amidst them, weeping. When she saw me, she hid her face. 'Oh, don't tell him,' she said; 'it will kill him!' 'What is it, neighbours?' I cried. And one said, 'Nothing now, I hope; what's that in your arms?' 'A poor lost child,' said I. 'I found it on the road. Take it, will you? I've turned faint,' and I lifted the sleeping thing, and saw the face of my own child, my little Dolly. It was my darling, and none other, that I had picked up upon the drenched road. My little child had wandered out to meet 'daddy' and doll while her mother was at work, and Dolly they were lamenting as one dead. I thanked heaven on my knees before them all. It is not much of a story, but I think of it often in the night, and wonder how I could bear to live now if I had not stopped when I heard the cry for help upon the road, the little baby cry, hardly louder than a squirrel's chirp."—*New Cyclopœdia of Anecdote.*

CONSECRATION.—It is reported of Charles XII. of Sweden that, when he ascended the throne, he wrote on a map of Sweden, "God has given me this kingdom, and the devil shall not take it away from me." The Christian should say of his body, "God has given me this body, and (in God's name) *the devil shall* not rule it."

SERMON.

WALKING BY FAITH.

"We walk by faith, not by sight."—2 Cor. v. 7.

HESE were the words that rose to our recollection in visiting the old Castle of St. Andrew's, out of which Hamilton and Wishart, the first Scotch martyrs, came to die for God's truth at the stake. Groping our way along the tortuous passage that descended by some steps into an inner prison, and there by a beam of light that streamed through a loop-hole of the massive wall we saw an opening in the rocky floor. It looked like a dry well. Candles lighted and let down showed the shaft descending into the bowels of the rock, where, widening out like the neck of a bottle, it formed a dark, dark, dreary dungeon, a dreadful dungeon,. It was called, and justly called, an *oubliettes*, or place of forgetfulness, because those that black mouth swallowed up were thereafter lost to life, to light, to liberty, and friends, as much as they that in the grave forgotten lie. It made one shudder to stand at the edge and look down into the horrible pit; nothing seen but the blackness of darkness, nor heard but the muffled sound of the waves as, bursting on its rocky walls, they seemed to mourn for the deeds that had been perpetrated there. "There," says John Knox, "there," speaking of that very place, "many of God's children suffered death, pining away slowly till their life lapped out like the tide on the shore, or was destroyed by the blow of the assassin." Such were the bloody days and deeds of Popery, never more, we trust, to return. But as our fancy called up the men who, enduring hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ, entered that low-browed door to be let down like a coffin into the grave, into that living sepulchre, and never to come out but to die on the scaffold or the stake, the words that sprang to our memory, if not to our lips, were these, "They walk by faith, not by sight."

Now brethren, whatever be the age we live in, whatever be our condition in life, whether we shall wear a martyr's crown or not, all the saints that go to glory must go there by the way of faith. There is but one name given under heaven whereby men can be saved, namely, the name of Jesus; and there is but one way to heaven—not many roads, not two, but one. It is only by this way you can be saved or sanctified. Not otherwise than by walking by faith shall you ever reach that happy home. Amid the beatitudes *of the skies*, and with Him who redeemed us to God by blood above *all price, faith* shall be changed to sight, and your brighest hopes

lost, lost as the stars are at sunrise, lost amid the blaze of unimagined and unimaginable glory. Thus are we to walk, brethren, and there is where we are to walk too.

Among many ways in which I might show that we are to walk by faith and not by sight, we will select some two or three, and my first remark is that the believer walks by faith in the work and in the cross of Jesus Christ. By faith Noah, by faith Abraham, by faith David, and by faith many other Old Testament saints won themselves a place in the cloud of witnesses, and yet with all honour and reverence done to them, we take it that he who waited for the consolation of Israel was second to none of them. When the almond tree blossoms, and the windows are darkened, and the grinders cease, and the keepers of the house tremble, and the head is grey, and old age has come, the Bible says that the old man is afraid of that which is high; but did faith ever rise on stronger pinions; did faith ever achieve a nobler flight than that old man did? Never was finer fruit gathered from that gnarled tree. What is that he holds in his aged arms; arms that tremble far more for joy than age, and over which he bends a head white with the snows of many winters? An infant, a feeble infant, the offspring of a poor woman, born like some wanderer's child in a stable, cradled like some vagrant's infant in a manger, and now awoke from sleep, weeping and wailing like any other child, refusing to be comforted save at the sweet fountain of a mother's breast. How feeble that infant's life; the offspring of no creature that swims the deep, or cleaves the sky, or walks the earth more helpless than that little child. Simeon is far advanced in that stage of human life when, as old men know, enthusiasm dies and the feelings grow blunt, and if we do not become apathetic, we are like rivers that grow calm and placid as they draw near the sea; and yet this sight threw Simeon into a holy ecstasy. His eye flashes with exultation, and his aged countenance beams with joy and gratitude. And why? The long-looked for is come at last. He whom prophets and righteous men of old desired to see, has come, and now, as if there were nothing more on earth worth looking at, nothing more on earth worth looking for, he lifts his aged arms and eyes to heaven, exclaiming, "Now, Lord, lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation." This old man, uttering such an exclamation over a feeble infant, certainly walked by faith. Faith never uttered a bolder speech than that. Nor was Simeon like the drowning man that, rising from the cold plunge, clutches at a straw; in that infant, as we have seen a giant oak wrapped up in the tiny acorn, Simeon saw the Saviour of mankind, and in the arm that hung round a mother's neck the strength that sustained the universe. He walked by faith in that. Brethren, we have not only as much need, but we have more need, than he to walk by faith. *He said,* "Mine eyes have seen Thy salvation," a

privilege ours never shall enjoy till kind fingers have closed them in death, and those eyes that look on you, and your eyes that look on me are closed on this world and opened on another. He had aids that we have not; still more had the disciples in their senses aids to their faith that we do not enjoy. Simeon saw the boy, they saw the man; we have seen neither one or the other. They saw the very feet that walked the waters, they touched the hand that wrenched its fetters from the tomb, they heard the voice that rebuked the tempest, and cured disease, and called back the very dead, and, greater and better than either, said to the woman that lay weeping at His feet, "Daughter, thy sins be forgiven thee." Well, they had help in this. Are we ready to envy the apostle, and Simeon, and others that enjoyed these advantages? Are we ready to regard theirs as happy days? My answer is the words of our Lord, "Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed."

The truth is that the faith of the humblest believer nowadays is in some senses, a higher attainment than theirs, and there is no flight of human genius eye ever saw like the faith of the poorest, weakest, humblest Christian. Gauge it, try it, prove it. The emigrant who sees the blue hills of his native land sink beneath the wave, and goes away to the land of gold, has seen and handled the gold dug from the mines and washed from the waters of that distant land. He has seen those who have been there. He has seen them go out poor and come back rich. He has seen them go out empty and come back full. It is easy for him to believe in a land beyond the waters. But we believe in a land not beyond the seas, but beyond the grave, to which we have seen hundreds go, but none come back to unveil its secrets. We believe in a Saviour we never saw, and never saw the man who saw, and commit to His keeping, not our money, but, what is more precious than all the gold of the Bank of England—commit to One we never saw, commit to One we never saw the man who saw, our precious souls. We stake our everlasting welfare on works done not a year nor a hundred years, but eighteen long centuries ago, of which, let Papists say what they may, there is neither in the stable where He was born, nor in the cross where He hung, nor in the grave where He was buried, nor in any of the dead He revived, or of the sick He healed, or of the lepers He cured, there is not one solitary vestige now on this earth for our faith to cling to like ivy to a crumbling ruin. We stand before God on the works of One who died eighteen hundred years ago, whom we never saw, in whose work is all our trust; and did the world say to us such trust were madness, in earthly matters we admit it; but "I am not mad, most noble Festus;" we do not reject our own works, our charities, our prayers, our penitence, *our virtues*—we do not reject these to lay the whole stress and strain *on Christ, and* doing so reject the substance to grasp a shadow—an

empty shadow. Is he unseen? Unseen! Why, the most real things in this world are unseen. Our spirits are unseen,—no man ever saw them, and we never saw them ourselves, but they shall survive the stroke of death, and live when this body is a heap of dust. These heavens we see shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, and the earth and all things that are therein shall be burnt up; they shall perish, but not their Maker; and He is unseen. The truth is, the things we see are but the shadows of the unseen, and because our Saviour is unseen, that no more shakes our faith in Him than it shakes our faith in God, in angels, in the blue heavens, in the spirits of the blessed that there beckon us upward, and wait our coming, unseen. Yon lighthouse tower that stands among the tumbling waves, seems to have nothing else but them to rest on, yet there, stately and stable it stands, beautiful in the calm, and calm in the wintry tempest, guiding the sailor on to his desired haven through the gloom of the darkest night and the waters of the stormiest sea. Blessed tower that with its light piercing the gloom shines and rises on many an eye as a star of hope! Why is it stable? We see nothing but the waves. Ah! beneath the waves, down below the roaring, foaming, tumbling, weltering billows, its foundation is the solid rock. And what that tower is to the house on yon sand-bank the last storm threw up, and the next shall sweep back into the sea, Christ's righteousness is to mine, Christ's works to our best works,—they are bad at the best; as the Bible, not I, as the Bible says of our best works, not our bad ones, but what we count our best, our righteousnesses are as filthy rags; and so when the Christian man was dying, after a life full of good works, and when the feet were cold in death that had trod the footsteps of our blessed Lord, and they told him of his goods works he replied, "I take my good works, and I take my bad works, and I cast them in one heap, and I flee from them both to Jesus. He is all my salvation, He is all my desire." Dear friends, may He be ours, followed as loyally, trusted as fully, with our life devoted to His service, wishing while we live to live in His service, and when we die to die not in the arms of wife and child so much as in the arms of our blessed Saviour. May it be ours to say that we can rejoice in Him as the God of our salvation, rejoice in Him with fulness of joy for evermore. Thus may we be enabled by the grace of God to walk by faith in the cross and work of Christ.

RITUALISM.—"The whole system is one of Church instead of Christ—priest instead of Gospel—concealment of truth instead of manifestation of truth—ignorant superstition instead of enlightened faith—bondage wherein we are promised liberty—all tending to load us with whatever is odious in the worst meaning of priestcraft, in place of the free, affectionate, enlarging, elevating and cheerful liberty of a child of God."—*Bishop Middleton.*

BO'SUN; OR, THE COAST-GUARD'S DOG.

SOME years ago I was in the habit of periodically visiting the little seaport town of D——, and on the occasion of which I write I was staying at that place for my accustomed fortnight.

The weather had been hot and sultry during the day, and now the heavy leaden clouds seemed to augur a coming storm. It appeared long in arriving however, and I soon became tired of watching for it at the open window of the hotel; so I strolled forth to the beech, to have a closer look at the waves as they came steadily on until they finished their career, sprinkling the loose shingle with their white spray. Some time elapsed whilst I was thus pleasurably occupied, and still there was no storm; in fact, the heavens seemed, if anything, clearer, and a gentle breeze arose that promised to dispel the threatening clouds. Absently, I kept drawing farther and farther away from shelter, until I was rewarded for my involuntarily boldness by witnessing the gradual rise of a pale silvery moon, which cast her mellow light far over the restless sea. Truly the scene was beautiful in its wildness: on my right, stretching far beyond the sight of human eye, lay the mighty deep, not a sail, not a speck, to disturb the grand and awful monotony of the vast expanse: on my left, the beetling rocks rose abruptly from their bed of shingle, whilst the flood of soft light that poured down upon all prominent points tended to throw the gaping clefts and fissures more deeply into the gloomy shade.

As I wandered on, wrapped in thoughful wonder at the mighty hand of the Creator, that had so moulded the face of nature, I was startled by a harsh, rough cough, proceeding from a dark nook, sheltered by a huge mass of overhanging rock; and immediately afterwards a hearty voice saluted me.

"Good night, yer honour! 'twill be fine arter all, I do believe. What! I startled you a bit, I'm afraid, sir. Yes, it *is* rather black in here; but you see it don't do for us to show ourselves too much."

As the speaker moved forward into the moonlight, I at once recognised an old acquaintance—one of the coast-guardmen. The latter fact was sufficiently proclaimed by the heavy cutlass hanging at his side, as well as the butts of a pair of enormous horse pistols protruding from the broad belt that encircled his rotund waist. A tarpaulin hat with a long flap, commonly called a "sou'-wester," contained a round, bullet-shaped head, covered on the upper surface with curly pepper-and-salt coloured hair, and on the under, ditto with ditto. An oil-skin coat, thrown *widely open, hung* over his shoulders and back, and oil-skin continuations encased his nether man; in the corner of his mouth was stuck a

short clay pipe, whose colour plainly told of long and frequent service rendered; under one arm was a telescope—the coast-guardman's inseparable companion; whilst in the other hand he held a piece of mechanism that I could not at all understand, and which considerably piqued my curiosity. It was a round piece of wood, some two feet in length, with a short cross-bar at one end, in the shape of the letter T Taking his whole appearance, the man looked a "character," as we so often express it. As I before observed, he was no stranger to me, for I had made his acquaintance on a previous visit, and being an amusing, yarn-spinning fellow, I was glad to find him still quartered at the same station. Jack Rogers, or, as his mates more familiarly styled him, "Old Jack," was an old "man-of-war's man," as indeed most, if not all, of the coast-guard are, and, consequently, had seen much of the world, and would relate many an amusing anecdote of other climes and scenes; nor was he ever loth to spinning his yarn —indeed, it was an evident pleasure to him to find an attentive listener.

Before many words had passed between us (or rather, before he had spoken many, for as yet I had been unable to insert one edgeways), he had recognised me, and was pleased to express much pleasure at seeing me again; asked me where I had been, and what I had been doing in the year that had elapsed between my present and last visits; and, being satisfied on these and various other minor points, entered into a quiet kind of general conversation, as if he had said, "Good night, yer honour!" to me the very evening before, instead of twelve months back.

"Well, Rogers," said I, as we walked along the beach, picking our way among the sharp points of sunken rocks that the receding tide had now left exposed, "you're looking as well and hearty as ever, and don't seem to care anything more for weather than you used to do; but what is that thing you've got in your hand?"

"What's this? why, it's my night-glass, to be sure, sir," taking his telescope from under his arm. "Why, you're never so new as not to know that, sir!"

"No, no; of course I know that well enough; I'm not quite so stupid as that; but it's the other concern I mean—that wooden contrivance."

"Haw! haw! haw! well, that's my bo'sun's mate, master, and a good friend too, though not so good as the old bo'sun; that she isn't —oh dear, no."

I was completely puzzled, and I suppose looked so, for old Rogers again burst out into his hoarse laugh.

"Haw! haw! haw!"

"Well, my good fellow, you needn't laugh at me in that manner for not knowing all your odd tricks, I'm sure."

"*Why, sir, I were a laughin' at myself, not at you; you see, so*

many people's asked me the same question, that I begin to look upon it as a joke, like. But I'll set you right in a minute. As I said afore, that there's my bo'sun's mate. Haw! haw! and I'll just tell you why I calls it so. You remember my old dog Bo'sun, don't you?"

"Yes," I answered, "I remember him well, and was about to ask you where he is; I hope nothing has happened to him."

"No, sir, thank ye, he's all right, and 'll be here afore very long now, I dessay; it must be getting on for ten o'clock, I should think; leastways, I begin to feel supperish. Well, he's the bo'sun, and this here's his mate; not so good a one as the old dog, though, as I was saying. I can get forty winks at odd times when he's along with me, but I can't manage it with this.

Here I cut him short: "Well, but I want to know *why* you call it so?"

"Oh, ah, I forgot; why, sir, because when the dog's along with me I can take a nap quietly in any dark corner, and there's nothing stirs, nor there isn't a sail in the offing, but what he wakes me up at once 'pipes the watch on deck,' as I calls it. But he's getting old, poor chap, now; so, when I can manage without him, I leave him at home, bring this here stool instead, and go without my nap. Then you know, sir, when I feel tired or want to smoke or anything, I lets it down on the point so, and sits on the cross-bar. As long as I keep awake it's very comfortable and easy; but I dursn't go to sleep, because as soon as ever I began to nod, I lose my balance, and over we goes together, bottom upwards."

It was now my turn to laugh heartily; for, in describing all this to me, he had suited his actions to his words, and there he lay, most unexpectedly, flat on his back. Not the least discomfited, he was on his legs again in an instant, and seemed to enjoy the joke as much as I did. As we stood laughing together, he suddenly dived into an enormously long pocket, judging by the length of arm that disappeared, pulled out a fat old silver watch, whose face he consulted for about half a minute, and then turned hastily round in the direction of the town.

"What! is your time up already?" I asked, as I turned with him; "are you expecting to be relieved?"

"Yes, yer honour, of hunger and thirst for a bit, but not of duty; I've three hours to run yet. No, I'm only going back to meet Bo'sun, who'll be bringing me my supper, and I like to save him all I can."

Almost as he spoke, I noticed some black object moving towards us, which proved to be the dog, and, as Rogers had said, was bringing his master's supper neatly done up in a little basket, which he carried cleverly by the handle. The old man received him with an affectionate *pat on the head*, and a "thankye, old mate," which Bo'sun seemed *fully to understand* and appreciate; then he sat down on his rickety

stool, the dog on the ground beside him, and amicably shared his meal with his humble trusty friend.

Whilst the two are thus employed, I may as well describe the lowlier, though scarcely less intelligent, animal. Poor Bo'sun was certainly no beauty, but he made up for that in his unwavering affection for his master. Ever watchful, ever obedient, ever anxious to please, he was useful almost beyond belief, but decidedly not ornamental. Rogers had taken him some years before, when a little puppy, from the wreck of a French brig; had reared, and made a constant companion of him ever since. What his genealogy was no one could tell, but certainly one branch of his family belonged to the poodle tribe: black as a coal, his hair curled in a close-fitting coat, covering eyes and everything, except four delicate-looking white feet; but his tail was the crowning point of his personal perfection; it was a round knob of hair, in shape like those which surmount the shakos of some of our infantry regiments; though, unlike the steadiness of the aforesaid balls, Bo'sun's tail was for ever going in a quick, tremulous wag. Blind of one eye, when by chance you could get a glimpse of this feature, and with one leg lame and deformed, as if it had been broken and badly set, he was altogether as curious a specimen of the canine breed as one could meet with on a day's march. But in the eyes of his master Bo'sun was perfect, and he was treated and spoken to by him more as a human being than as a quadruped.

It was not very long before these two friends had finished their meal. Rogers took up his little bottle of grog and offered it to me. I just sipped, by way of good fellowship, and handed it back; he nodded, raised it to his lips, took two or three huge gulps, then turned it upside down, whilst he wiped his mouth on his sleeve; then, having carefully inserted the cork, he wrapped it in the cloth that had contained his food, and placed the basket in a crevice of the rock, ready to take home when his watch was over.

The night was beautifully clear, and the moon more softly brilliant than ever, so I determined to stay out and enjoy an extra cigar in the open air, which I could doubly appreciate after the close, overpowering atmosphere of the past day, whilst I promised myself a yarn from old Rogers' locker of anecdotes. With this intention I drew out my case, and selected a Havannah, then offered one to my companion, who thanked me, and without ceremony "put it in his pocket for a treat," as he said, quietly drew out his black pipe, knocked it clear of ashes on his thumb-nail, filled and lighted it, and, before speaking again, vigorously emitted great clouds of smoke that rendered him almost invisible. For some time we puffed and puffed away as if thinking of nothing else, but gradually we resumed our conversation.

"Now, Rogers," I said at length, "you promised last year to tell *me how it was your poor dog's* leg came to be that ungainly shape;

"NONE OTHER NAME."

and, as you've got your supper and will be on duty for an hour or two to come, you may as well redeem your promise now, as I don't intend going home for ever so long this beautiful night."

"Well, sir, as you're so kind as to say you'd like to hear, I'll be glad to amuse you for a spell with my yarn, which at any rate has one merit, that of being true. But, first and foremost, I'd better tell you a little of my old mate here, afore I come to the prime story as to how he and I came to be friends for life—as we mean to be, God willing; don't we, old man?"

The dog rose from his place, came and squatted himself down between his master's legs, and rested his shaggy head on his knee. I asked no more questions, and Rogers soon began his tale.

(To be continued.)

"NONE OTHER NAME."

FEW persons were collected round a blind man, who had taken his station on Blackfriars Bridge, London, and was reading from an embossed Bible.

Receiving from the passers-by of their carnal things, he was ministering to them spiritual things. A gentleman on his way home from the City was led by curiosity to the outskirts of the crowd.

Just then the poor man, who was reading Acts iv., lost his place, and, while trying to find it with his fingers, kept repeating the last clause he had read, "None other name"—"none other name"—"none ——" Some of the people smiled at the blind man's embarrassment, but the gentleman went on his way musing. He had lately become convinced that he was a sinner, and had been trying in many ways to obtain peace of mind. But religious exercises, good resolutions, altered habits, all were ineffectual to relieve his conscience of its load and enable him to rejoice in God. The words he had heard from the blind man, however, rang their solemn music to his soul,—"None other name." When he reached his home and retired to rest, the words, like evening chimes from village towers nestling among the trees, were still heard, "None other name," "none other name;" and when he awoke, in more joyful measure, like matin bell saluting the morn, the strain continued, "None other name," "none other name." The music entered his soul, and he awoke to new life. "I see it all; I see it all. I have been trying to be saved by my own works—my repentance, my prayers, my reformation. I see my mistake. It is Jesus *who alone can* save me. To Him I will look. 'Neither is there salvation *in any other:* for there is none other name—none other name—*none other name under* heaven given among men whereby we must be saved.'"

"NONE OTHER NAME."

THE CHURCH-BELL'S MESSAGE.

THE quiet of a Sunday morning was broken by the tones of a church bell. Over the town floated its full, rich music, and then came back again in faint echoes.

The bell seemed charged with a message to the people, which it was telling with all its might; and the message ran thus: "Come—come." "Come—come." "Come—come."

But, although well understood, it was not heeded by many; and this is what the people said who did not heed it; and what conscience said to them.

Bell.—Come—come.

People.—We do not feel very well to-day.

Conscience.—Isn't it strange there are so many sick people on Sundays? Many who are well enough on Saturday night are unable to go out on Sunday; and those who are so sick on Sunday recover when Monday morning comes. It might seem as if some weekly epidemic visited the town with a full supply of headaches, colds, fevers, and other disorders.

Bell.—Come—come.

People.—The weather is too unpleasant to-day.

Conscience.—Yes, the weather on Sundays is always wrong—too hot, too cold, too wet, too cloudy, or too windy. Sunday heats are so exhausting, Sunday rains are so penetrating, Sunday colds so piercing, that no one but the minister and the sexton should go out to church!

Bell.—Come—come.

People.—We have company.

Conscience.—Isn't there something said about the "*stranger within thy gates*" keeping the Sabbath holy?

Bell.—Come—come.

People.—Our garments are not good enough.

Conscience.—There are a great many directions in the Bible about how we should come before the Lord, but the style and quality of one's clothing are not mentioned. The church isn't a millinery establishment or a show-room. In old times the rich and the poor met together, for the Lord is the Maker of them all.

Bell.—Come—come.

People.—We are better than some who go to church.

Conscience.—It may be much better than some, but are you satisfied with that? Will it do to tell the Lord so? There is something in the parable of the Pharisee and publican bearing upon this point.

Bell.—*Come—come.*

People.—We haven't any seats in church.

Conscience.—Yes, there are always seats there for all who come. There need be no fear of intruding, for all are welcome, and there need be no fear of wearing out your welcome, for you are urged to come every Sunday.

And so the church-bell kept ringing out its message, "Come come;" and some heeded the message, came, thanked God for the privilege of coming, and resolved to come always. Others still refused, and conscience went to sleep murmuring, ere it slept, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

THE HUMILIATION OF THE CONFESSIONAL.

The Rev. Gordon Calthrop has recently published an admirable sermon on "Sacramental Confession," * from which we quote the following passage:—

"Advocates of the confessional speak of the 'humiliation' which the penitent undergoes when confessing his sins to his fellow man. We grant the humiliation; indeed, we know of Christian parents who would rather see their daughters in their coffins than have them submitted to the indignities of the confessional. We grant the humiliation, but we feel that it is pernicious to both parties—to penitents, to 'priest'—and we ask, where are we told that God makes the pain and shame of such humiliation one of His conditions for receiving into favour a penitent sinner? Do the men who talk thus about confession know what the Gospel means? For what is this 'humiliation,' after all, but a making atonement for our own sins? What is it but bringing a price in the hand to pay for salvation, instead of accepting it as a free gift? In what does it differ, as to its essence, from the painful penances of the Romanist, or of the bodily austerities and privation of the Indian Fakeer?"

THE TREASURY.

The Fourfold Name.—Christians have four names, taken from the four cardinal graces—"Saints," for their holiness; "believers," for their faith; "brethren," for their love; "disciples," for their knowledge.

The Expansiveness of Christianity.—Having said, "Believe, and thou shalt be saved," we stop; but Scripture adds, "and thy house." There is no selfish salvation. A man cannot be saved without wishing to save some one else; scarcely ever, if ever, without helping to save *some one else.*

* Published by Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

POPISH PILGRIMAGES.

The Lying Valley.

OR reasons of her own, the Church of Rome has seen fit to revive pilgrimages, and that not only in Roman Catholic countries, but even from England some 600 persons were lately seen taking their departure for the scene of one of Rome's lying miracles, a place called Paray-le-Monial, where the nun Alocoque first professed to witness the manifestation, for which she is the sole authority, and the record of which reads more like the wanderings of a person in a delirium from fever than anything else.

Our readers must not confound these pilgrims with the suffering, though mistaken, men of the earlier ages, who certainly endured much. The pilgrims who lately left our shores had their arrangements organized by Messrs. Cook and Sons, travelled in express trains and special steamboats, while their general appearance was such as to call forth from a railway servant, "They don't seem to have many peas in their boots though, do they? They look jolly enough."

The public attention which has been thus drawn to the subject of pilgrimages induces us to reprint an exposure of the pretended miracle of "La Salette," another of Rome's impostures, and which had become a place much frequented by pilgrims, while our artist supplies, as an illustration, a picture of the Virgin Mary as worshipped by Roman Catholics, representing her as bruising the serpent's head, thus making her occupy the position of the Lord Jesus Christ, the true woman's seed (Gen. iii. 15).

The writer of the following is an English clergyman, who was living in the neighbourhood of 'La Salette' at the time the events he speaks of occurred.

"I believe all who have heard of 'La Salette" are well aware that its locality is somewhere in the Alps of Dauphiné, not far from Grenoble, and on the way to Gap, yet few, perhaps, have been informed that its exact whereabouts is in the parish of Fallaux Vallée, a French corruption of the Latin words Fallax Vallis (the Lying Valley). Such was the significant name it bore while under the domination of the Romans; now, whether or not the lying qualities of the primitive inhabitants of the valley have been perpetuated down to the present generation is a question for others to determine. But, however this may be, I cannot, for my own part, help noticing it as somewhat singular that the spot chosen for the scene of the 'miracle' *should have been* stamped from all antiquity with such a mark as

would most aptly stigmatize the wonder which was there performed in the nineteenth century.

"It was in the year 1848 that Miss Mormière (the person who devised and carried out the apparition of the pseudo Virgin Mary) first brought herself into public notice. She was then an ex-nun, discarded from her convent on account of some evidences she had given of a somewhat deranged or distempered mind. After some strange public manifestations, more political than religious, the current of her exuberant fancies flowed back into the channel of associations along which her convent life had ebbed and flowed; she thought of, and resolved upon, a Virgin apparition. In the seclusion of a small cabaret (public-house) out of the gates of the town she prepared the requisite accoutrements *i.e.*, two flowing robes, the one blue, the other white, the joint use of which was necessary to simulate the *proper* costume of the Virgin. As soon as her preparations were complete, she was seen leaving town in the direction of the 'Lying Valley,' and heard to say as her parting word, 'Je vais étonner le monde' (I am going to astonish the world). And indeed she did, for her next step was that of appearing in her Virgin imitation dress on the lonely heights of La Salette, in the heart of the hills which none visited but the shepherd boy and his flock. As if the train had been laid on purpose, there happened to be on the spot two of the fittest beings which could have been imagined to carry out her intentions—the one a boy, twelve years of age, whom I have often seen, and taken to be but few removes from the lowest order of beings; the other, a girl, Melanie by name, who in the Lying Valley is noted for her visionary propensities, and for her superstitious credulity in matters of religion. Before such witnesses the 'Virgin' appeared; and she did so, standing on a ledge of the rock which projected from under the surface of the spot on which they were situated, so that she would seem to be hanging in the air over the precipitous side of the mountain; and could manage, so to speak, an aërial perspective. As they were looking at the strange apparition, she beckoned to them, and they, *it is said*, 'drew near with instinctive awe,' as if they *felt* the presence of the being whom she personated. She then adressed them in French, or some other tongue which they did not understand, but, on expressing their inability to catch her words, she translated them into the patois of the country to the following effect:—

"'I am the Virgin Mary, I have long been interceding with my Son to prevent a curse from falling upon this country; but now the wickedness of the place is such that my prayers are of no further avail. I am, therefore, come personally to warn this people. Go and tell them that, *unless they attend Mass regularly every Sunday and fast-day in the year, and leave off swearing, and go to confess themselves to the priest*, God in His wrath will increase the blight of the potatoes, will

THE VIRGIN MARY.

(AS WORSHIPPED BY THE CHURCH OF ROME.)

waste the corn, and will send another grievous plague into this land.*' Having said this, she left the children, amazed with the vision and message, and vanished, it it reported, in the midst of a cloud.

"Evening soon took the children home to relate, as best they could, the vision which had been vouchsafed to them. The Mayor whose town it was, was first informed of the miraculous fact. The Curé was soon told the whole of the wonderful tale. The news flew from house to house, enlarged and commented upon, to wit, the Virgin had appeared on the heights with a long burden of woes against the wicked men of the Lovely Valley! The Sisters of Charity took into their own special charge the favoured recipients of the heavenly message, and the Curé rose early in the morning to convey the tidings to his diocesan, the Bishop of Grenoble. The Bishop, however, it would appear, did not receive the news of the 'apparition' with such cordiality as the case might have warranted. But what fervour was lacking in the Bishop, who was an old man eighty years of age was abundantly made up by his Vicar-General, Abbé Rousselot, who had a taste for the marvellous, and had endeavoured that very year, but failed, to accredit two spurious miracles on his own score. He took up the tale with thankfulness, and spread the report far and wide that the Virgin had appeared to two young children at La Salette, leaving behind her the above-mentioned message, and a spring of water, which had spontaneously issued out of the rock on which she had rested the soles of her feet.

"But after about six months' agitation, the more serious part of the clergy felt that the event had acquired such importance that it became them to investigate narrowly the grounds on which it rested, to set it in its true colours, and to let it stand or fall on its own merits. They accordingly held a meeting, where the point was discussed, and the conclusion that they came to was, 'that the miracle of La Salette had no claims whatever on the belief of the people, that it had nothing which could justify its pretensions to a divine origin, but that it was to be denounced by all honest minds as a delusion and an imposture.' This was a killing verdict. Abbé Rousselot, however, contrived to nullify its effects by a counter movement. He gained over the valet of the old Bishop, who had acquired by his flatteries and manœuvres complete command over his weak master, and by his means the current of the Bishop's former opposition was turned into one of strong support to the Abbé's cause. A 'mandamus' was immediately issued from the Bishop's palace, which declared the miracle an authentic event, and imposed belief in it as a duty on all within the diocese. How far this would have gone it is impossible to say, had not an incident occurred which for a while stemmed the tide of prosperity on which the imposture had till then flowed.

* *This is* said to have been verified in the blight of the vine.

"In order to secure two such prizes as the boy and girl who had been the conveyancers of the 'revelation,' the boy had been taken into the Lesser Seminary at Grenoble, and the girl admitted into a convent near Montfleury. But here it was found that the boy's uncultivated nature could not by any means be taught compliance with the discipline of the seminary, and it was thought advisable to place him at a distance, though within sight; which was done by sending him to a blacksmith's shop in the Rue Bayard, Grenoble, where he might learn his father's trade and be under surveillance. But from this restraint he soon broke loose, and ran away into his native mountains. This wild son of nature, while wandering in the High Alps, at last fell in with the Curé of Arce—a good and pious man according to all accounts—by whom he was cross-questioned as to the facts of the drama in which he had acted so conspicuous a part, and to whom he confessed that the tale had been mainly got up by 'Melanie,' his visionary associate. 'For,' said he, 'she had persisted in holding that the Virgin Mary had indeed appeared to them in the person of the being whom they had seen on the mountain of La Salette, and he had borne out her accounts, not from any conviction of his own, but simply from obedience to her instructions and injunctions.' This confession, with the addition of a few more details and observations on the 'miracle,' was published by the Curé of Arce; and it was in this complicated stage of the imposture that the Archbishop of Lyons thought fit to interfere, which he did by referring the matter to the Pope. One might naturally have thought that an imposture which had grown to such proportions as to attract the notice and call for the investigation of the highest dignitaries of the Roman Church would have had little chance of surviving so great a notoriety, so formidable an inspection. One *might* have come to such a conclusion, especially in the nineteeth century; but, *if he had*, the *fate* of the imposture, which still thrives and progresses under the paternal care of the Abbé who first patronized it, and under the tacit sanction of the Church, *that* would be amply sufficient to convince him of the error of his deduction. The 'miracle' which was born in the Alps, which was taken in as a foundling by an ambitious or covetous priest, has braved the storms of infancy, and is now a hardy child of a Church which may boast many such an offspring. From a barren wild, the spot on which the 'wonder' was cradled has become enriched by the disease-curing streams of an ever-flowing spring, and more still by the influx of *thousands* of pilgrims, who have, in the age we live in, nothing better to do than to carry there their persons for a blessing, and their money for *an offering*. A large chapel is now in course of erection on that bit of earth which Miss Mormière consecrated by her self-devised fable.* Six chaplains can barely suffice to attend to their

* *Since completed*, and attended by crowds of

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duties of collecting money in town during the winter, and at La Salette in summer. All this seems to argue that the miracle is not an *unprofitable* one in a material sense; but doubtless, also, those who profit the most by it are not those who go to buy its waters and neglect the "wells of salvation," but those, who like the Church of Rome and the nearest public-house, make the most of man's credulity, not fearing to rob their pockets at the expense of their soul."

TWENTIETH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY—OCT. 26.

"Giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ."—Eph. v. 20.

GOOD and pleasant thing it is
A Father's love to see,
In the sweet blessings on each day,
Scattered so lovingly—
For the pure air, the flowery sod,
To breathe the silent thanks to God.

For the blooming cheek, the bounding step,
To render praise to Him
Without whose gracious love and care
Life's spring-time would be dim.
The blessing wears a brighter face
When owned as Christ's most loving grace.

Even when sorrow stands before
The sunlight on your way,
Pray that you may God's mercy see
In the dark and stormy day.
So shall the soul, by anguish bowed,
Be grateful for the chast'ning cloud.

What fragrance sweet the heavy rain
Of summer's sultry hours,
Pattering upon the thirsty leaves,
Draws from the weeping flowers:
And you, if God the trial bless,
Will breathe, as fragrance, thankfulness.

Not least of all earth's mercies is
The will, the power, to raise,
From a contented, grateful heart,
The earnest song of praise,
In cloud, or clear blue day to sing,
Thus giving thanks for everything.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC ON PAGE 215.

1. Hushai ..... 2 Sam. xv. 37.
2. Onesimus ..... Philemon 10.
3. Leah ..... Gen. xxix. 32.
4. Dura ..... Dan. iii. 1.
5. Tekel ..... Dan. v. 27.
6. Hazael ..... 2 Kings viii. 12.
7. Oreb ..... Judges vii. 25.
8. Uncle ..... 1 Chron. xxvii. 32.
9. Moses ..... Ex. ii. 20, 21.
10. Eliada ..... 2 Chron. xvii. 17.
11. Unbelief ..... Heb. iii. 19.
12. Pride ..... 1 Tim. iii. 6.

HOLD THOU ME UP—I SHALL BE SAFE.

DOUBLE BIBLICAL ACROSTIC.

1. *There* hold they marriage feast, the Lord Himself is there,
   For in His people's joys He loves to take a share,
2. With brethren first and third, to battle forth *he* goes
   To follow Saul, who fought against his country's foes.
3. The fragrant cloud ascends: 'twas God's command of old;
   Faith with this perfume blends, the Saviour long foretold.
4. Faith overcoming fear, *this* smote she through his head;
   When Barak sought his foe, he lay before him dead.

He wander's forth accurs'd,
And far from home and parents flies:
To Heav'n *his brother's* blood
Loud from the ground for vengeance cries.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

OUR NURSERIES AND SCHOOLROOMS. By G. HOOPER. Hatchards.

A capital book, full of practical suggestions for the training of children, for which we confidently bespeak the careful perusal of all engaged in education; parents, governesses, and Sunday-school teachers may learn lessons of great value from its pages. The chapter on Obedience, if carefully studied and carried out, will save parents many an heartache, and their children many a tear.

REVIVE THY WORK. By Rev. H. LAW HARKNESS. Nisbet & Co.

A valuable addition to the long list of tracts the author has given to the Church. The subject of revivals is dealt with in a wise and Scriptural manner. The tract might be usefully circulated in places where missions are about to be held.

OCTOBER.

PHASES OF THE MOON.

6—Full Moon	.. 5h. 31m. p.m.	21—New Moon	.. 10h. 55m. p.m.
13—Last Quarter	.. 6h. 25m. p.m.	29—First Quarter	.. 0h. 10m. p.m.

The Lessons are taken from the New Table.

1	W	As a man lives, so shall he die. Eccles. xii. 14.
2	Th	Man's extremity is God's opportunity. Psalm xxvii. 10.
3	F	Saying and doing are two things. Matt. xxi. 31.
4	S	Idleness is hard work. Prov. xix. 15.
5	☽	17th Sun. af. Trin. Lessons {Morn.: Jer. v. Eph. v. 22, to vi. 10. Even.: Jer. xxii., or Jer. xxxv. Luke vii. to 24.
6	M	Who never tries cannot win the prize. Matt. vii. 13, 14.
7	Tu	Conscience makes cowards of us all. 1 John iii. 20.
8	W	Make not friends in haste. Prov. xxvii. 14.
9	Th	A good beginning makes a good ending. Job xlii. 12.
10	F	Observation is a good teacher. Phil. iii. 17. [Ex. xx. 8.
11	S	Give Sunday to Satan & he'll curse the week as well.
12	☽	18th Sun. af. Trin. Lessons {Morn: Jer. xxxvi. Col. i. 27, to ii. 8. Even: Ezek. ii., or Ezek. xiii. to 17. Luke x. 17.
13	M	Prayer never hinders work. 2 Cor. i. 11.
14	T	Half a loaf is better than no bread. Heb. xiii. 5.
15	W	A kind welcome makes the best home. Luke xv. 20.
16	Th	Take things always by the smooth handle. Luke x. 41, 42.
17	F	Time and tide tarry for no man. 2 Cor. vi. 2.
18	S	Look on the bright side of everything. Prov. xv. 13.
19	☽	19th Sun. af. Trin. Lessons {Morn.: Ezek. xiv. 1 Thes. iv. Even.: Ezek. xviii., or Ezek. xxiv. to 15. Luke xiv. to 25.
20	M	Little deeds are like little seeds. Matt. x. 42.
21	T	Happy they who pay their way. Rom. xiii. 8.
22	W	Tears relieve great sorrows. Luke vii. 38.
23	Th	The boy is father to the man. Prov. xxii. 6.
24	F	Truth is better than cunning. 1 Kings xiii. 8.
25	S	Do a little well, and you do much. Mark xiv. 8.
26	☽	20th Sun. af. Trin. Lessons {Morn: Ezek. xxxiv. 1 Tim. iii. Even: Ezek. xxxvii. Luke xviii. 31 to Luke xix. 11.
27	M	Short reckonings make long friends. Matt. v. 25.
28	T	Let bye-gones be bye-gones. Eph. iv. 32.
29	W	Who looks not before finds himself behind. Matt. xxv. 12, 13.
30	Th	An act is better than a word. Matt. xxvi. 10.
31	F	Little comforts beget much happiness. 2 Cor. vii. 6, 7.

*** Correspondents are invited to send Proverbs with suitable texts.
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A

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED BY LAYMEN.

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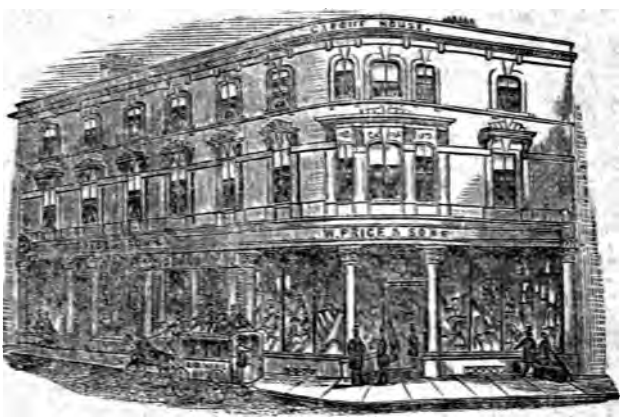
NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

So far as the limited space at our disposal will permit, we shall at all times be willing to insert any communications from the Clergy or Laity of general interest to the Church in Wales. A synopsis of papers read at Rural-deanal meetings will be inserted if addressed to the Editor of "The Churchman in Wales," care of Messrs. Lewis and Williams, Cardiff, before the 20th of each month. Correspondents will, of course, observe the usual regulations of the Press, viz., writing legibly on one side of the paper only, and when using a "nom de plume," sending at the same time their name and address privately to the Editor.

Advertisements, and their matters connected with the business portion of THE CHURCHMAN IN WALES, to be addressed to Mr. H. Lascelles Carr, Western Mail Offices, Cardiff.



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THE CHURCHMAN IN WALES.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

CHURCH DEFENCE IN WALES.

ARTICLE III.

A MORE accurate summary of the estimate commonly formed, carefully cherished, and loudly proclaimed by agitative Nonconformists, concerning the history and present condition of the Established Church in Wales, cannot be furnished than by the epithet—a failure. That is the favourite phrase. And there are too many insipid, easy-going—we might say ill-informed—Churchmen, who ratify the verdict by a sort of nodding and silent assent, if not by audible speech. Thus branded, the fate of the Church in Wales much resembles that of the more prosperous branch in England a quarter of a century ago. Amongst an ill-natured section of the community the wish for failure in the Established Church has long inspired the thought. Twenty-five years ago glib and gloomy vaticinations respecting her approaching dissolution and consequent downfall, were universal. Not even the new-born zeal kindled by the Tractarian movement could save her. Scripture was freely quoted by those who refused her ministrations and dogged the footsteps of her clergy with unrelenting hostility, as confirmatory of the approaching catastrophe. Was she not a house divided against itself? Within her borders was there not an internecine theological war incessantly waged? Yes; and therefore she cannot stand according to the highest authority, was the exulting response at every Liberationist gathering. The general consensus of opinion that the Church in England had proved a failure was humorously recorded at the time by a writer in the pages of *Frazer*, who had the courage to differ from the crowd. He said:—

"We are ourselves inclined to deny that it is a failure; we sometimes venture to think, in defiance of our friend Thompson, that it may have achieved a certain degree of success in its operations. What! he answers with a dash of indignation, does not Mr. Grumblebelly of Bethesda Chapel say it is a failure? Does not the *Times* assert that it is a failure? Does not the Rev. Augustus Whimper, the High Church clergyman, declare with a zephyr-like sigh from his double-breasted, that it is a failure? Does not the Rev. Zedekiah Growler, the Low Church minister, admit, with the whites of his *eyes, that it is a failure?* Does not the Radical member for Ginghambury

pronounce it from the hustings to be a failure? Does not the Tory member for Fuddletown confess to the Dissenters of that borough that it is a failure? What would you have? Have you no faith in great names? And thus this poor old Church of England, which for so many centuries has stood its ground, is treated with a mixture of scorn and pity by those miserable Grumblebellies, and Whimpers, and Growlers, and kicked aside like a toadstool which sprung up the night before."

It does not require a Darwinian genius to trace a legion of "Grumblebellies" in the Principality, with whom a few "Whimpers" and "Growlers" have contracted an unholy alliance. In England, happily, there are symptoms of decay in the race; and if the Church across the Marches remain as faithful to her mission as she is seen to be now, the day will dawn when a "Grumblebelly" will become a physiological curiosity. Nor does this human species thrive in Wales. It is an exotic growth. It is not indigenous to the soil. Its parentage is German. A "Grumblebelly" is distinguished from the genuine and warm-hearted Welshman, because he is born with his teeth, and his lips are ever curled with a snarl. The Welshman is Conservative in all his sympathies; Monsieur "Grumblebelly" is a fiery Radical. The true Welshman will gladly retrace his steps to the Church of his forefathers if the latter, in turn, will only acknowledge in a practical manner the duties she has to discharge. Thank God, the Church in Wales is ready to make that acknowledgment. From hundreds of her pulpits, Sabbath after Sabbath, aye, and often on week days too, there rings forth in earnest accents the message of the Gospel of peace. Her clergy, churches, and schools, as stated in a previous article, are multiplying; there is a marvellous resurrection "in the valley of dry bones," a valley, moreover, whose relics of withered life have all along pointed plainly to misgovernment as their baleful origin, and have amounted to an assurance that a fulfilment of the Church's doctrines by an installation of Welshmen in Welsh benefices would effect a speedy cure. In the words of John Angell James—

"The day is happily gone by when the taunt of fox-hunting, play-going, ball-frequenting parsons could with justice be thrown at the clergy of the State Church; they are now no longer to be found in those scenes of folly and vanity, but at the bedside of the sick man, or in the cottage of the poor one."

At this stage a few statistics may be advantageously introduced, illustrative of the progressive activity of the Church. Beginning with the diocese of St. Asaph, we may state that in its 145 parishes the sum of £460,000 has been expended since 1835 in building and restoring churches. In other words, 52 new churches have been built, 19 old parish churches rebuilt, and 49 restored or enlarged. Also 43 parsonages have been erected; and with reference to schools, it may be added that in *the county* of Flint in 1867 there were only two parishes in which, *or within* easy reach of which, there was not a school in con-

nection with the Church. Turning to the diocese of Bangor, we further find that during the ten years ending 1870 eleven new churches were built, at a cost of £30,000; nineteen rebuilt, at a cost of £24,945; fifteen restored and enlarged, at a cost of £4,786. Ten parsonages have likewise been erected, and the number of schools has been greatly increased. The same signs of life appear in St. David's diocese. Taking the two archdeaconries of St. David's and Brecon, by no means the most active of the four comprising the diocese, we find that between 1840 and 1870 there were 20 new churches built and 98 restored, at a total cost of £120,215; an outlay of £34,153 being also made during the same interval for the erection of schools. While considering these figures, it must ever be borne in mind that they relate to localities where the population nearly remains stationary, and further, that the rate of activity gradually swells as we approach a more modern date. If we turn to the diocese of Llandaff, we discern a teeming hive of industry. During the sixty years from 1801 to 1861 the population augmented four-fold, and chiefly in districts previously wild and uncultivated. With great energy and perseverance the late bishop and present prelate addressed themselves to the task of keeping pace with the wants of the people, and under their auspices 55 new churches have been built; 124 parish churches rebuilt or restored, at the cost of not less than £278,950; and 106 parsonages also provided. Further, in the swarming county of Glamorgan, there was only one parish in 1867, having a population exceeding 1,000, which had not its own school, or was supplied with religious instruction in adjoining parishes. These figures are taken from the "Report on the Established Church in Wales" presented to the Lower House of Convocation in Canterbury, in 1870. We are tempted to enter at some length into the character of the clergy now compared with former days. But it will be enough to say that a branch of the Church which has a Thirlwall amongst its bishops, and such zealous labourers in its vineyard as the vicars of Carmarthen, Cardiff, Carnarvon, the rectors of Neath and Tenby, and a host of others of almost equal worth, who are without their counterparts in Nonconformity, men of different shades of view, but all glorying in the sacrifice of themselves for the well-being of their parishioners and the advancement of the National Church—a branch of the Church thus distinguished need not fear comparison. Even Mr. Henry Richard, in his "Letters on Wales" (page 88), has been constrained to pay a solitary tribute to the merits of the clergy, by avowing that—

"There are among them men of piety, learning, and eloquence, who would do *honour to any Church*. From their body also have come most valuable

contributions to the works serving to illustrate the language and literature of their country. The names of the Rev. Edward Davies, author of the 'Celtic Researches,' and 'Mythology of the British Druids;' the Rev. Evan Evans, author of 'Dissertio de Bardes;' the Rev. Thomas Price, the historian of Wales; the Rev. Sylvan Evans, who shares with Dr. Owen Pugh the honour of being its lexicographer, and others I could mention, can never be repeated without respect and gratitude by every Welsh scholar and patriot."

With perverse ingenuity, however, the enemies of the Established Church who once foretold her ultimate disappearance from sheer inanity, now affect to have made the discovery that she is about to explode into fragments by the force of excessive zeal. For a moment let us pause to inquire the result of her vanishing. Would the gap thereby created be supplied? Who would then be the poor man's minister, the minister of the man precluded by poverty from contributing to the purse of any sect? As a matter of fact, a religious establishment cannot be substituted. It does what Voluntaryism cannot achieve; it specially provides a channel of spiritual consolation for the poor. Viewing, then, the religious establishment controversy in the Principality in the light of a contention by M. Necker, a famous statesman of the days of the great French Revolution, that nothing is effectually destroyed for which we do not provide a substitute, we affirm that the Church Establishment in Wales cannot finally be swept away. Possibly, by a fortuity of circumstances, the Church may be crushed for a time by a Parliamentary attack. The State may, perchance, exercise afresh its spoliative powers; but it will only be for a while. The operation will to all intents and purposes resemble that performed on Mr. Leatham's Dutch clock, which was taken to pieces only that its functions might afterwards be renewed with the vigour of recuperation. For we cannot forget English history; we cannot ignore the period of the Commonwealth. In the seventeenth century not only was the Established Church overthrown, but the ashes of Monarchy disfigured the train of ruin. Yet both Church and Crown afterwards re-appeared above the surging wreck, and the Constitution was restored on the same basis as before the Revolution. We have faith that this would happen again to the Church, if the Liberation Society should contrive to obtain a triumph for its policy of everlasting meddling and levelling in the Legislature. And nowhere would the rush of recoil to the old paths be more speedy than in the Principality. It would be accelerated by strong native instincts, ever stimulated by the existence of the poor in our midst, whose very presence constitutes an inexorable demand that the machinery of a Church Establishment shall not be entangled or obstructed by the prejudices *of bigotry*, but allowed full sway.

Of course, it is too much to expect that Mr. Henry Richard,

King of the Welsh "Grumblebellies," will concede the fact, or countenance such an acknowledgment on the part of his followers. The proposition which he is committed, *per fas et nefas*, to maintain, involves the absolute failure of the Established Church, by virtue of the unsuitability of its mechanism. As one whose mission is conspiracy against the Church Establishment, we venture to advise him, amid the multifarious tokens of the Church's prosperity, in ominous language—"That thou doest, do quickly." For if it be true that coming events cast their shadows before, the reverend reviler of the Church in Wales, like the moody Mohican immortalised in a well-known painting, is destined to be the last of his tribe. In all fairness to Mr. Henry Richard, however, it must be confessed that he scarcely needs any admonition to activity. Enough and more than enough of memorials have been furnished to his bitter hatred of the Established Church in the Principality, in the shape of declamatory outpourings. And, forsooth, after having spent a longer lifetime than is devoted by many philanthropists to beneficent purposes, in the alienation of his countrymen from the mother-fold, and in communicating to them the seeds of that contagion of irreligious bitterness for which his own mind supplies a fructifying soil, the member for Merthyr Tydfil stigmatises the Church as a failure, insisting in the third of his well-known letters to the *Morning Star*, that "the Church of England is not the Church of Wales." So marvellous a piece of consistency only has its parallel in the conduct of a barbarous Oriental potentate, who, having put out the eyes of an offending subject, reproached the latter with his blindness. Moreover, in his taunts freely flung at the Established Church on the score of her numerical strength, Mr. Henry Richard has also had many imitators. Some of these ambitious souls have even surpassed their exemplar in the fierce fertility of their fictions. Thus, the Rev. William Rees, of Liverpool, in the course of a series of letters to Mr. Gladstone, in 1868, on the Church of England in Wales, which were published at the time in *The Tyst Cymreig* newspaper, affirmed that the "Church in Wales is only the Church of the minority of about one-ninth of the population." And Mr. Edward Miall also, addressing the House of Commons on May 9th, 1871, in support of an abstract resolution for disestablishment and disendowment, used these words: "Take the Principality of Wales, for instance, *where very few persons, besides landowners, prefer the State Church*," &c., &c.

From the manner in which the Established Church in Wales *is attacked, it is* clear that her foes regard the number

of worshippers within her sacred edifices as a test of the suitability of her mechanism. We object to the test, as being opposed to reason and a true conception of the functions of a Christian Church. It is easy to understand, where a simple sect tries to plant itself in the midst of other sects for the purpose of spreading its own little narrow distinguishing tenets, that with such sect, whose existence depends on its list of members, the number of avowed adherents becomes an all-important matter, because the basis of its establishment is necessarily the economic law relative to supply and demand. Most warmly do we repudiate so low a standard for the Established Church. Her charter is the Divine command—"Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." And it is the most powerful argument in favour of the suitability of her machinery of a parochially endowed clergy, that where a people, for various reasons, repel the truths which she proclaims, her ministers are still able to echo the tidings of salvation, offer the privileges of Christian communion, visit the sick, relieve the poor, and educate the young, thereby gradually bringing about a better, a healthier state of mind in the community. Will Mr. Richard and his coadjutors in ecclesiastical pugilism deny the possibility that a truth-proclaiming Church can exist in a nation and be largely surrounded by indifference? Does Divine truth always lay hold on the human heart and produce desired results? On the hypothesis of affirmative answers to both these interrogatories, the Bible would become to a great extent a tissue of absurdities, especially some of the books of the prophets; yet such assumptions are exactly those which underlie the challenge of numbers vauntingly flung at the Established Church in the Principality. Ere the gauntlet was tossed down, the enemies of the Church ought to have ascertained that her principles had ever been faithfully put into practice. It is notorious that they have not; notorious that while she insists in her articles of religion that the Gospel shall be proclaimed in a language understood by the people, for a long period owing to misgovernment this was not done in the Principality, Welsh benefices being occupied by an English-speaking clergy. There is now a change. Welsh benefices are held by Welshmen; and, as a consequence, on every hand the signs of returning prosperity to the Church are witnessed, proving most irrefutably that her machinery is admirably adapted to the Welsh people when properly and rightly worked, and that they are predisposed to sit at the feet of her clergy for instruction.

Suppose, however, that the soundness of a numerical test of the *position* of the Established Church in Wales were conceded, are *the assertions* on this point made by Mr. Henry Richard, the Rev. *W. Rees,* and Mr. Edward Miall correct? We will not discuss

Mr. Edward Miall's monstrous and audacious imputation. Shortly after it was uttered the writer of these pages challenged that gentleman to substantiate it, producing agricultural statistics showing that it must be grossly untrue, which the Mercurius of the Liberation Society found it convenient to ignore, and with which he has never attempted to grapple to this day. With reference to Mr. Henry Richard's declaration in general terms that the Church of England is not the Church of Wales, it is one to which a numerical test will not altogether apply. Relying on the figures only to which appeal is usually made, we should almost be warranted in similarly contending that Christianity is not the religion of Wales. For, while the total population of the Principality, including Monmouthshire, in 1851 reached 1,188,914, Mr. Horace Mann computed the number of persons present at the most numerously attended services in all the churches and chapels to have amounted only to 623,503, or barely an excess of one half. And most certainly could it not be alleged that Nonconformity is the religion of Wales, seeing that the same eminent statistician calculated the number of worshippers at the most numerously attended services at Nonconformist chapels, according to the census tables, to have only been 490,563, or immensely less than one half of the population. These statistics are confirmed by further calculations of, not the persons present at the most numerously attended services, but the relative proportions of the whole worshipping population, Church and Dissent, and which place Dissent in a less advantageous position. But we now come to the Rev. W. Rees's statement, that the Church in Wales is the Church of a minority of about one-ninth of the population. He thereby directly and rigidly insists that the Church cannot count on a single sympathiser beyond the 132,940 present at her most numerously attended services on the census day of 1851. To show his reckless unfairness, however, it is sufficient to mention that he quotes approvingly the stereotyped phrase that the Welsh are "a nation of Nonconformists," whereas, as already has been demonstrated, by an analogous process of calculation, Dissenters are not nearly one half the population. Ere Mr. Rees can make good his position that the Church can claim only one-ninth of the population of the Principality, he must establish that the absent ones from any place of worship in 1851 were entirely alienated from her. That would be a dangerous assumption; for, by parity of reasoning, it would have to be similarly assumed that the 565,411 Welshmen, or virtually one-half the Welsh people, who were not at any place of worship, were unbelievers in Christianity. Had Mr. Rees been candid, he would have acknowledged that Churchmen formed nearly one-fourth of the worshipping population. Taking in conjunction his two statements as to Churchmen being one-ninth of the nation, and as to the Welsh being "a nation of Nonconformists," a reader would be naturally led to infer that Churchmen formed only the small proportion of one-ninth of the whole *worshipping population*, which would be an egregious *delusion*. In like manner, it might be supposed that Noncon-

formists, compared with Churchmen, numbered 8 to 1, which would be equally delusive. According to the statistics of the religious census of 1851, the proportion of Nonconformists to Churchmen is not even 4 to 1.

Clearly, then, the Church in Wales is not the failure pourtrayed or insinuated by her assailants. And it is quite as certain that there is positive statistical evidence of Nonconformity dwindling into a failure. The report presented to the Lower House of Convocation in July, 1870, showed, from the evidence of Welsh Dissenting almanacks and authorities, that the number of hearers claimed by themselves at that time was 559,800, while the census in April, 1871, recorded the population as being 1,411,811. That is to say, while the population of Wales in twenty years, from 1851 to 1871, has augmented to the extent of 222,897, only 69,237 of that increase, or less than one-third, have connected themselves in any way with the various Nonconformist denominations. Therefore, in the face of such a conspicuous failure, let the champions of Welsh Nonconformity pull out the beam from the eye of their own system ere they aspire to extract the mote from the eye of the Established Church.

G. F. H. R.

ON THE EFFECTS OF CHURCH CONGRESSES IN ENGLAND AND WALES.

CONGRESSES and Conferences are now common things. The Amalgamated Miners—the Associated Chambers of Commerce—the lovers of Social and Natural Sciences—and the members of the Church of England respectively have recently met in common council and subjected matters which interested them to the crucible of public debate. There may be less difficulty in following a multitude to do evil than in finding wisdom in a multitude of counsellors. We have here presented to us two sides of a common truth, showing the difference between popular clamour, and intelligent public opinion. The very nature of a conference involves deliberation, consultation and advice, and the result is an expansion of thought and feeling, which form the natural counteraction to the partizanship and hasty notions generated by Steam Printing-presses and Daily Newspapers. It is stated that the President of the Amalgamated Miners' Association allowed its members to have their own way pretty much during the first day or two of the meeting at Bristol, in order to enable them to "blow off the steam" before he proceeded to the despatch of business. It is this "blowing off the steam" of partizanship and narrow-*mindedness* which constitutes the strength of Conferences *and Congresses*. There can be little doubt in the existing

condition of humanity, that malevolence is a stronger force than benevolence—and, whether men wear white neckcloths or not, they readily do for party what they hesitate to do for the Church or the State. Patriotism is not fashionable in these days—and however much the country may have increased in wealth, it must be confessed that it has diminished in patriotism. Nor has true Catholicism made much greater progress than true patriotism. The essence of Christianity is Catholicity. The essence of the times in which we live, is separation and strife; and, strange to say, those who professedly uphold Catholicity show the least of its spirit; and, instead of manifesting charity towards those who differ from them, they would generally anathematize or annihilate them. If Jesus Christ lived on the earth now, the probabilities are, that he would not be more popular than he was in the days of Pontius Pilate "There is too much reason to fear," (remarks a modern writer of great ability) "that in our days, the grand offence of many a noble servant of Jesus Christ, is the breadth of his Christianity. Let a man sell himself to some one Church or party; warmly plead for his own party, exhibit the errors and defects of all other Churches, and he will live and die in the affections of his people." (There can be no better illustration of this truth, than the fact that Mr. Miall has received a present of £10,000 from his people for attacking the Church of England.) "On the other hand, a man who declines specially to own this Church, or disown the other,—who looks with an evil eye on none—but embraces all in the broad spirit of his impartial love, will certainly find that there are grave charges still against the spirit of Christ, as distinct from the spirit of party."

This simply shows us—that knowledge may "run to and fro" in railways, steamboats, and telegraphs; and all that is called civilization may surround man, without touching his moral nature. That nature is precisely the same now, in England and Wales, as it was in Palestine in the days of the Apostle Paul. Had he continued to show a strong party bias in favour of the Jews, and a strong prejudice against all other nations—had he been narrow-minded, bigotted, and exclusive in his spirit—he would have been honoured and beloved by his countrymen, instead of being hated as he was for his Catholicity and impartiality.

It is therefore gratifying to find different parties within the Church of England voluntarily assembling to listen to different sides of ecclesiastical truths, and consenting to take alike both sweet and bitter counsel together. The same plan which is carried out in our courts of law by which

antagonistic truths are balanced, illustrates a principle which pervades all Creation in the balance of antagonistic forces. This is the process which is followed in another form in Church Congresses, the invisible judge being Public Opinion. This verdict is the motive power which in these days will propel improvement and reform in the Church with greater force than the crotchets of a few isolated individuals either in the Houses of Convocation, or on the hills of Wales. When our Bishops listen as they did at Bath to the plain truths told them by clergy and laity about the shortcomings of episcopal and capitular bodies—and then earnestly plead their own defence at the bar of public opinion, we may rest assured that there is hope for and vitality in the Old Church of England,—nothwithstanding all the attacks of Romanists and Liberationists from without, and all the squabbles of the Attitudinarians, Platitudinarians, and Latitudinarians within her folds.

There is a substratum of common sense underlying the English character, which only requires to be reached very much like the coal is to be found in the Welsh Valleys by digging down to it, and the output of that common sense is the best antidote for the vagaries of all extreme parties—of Popery on the one side, and of Nonconformity on the other, as well as of the fastidious man, millinery, and the dirty slovenliness of the "high and dry," and the "low and slow," parties within the church. "It has been the wisdom of the Church of England ever since the first compiling of her Public Liturgy, to keep the mean between the two extremes of too much stiffness in refusing, and too much easiness in admitting any variation from it." The very first sentence in the Book of Common Prayer, therefore, reflects the practical common sense of the British mind—and this matter of fact, raw material which is now being excavated from the same quarry, by Church Congresses—must be used in building up improved government, and in the restoration of the Church of England. It is precisely the same problem which has to be solved in the human government of Churches as in the human government of States, and that is how to combine liberty with authority, which is the problem every father of a family has to solve in his own household, so that the individual, the Church, and the State, have to learn the same lesson.

It has been admitted by some of the ablest writers on jurisprudence, that Great Britain was the first nation in the world which solved that problem in its civil government,—*but it must be confessed, looking at the existing Houses of Convocation that* Great Britain has not yet solved it in its *ecclesiastical* government: the Houses of Convocation are

further behind the times now, than were the Houses of Parliament before the passing of the first Reform Bill. It is easy to trace the same ideas of government running through the direction of States and Churches. There being two Houses of Convocation is an illustration of Commons and Lords; and monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy, have respectively their counterparts in the government of Churches—all the way from Episcopacy down to Independency.

The Bishop of Peterborough stated at Bath, "The Church must be governed in one of two ways; either by personal rule, or by fixed and written law. Government by personal rule over the clergy may be of two kinds—the personal rule of the Bishops, or, its only alternative, the personal rule of the congregations. Now I do not think the clergy want, and I do not wish to have government by the personal wish of the Bishop—I do not think the clergy want, and I do not think they would be happier for, being governed by the personal rule of the congregation. (Laughter.) Let them take great care, whether in casting off, or attempting to cast off the legitimate government of the Bishop, they do not substitute for it the legitimate tyranny of the congregation. (Cheers.) But I think all of us are agreed that the Church should be governed by fixed, and known, and uniform law,—law, which is a protection of the clergyman against the Bishop—(cheers)—law which is a protection of the congregation against the clergymen—(cheers)—law which is a protection in the necessity of abiding by it, and the impossibility of straining or going beyond it, of the Bishop, against both incumbent and congregation." (Laughter and Cheers.).

We have here the same problem stated which has long since been solved by the British people in their civil government. It is now for the members of the National Church to solve the same problem in ecclesiastical government, and for which purpose the common sense developed in the amicable and animated discussions of Church Congresses is the very first requisite.

When Church Congresses began, it appears there was no preconceived course of action pointed out, but they were left very much to follow the course that circumstances may indicate. This has always been the custom of the English people—distinguishing them from the French race, whose theories of government, like the theories of the philosophers before the time of Bacon, were elaborately drawn out, and afterwards the facts were collected to fit into the theories.

"What gave birth to Church Congresses"—wisely remarks the *Literary Churchman*, "was *not* the calm and reasonable desire on the part of the non-studious portion of the Church to get by listening what they did not care to get by study; it was the desire to

confer on the difficulties of the times, to compare notes with other workers; to strike out truth and life by the contact of mind with mind. And, just because such Conference did elicit sparks of life and vigour—just because life was manifested, therefore the general Church public had its interest aroused, and it ran together to hear what the speakers had to say. Depend upon it, what we say is true. Had the Church Congresses begun as a mere monster system of associated lecturing, they would soon have died out. Rather, they would have never survived their birth. A debate kindles you. It attracts, it awakens. A mere lecture sends you to sleep."

One thing is certain, fifty years since, such a meeting of Bishops, priests, deacons and laymen as that which has recently taken place in Bath would scarcely have been possible. No one could have been present at Bath and witnessed 6,000 earnest and intelligent Christians assembled together, listening with marked attention to the discussion of subjects affecting the inner and outer life of the Church of England without feeling, not only that there was vitality in that Church, but that there was an electrical and spiritual influence at work, which would promote its growth, and would, by God's blessing, be transmitted through the brains and hearts assembled in that Congress Hall, to thousands of other brains and hearts dwelling in remote parishes of the kingdom. No one could have returned from that Congress and listened to the impressions which persons who were not present had received of it through the medium of the newspapers, without feeling how utterly inadequate and altogether imperfect such impressions were, and how much the newspapers in their craving for sensational news during the autumn months had exaggerated and magnified trifling incidents out of all due proportion to the whole Congress; very much like a man who had an excrescence on his little finger, and had represented it to be larger than his arm. Archdeacon Denison's great stick, and the Archdeacon himself, were excrescences which have been swollen out of all due proportion to the whole body. Two things where conspicuous in the Congress Hall at Bath—the absence of "Cant" and "long facedness"—and the presence of earnest work and hearty devotion. Notwithstanding many misconceptions viewed from different standpoints and circulated by the *Church Times*, the *Nonconformist*, and other partizan publications, it is satisfactory to find that the *Nonconformist* is obliged to admit that "there is a great activity of thought in the Established Church upon every subject relating to religious, ecclesiastical, and social questions. This is the happiest of all signs. What is always to be dreaded is mere apathy That certainly does not exist."

This is a great admission to be made by the organ of the Liberation Society, after all the calumnies it has heaped upon the Church of England for a quarter of a century. The two unclean spirits which Churchmen have to cast out of themselves and out *of their Church*, are "apathy" and "partizanship," and then they *will have little* to fear either from Popery or Nonconformity. This exorcism is to be effected not by any incantations, or conjurations,

or ceremonies as of old, but by meeting together in common brotherhood—in the simple exercise of a common faith—of common prayer—and of common sense.

This seems to have been the practice successfully adopted by the Church Congresses in England, and why should not the same practice be extended to the Church in Wales? The strength of a chain is said to be equal to the strength of its weakest link, and, if it be admitted, as it must be, that the Church in Wales is the weakest link of the Church of England—then the strengthening of of that link, by the sympathy and mutual support of a Church Congress in Wales is a matter of the greatest importance to the whole Church of England. Seeing that the Congress is become so popular that it is engaged to meet at different places in England for several years to come—the question for Churchmen in Wales to consider is, how to provide a local substitute in Wales in the meantime. This is the outline of a subject on which we invite the earnest and prayerful attention of churchmen of all schools of thought in the Principality.

CONGREGATIONALISM IN WALES.

WALES is the favorite spot for Congregationalism. That ecclesiastical polity, which is represented by religious republicanism—can be studied in Wales under the most favourable conditions. We commend the facts contained in the following letter which the Vicar of Carnarvon has recently addressed to the *National Church*, to the thoughtful consideration of Churchmen in Wales.

Sir,—During the first week of September the Welsh Congregational Union held its annual meetings in the town of Carnarvon. In the course of the proceedings a somewhat able and exhaustive paper, upon the "Supply of Candidates for the Ministry of the Denomination," was read by the Rev. Mr. Morris, one of the teachers engaged at the Congregational College established at Brecon.

Some of the statements set forth in this remarkable address are worthy of the attention of your readers, and also of thoughful Dissenters, at a time when the Congregationalists, as a body, are endeavouring to effect the Disestablishment and Disendowment of the National Church.

Mr. Morris, by very carefully prepared statistics, illustrated the present position and prospects of the Welsh Congregational ministry. Is that position so satisfactory, and are the prospects so promising, as to strengthen the faith of thoughtful men in the vaunted sufficiency and stability of the unendowed systems of the sects? Let Mr. Morris's own statements give the answer to these inquiries.

He informed his hearers that the Denomination has formed in Wales no less than 616 congregations. But it appears that, notwithstanding great efforts, it has found it impossible to obtain

more than 494 pastors to minister among them, so that out of the 616 congregations, no less than 122 are as sheep having no shepherd.

The Congregationalists have three colleges for the education and training of ministers in Wales. But Mr. Morris states that the number of candidates for admission into these seminaries is decreasing. His exact words are: "I believe that the number of candidates for admission into the colleges is less than it was years ago. And I am inclined to think that the *tide is ebbing*, and that our young men are less disposed to become preachers than they were years ago." How are the prospects of the ministry affected by this indifference?

Mr. Morris states that the deficiency in the required number of ministers, instead of growing less, is annually increasing.

His figures show that, whereas an annual average of 20 ministers is required, the Denomination is only able to obtain an average of 16. Furthermore, he goes on to state that the present supply of ministers, insufficient though it be, is only obtained through lowering the standard so as to recruit the number, by the ordination of men destitute of any collegiate education. Out of the 494 Congregationalist ministers in Wales, it seems that 137 belong to the class.

After dwelling upon the fact that there is a growing indifference to the attractions of the Dissenting ministry, Mr. Morris proceeds to point out that the change of feeling is most perceptible among the better educated and more respectable members of the Denomination. Having hazarded a conjecture that this defection is possibly attributable to the increasingly powerful attractions of commercial pursuits, Mr. Morris makes use of these words: "Whatever may be the truth upon that point, it is undeniable with reference to our Church members generally, that far less inclination to engage in the work of the ministry exists now than existed years ago among the classes who are most influential by virtue of their position, refinement, and education."

After thus honestly confessing that the Congregationalist ministry in Wales is decaying, and that its vital powers are, in his own words, ebbing, Mr. Morris proceeds to unfold to his hearers the nature of the various causes to which he believes that the growing evil is attributable.

What are these causes? The first cause which this candid Congregationalist brings forward is: "The inadequate maintenance." (Y Gynnaliaeth Ddiffygiol.) His exact words are these: "It must be confessed that one reason that causes many to shrink from engaging in the work of the ministry, is found in the inadequate maintenance associated with the office." And in concluding his remarks upon the effects of this cause, he uses these words: "Is not this the train of reasoning that passes through the mind of many a hopeful young man? 'Nothing awaits me but *respectable poverty* if I betake myself to the ministry. It will be better *that I should engage* in some secular occupation, in which I can *be comfortable* myself and useful to the cause of the Saviour, yea,

more useful than I ever could be in the ministry, while overwhelmed by poverty.'"

The second cause to which Mr. Morris attributes the evil which he deplores, is, in his own words: "The difficulty that exists in keeping order in some churches." "The members," he says, "are sometimes so prone to contention, and to the indulgence of mutual suspicions, and at other times so jealous of the rights of the brotherhood, and so oblivious of the rights of the pastor, that it requires the patience of Job and the wisdom of a Solomon to keep the peace."

He also finds another cause for the unpopularity of the preachers' vocation, in the disorderly and extravagant "independency" of many of the congregations. He states that all the congregations are willing enough to recognise the denominational union of the body when grants are to be obtained from any of the central funds, but that on other occasions they insist upon acting as sovereign and separate ecclesiastical "Communes." "When they wish," he proceeds, "to give a call to some disreputable minister of low character, or to obtain some unqualified person, they stand upon the rights of independency, and deny that the Denomination has any claim to interfere."

He then goes on to argue that these proceedings tend to lower the position and character of the ministry, and to repel young men from its pursuit. "If we wish," he says, "to attract young men of honourable character into the ministry, we must take care to guard the dignity and purity of the office. The lawyers guard the honour of their calling, the barristers guard the honour of their calling, and the medical men guard the honour of the calling which they pursue; and shall we be careless of the honour of the noblest vocation in the world, and the most important in which it is possible for man to engage?"

It does not seem to have occurred to Mr. Morris that each of the learned professions to which he alluded, guards its influence and honour by strictly excluding from its practice and exercise all save those who have been qualified by an orderly call, enrolment, or diploma, given by due authority. It seems not to have occurred to him that the position of the Congregationalist ministers is far too like that of certain irregular medical practitioners, who are sometimes known by a short and slightly opprobious title, ever to be attractive to high-spirited men, who are sufficiently educated to appreciate the difference between the legitimate and illegitimate discharge of ministerial functions.

I would commend to Mr. Morris's attention the words by which the honour and validity of the ministerial offices are guarded in the Church of England, "which offices were ever more had in such reverend estimation, that no man might presume to execute any of them, except he were first called, tried, examined, and known to have such qualities as are requisite for the same; and also by public prayer, with imposition of hands, were approved and admitted thereto by lawful authority."

I *may add that in* the course of this paper this candid Congre-

gationalist tutor volunteers the statement that a considerable proportion of the students in the Welsh Congregationalist Colleges, repelled by the difficulties of obtaining maintenance on the one hand, and by the amiabilities of the chapel brotherhood on the other, will withdraw from the Denomination and seek holy orders in the National Church.

Now any lengthened comment upon these revelations is unnecessary. According to the deliberate testimony of one of the leading Congregationalists of Wales, the unendowed systems of Dissent have nothing better to offer to candidates for the ministry than respectable starvation, endless bickerings, and a position no less devoid of honour than of endowment. To the nation they have nothing better to offer than an irregular provision of religious ministrations, scanty and uncertain in quantity, and equally unsatisfactory in quality.

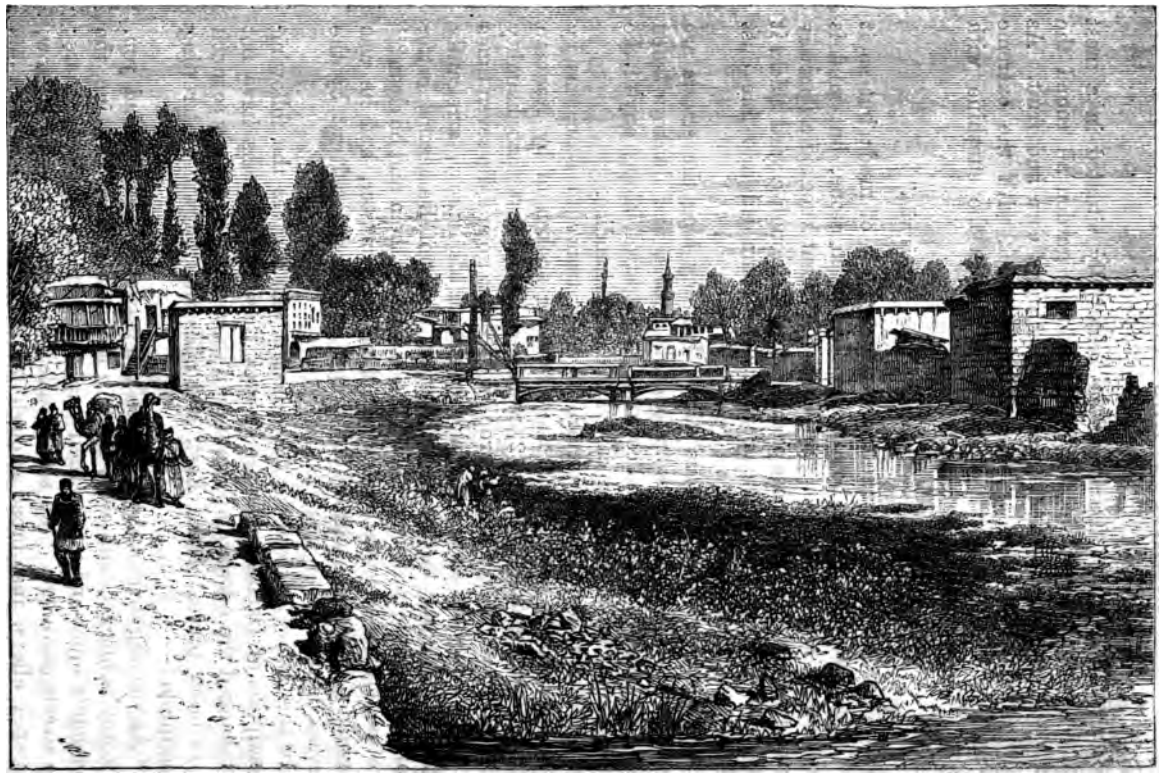
Your readers will ask the question—How can the Welsh Congregationalists, at the very time when they volunteer such a confession of the utter failure of their own system, honestly join in the agitation which has for its object the reduction of the National Church, to the same depths of feebleness, disorder, and undignified littleness in which they are themselves decaying? It is difficult to answer the question, unless it is to be granted, that the rights of religious liberty, according to the Welsh Congregationalists, include among them the right of violating all the laws of reason and consistency.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

HENRY T. EDWARDS,

Vicar of Carnarvon.

Carnarvon Vicarage, Sept. 15, 1873.



DAMASCUS AND THE RIVER ABANA.

DAMASCUS AND THE JEWS.

THE city of Damascus is beautifully situated in a most luxuriant plain, forming one lovely garden all round the city, and producing large quantities of corn and fruit. As the traveller approaches he is struck with the extreme beauty of the place as it glitters in the sunshine with domes and minarets, for

"Every prospect pleases and only man is vile."

It is hard to believe that so fair a city is built of mud; but so it is. The walls of the best houses are faced with stone, but mud is the basis of every structure. An English resident knocked a doorway through the wall of his house and found, that though a yard thick, it did not contain a single stone or brick, and crumbled into fine dust as the workman struck at it.

Damascus is a prosperous city. All day long the streets are crowded with foot passengers and camels, mules, and donkeys laden with supplies for the city and country. In a stroll along any of the great roads you meet endless caravans of merchandize.

Our illustration affords a picture of the entrance to Damascus by a bridge over the river Abana, the very river spoken of by Naaman the Syrian, in 2 Kings v. 12, where we read that that haughty general, when ordered by the prophet Elisha to go and dip seven times in Jordan and he should be cleansed from his leprosy, arrogantly replied, "Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? may I not wash in them and be clean?" Fortunately his servants were wiser than their master, and he was persuaded to accept health by the simple remedy pointed out by the servant of the God of Israel.

In the *Jewish Advocate* for May last a writer gives the following description of Damascus, where he says European customs have not yet changed the outward appearance of the things here nearly so much as in other places of the East, and adds the following interesting description:—

"As you alight from the diligence you leave the West behind you. The way is blocked with every Eastern nationality short of China, the merchants squat and talk in their cupboards at the endless bazaars; the streets (save one, 'the street called Straight') are only narrow, unpaved alleys, just broad enough for the camel to pass with his burden, and they are covered over with lath and plaster, through the holes whereof glints the sunlight, to give light and shade to the *gorgeous colouring* of the crowd. You pass to the best houses by a *mean doorway*, into quadrangles round marble fountains, which ripple

amid gardens of orange and spice, and your sense of the fitness of things is not yet offended by the sight of a Western equipage or a Western dress in the whole city. There is even more than the usual Oriental dirt, for the dogs, the only Eastern scavengers, though 10,000 in number, wax fat and lazy on the legacies left for their maintenance by pious Mussulmans.

"Still, as one examines the picture more closely, one finds the West is undermining the East. More than half the bazaars are stocked with Manchester goods. Cheap prints from Lancashire factories give colour to the quaint costumes, and just as we strangers insist on the real Damascene stuffs, so the natives demand the things of France and England. Only four days ago I hunted through the bazaars for a *cache nez* of native work, and I saw 20 pieces of French imitation to two of home manufacture; and when I found the thing I sought I was asked only half the price of the foreign importation. The workshops of Damascus were invited the other day to contribute to the Vienna Exhibition. Instead of sending silk fabrics, in which the city is unrivalled, the people have been hard at work at clever, but inferior, imitation of French furniture. Their imitative powers have been put to still more questionable uses. The demands for antiques meet with as much skill as one would find in Birmingham, and you have only to name the period and the stage of wear and tear you require, and your bit of old brass will be made to order.

"In another deplorable sense the tastes of the city are drifting westward. It is a hard thing to say, but the Moslem is taking to drinking. The consumption of *raki*, a native spirit made from grapes, is enormous, and even wine itself is not despised. A well-known hotel-keeper of Syria said the other day, when asked if many Turks came to his house, 'Me no like Turks; Turks drink too much *raki*; me no like Turks.' Such a breaking away from the precepts of the Koran is very significant. The habit of prayer remains, but it is only a habit. It is worn like a coat, partly because the wearer is used to it, and partly because it is a fashion nobody will be the first to defy. The only thing which can be said of Damascus is that other portions of the Empire are further from the old religion than she is. An incident which occurred the other day in Alexandria showed how far Egypt has gone. Twelve Moslem merchants were cast into prison for making large shipments of lard and mixing it with some inferior butter, to sell the whole as excellent butter to the *fellaheen*, whose faith forbids them to touch anything belonging to the pig. One strong living force unhappily remains—fanaticism. The injunctions of the Prophet are habitually transgressed, but the Christian is hated more than ever. The Christian massacre of 1860, when 3,000 people perished in this city alone, would be renewed to-morrow, so say *the residents, if the* Government raised a finger, or even simply

relaxed its hold upon the people. The fanaticism, too, is fanned by old prejudices which exist against all other creeds save that of Islam. 'Look, look!' cried a mother to her child the other day, as an English lady walked through the street, 'those are the people that eat the children!' And the Mussulmans are few in the city who do not at this day believe that the Jews require the blood of children for certain ceremonies which precede their feast of the Passover."

This is the subject of our illustration on the opposite page; there you see the English lady passing along the narrow crowded street. She does not look like a devourer of children, or anything else very dreadful, but this Moslem woman in the front is pointing her out to her little boy as such, and he will always remember what she has said, and feel a horror at Christians, unless by God's grace he learns better as he grows up.

"This very same superstition, coupled with the disappearance of a Moslem child, caused bloodshed and loss of life between Jew and Moslem in the streets of Smyrna only four months ago."

The Jews of Damascus are from 15,000 to 18,000 in number, most of them very fanatical, intolerant, and bigoted, and destitute of any kind of education. Few of them are able to read and write, especially their females, who are in a sad state of ignorance and darkness, shut out from any kind of religious worship, as well as from any moral and spiritual consolations. The Jews in this part of the land have been much degraded and despised by both Mohammedans and Christians, but at the same time several of them are very influential and wealthy, and they have, especially in these latter years, made considerable progress in commerce and trade, some of them having, in fact, accumulated immense wealth.

The London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews has a flourishing mission at Damascus, which was begun by the well-known Mrs. Thompson, who went to Damascus and visited many houses, the heads of which signed petitions for this object, including some of the principal Jews of that city. She found a warm and cordial welcome from them, especially the females, and she took the opportunity of speaking to them about their souls. They seemed very much interested by what she said, but some of the men resisted, and remarked that women ought not to pray or learn anything about religion. Mrs. Thompson replied,

"Do we not read in the Holy Scriptures that Hannah prayed to the Lord, and He heard her prayer, and gave her a child? And so then may other women also."

"Yes," said they; "but these were distinguished women who are *spoken of* in Scripture, but not the women now in Damascus."

"*But* have they no souls to be saved?"

"Yes, but it is sufficient that the men should pray for them."

In spite of this foolish idea, many of them were found to be quite eager to have their children instructed, and they sent them to the schools as soon as they were opened. Several children had been in the Jesuit schools, and were on the point of leaving them, on account of having been forced to offer up prayers to the Virgin Mary and the

THE MOSLEM MOTHER POINTING OUT THE ENGLISH LADY AS A DEVOURER OF CHILDREN.

saints, whilst they made no progress in the way of learning and industry. Several Jewish children presented themselves, accompanied by their parents, and Mrs. Thompson opened the school by reading a passage of Scripture and offering up a prayer, all of the children listening attentively. The numbers increased regularly and gradually, so that the school was composed mostly of Jewish children, and many of the men of whom I *before* spoke admitted that they showed wonderful *capacity and cleverness.*

No sooner, however, did intelligence of this get abroad, than the Rabbis formed a league to oppose these schools and get the children away from them; but they failed in their endeavours, and had to look on, powerless to injure them. On one occasion the chief Rabbi told his congregation, when the smallpox was raging in Damascus, especially amongst the Jews, that he had been told in a dream, by the angel of the Lord, that God was visiting them with a heavy punishment on account of sending their children to the school. Some foolish brethren believed the false suggestion, and removed their children, but they soon returned with increased attachment to their instruction.

We rejoice to learn from the recent report of the Society that its missionaries are kept fully employed by the numerous inquirers who resort to them, and whose earnestness is shown by their having purchased in a short time more than £40 worth of books, mostly Bibles. The work is arduous in the extreme, but the God of Abraham raises up labourers to seek out the lost sheep of the house of Israel. We trust our readers are interested in the Society's work, and not only aid it with their means, but also with their prayers. May the Lord hasten the time when

> "From many a distant land the Lord shall lead His people forth,
> And Zion be the glory yet, and wonder of the earth;
> The veil that shrouds the Jewish heart shall then be rent away,
> The voice that long has called in vain shall Israel then obey;
> And streams shall cheer the thirsty land where now no water flows,
> And the wide desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose."

A DIALOGUE.

Peter.—Hollo, Jack! here you are, back from America?

Jack.—Yes, Master Peter.

Peter.—Won't you come in, *and* have a glass this cold day?

Jack.—No, Master Peter, no! I *cannot* drink.

Peter.—What, Jack, can you pass the door of the "Ship at Anchor" without taking a cup with your friends?

Jack.—Impossible, Master Peter. I have a swelling here—don't you see it.

Peter.—Ah! that is because you don't drink your grog as you used to do. Drink, my boy, and the swelling will soon go down.

Jack.—You are quite right there. [*He pulls out of his pocket a large leathern purse full of money.*] There's the swelling which I have given myself by steering clear of the "Ship at Anchor." If I begin drinking again, it will soon go down; there is not the least doubt of that.

Peter.—Is it possible that you have saved so much money, Jack?

Jack.—It is, indeed, and I mean to go on *doing it;* and when I pass *the "Ship at Anchor"* after my next voyage, I hope to show you a *new swelling* on the other side.

SERMON FOR ADVENT SUNDAY, NOV. 30.

BY THE REV. R. W. FORREST, M.A., ST. JUDE'S, SOUTH KENSINGTON.

"For He shall have dominion,
O'er river, sea, and shore;
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar."

"Watch, therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of Man cometh."—MATT. xxv. 13.

THE present and the preceding chapter contain one of the longest and most important of the prophecies uttered by our blessed Lord. They present a graphic statement of the signs of the end, of the events which shall immediately precede the Second Advent, and of the condition in which the professing Church of Christ shall be found at that momentous period.

Embodied in this prophecy are four parables. The second, that of the Virgins, is before us to-day. "Watch, therefore," says Christ. That word "therefore" is the pivot on which the whole parable turns. Without entering into a minute exposition of the parable, we shall endeavour rather to extract a few leading lessons which the whole story suggests, and which are specially appropriate at the present season of Advent.

In the first place we find an illustration of the exhortation of the text in the central fact of the parable itself, "Watch, therefore, because the Bridegroom cometh." All the virgins went forth with this one definite object in view—to meet the Bridegroom; and certainly, my brethren, in the present day, when so many are sinking into what we must call a gross materialism, when the wisdom of this world is actually predicting the decline and fall of the kingdom of Christ altogether after the manner and according to the law of earthly sovereignties, I say it is consoling and reassuring to the Christian heart to reflect that there is a body of true-hearted Christians; yea, that the blessed company of all faithful people feel and view, and act upon, and are increasingly rejoicing in the simple and soul-stirring belief, the blessed, and joyful, and glorious hope of their Lord's appearing.

Although having decided views ourselves, there is no need that we should enter upon any vexed or difficult questions connected with the subject of our Lord's coming. As, for instance, whether it should be *pre-millennial* or *post-millennial*; or, as to whether the thousand years

of bliss, during which the saints are to reign with Him, should be interpreted in a literal or a spiritual sense.

Without, then, entering into matters of detail which, as I have said, are open to dispute, and which are disputed, not only by students, but by true and spiritually-minded Christians, let us dwell on the fact concerning which all the true servants of Christ agree, namely, that the Bridegroom cometh. The question for us is to ask our own hearts whether we really watch for Him? Have we, in the spiritual sense, really gone forth to meet Him? Blessed are they who have. If that is the hope you cherish, the supreme hope of seeing Christ, it is a hope that will never, never be disappointed. Many hopes we cherish that are disappointed; many purposes we form that have to be broken off. In fact, my brethren, human life is, after all, a pile of fragments or half-built towers; and there are few of us who have attained to anything like mature years whose hearts may not be compared to the graveyards, where lie entombed many earthly dreams, the objects of young ambition, as well as many plans and pursuits that we once followed eagerly, but are now ashamed of, or perhaps have abandoned, to take up fresh courses altogether. But, my friends, the hope of the Bridegroom's coming is a hope that will never fail us, a hope that we never need relinquish, and of which we shall never despair. As our life-star, it shall lead us on, like the star which guided the wise men, and never disappear till it actually brings us to the vision of Christ. As to the event itself, the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ, whether it shall be, which is far from impossible, that we shall not see death, but shall meet the Lord Christ, or whether we shall be summoned by the voice of the archangel from the slumbers of the tomb to witness the glorious event, certain it is that the event itself is inevitable, and that every hour we pass, yea, that every step we take, brings it nearer to our door. "Watch ye, therefore, for behold the Bridegroom cometh."

My brethren, this is a solemn aspect of the times preceding the advent, and a solemn reason for vigilance. It is the teaching of the particular parable which the text contains; for is it not written concerning the virgins, the wise as well as the foolish, that "while the Bridegroom tarried they all slumbered and slept?" and, my brethren, is it not an effort to keep awake spiritually? do not our love and our faith seem to lapse into a state of torpor and lie dormant until there seems to be no difference between ourselves and the world lying in wickedness around us? My brethren, there is need for the exercise of vigilance if we would keep awake. And what slumber there has been on this very doctrine! Why, fifty years ago the subject of *the second coming* of Christ was hardly ever heard of at all from the *pulpits of* the Church of England. Though, thank God, there is a *great change* in this respect; thank God there are watchmen on the

walls of our beloved Zion who are looking out for the break of day and listening for the sound of the summons to go forth and meet the Bridegroom.

But watch, also, because at the time of Christ's coming there will be a melancholy prevalence of empty profession and wide-spread delusion. This is the teaching of the parable. All the virgins were exactly alike; they were all arrayed in white, they all had the lamp, they all had the bridal wreath round their brows, they all went forth precisely with the same object, to meet the Bridegroom, they were all the handmaids of the espoused bride. There are persons who make everything of the lamp, as though the lamp were the light, who take and convert the light-holder into the light. They magnify our Church organisation, and make it an end, whereas it was intended only to be a means.

There are others who seem to think they can hold the light without the lamp; and that course, which some people take, is the most gratuitous that can be conceived of separating themselves from a visible community because they find two or three fancied errors in it, and going off into some other community to find errors of another class which press upon them very heavily; or of becoming Christians unattached, not belonging to any visible organisation. Let us remember that the lamp, the visible organization and the outward profession, has its importance. We may bless God for the institution of the visible Church. But, after all, remember, the grand thing is the oil. What made the difference when the Bridegroom came was not the lamp, but the fact that some had oil and some had none. Need I tell you what that oil is?—that it is the light of love, that it is the unction of the Holy Spirit, that it is the oil of gladness to the soul, that enables the believer to shine as a light in the world, and glorify his Father who is in heaven. I cannot agree with those who think that the real difference between the virgins was that one part persevered, and the other part did not persevere to the end. According to some commentators they all had their lamps trimmed. But the difference was that, while the five had oil, the other five had only the dry wick, and their lamps went out in the darkness. They appeared to be like the others, but there was an absence of reality. There are people who have a certain degree of religious light, a certain amount of knowledge, who pay a certain amount of attention to outward ordinances, and who at times have flashing into their consciences convictions of their sins. That is one thing. But it is another thing for a man to feel that he has a guilty soul before the bar of God, that he must look to Jesus as his salvation, as the only name under heaven by which he can be saved. The last times, I say, are to be marked by a melancholy prevalence of empty profession and of wide-spread self-*delusion.*

Alas! that the religion of any of us should be like the snow falling on the churchyard, looking fair outside, and covering putrefaction underneath. One of the most solemn thoughts that can present itself to the minister of God is, that, as in the case of these two companies of virgins, there are people in every company of Christians—in this congregation which it is my solemn privilege to address to-day—that are so alike, that seem so one in their opinions and their views, and their standing before God, and in their sentiments and their hopes, that only the day of the Lord shall distinguish that some have merely lamps and nothing more, and have not, and never had, any oil in them. That is an awful thought. "If any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of His."

Now, one other view illustrative of the text, and I have done. "Watch, therefore," because this event is as uncertain as it certainly will be unexpected. At midnight was a cry made, "The Bridegroom cometh." That is to say, whenever that cry is made, like a cry at midnight, it shall fall upon a silent and slumbering person. The early Christians, who were very intent upon the realization of the hope of Christ coming, were wont to observe what they used to call "nocturns," or "night watches," waiting their Lord's appearing, because they interpreted the statement of Christ in a literal sense as coming at midnight. It is remarkable that so many events in Scripture are represented as occuring at midnight. At midnight a cry was heard in Egypt. At midnight the angel of the Lord smote the camp of the Assyrians. At midnight the king saw in his palace the hand-writing on the wall that he had been weighed in the balance and found wanting. And at midnight, as all tradition holds, the song of the angels was heard announcing the birth of Christ; and, probably, at the same hour the resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ from the dead. I say, whether it is to be understood in a literal sense or in a figurative sense, there is no doubt it is intended to convey to us the truth that it will be as sudden as it is unexpected.

My brethren, practically remember this, that the day and the hour for ourselves, individually, knoweth no man; practically I say, as I said last Sunday, death to us should be the coming of the Son of Man. And how uncertain that is; oh, how uncertain, my brethren! Life has often no evening, for the sun goes down while it is yet day. The flower does not always wither gradually. It is often broken rudely and suddenly from the stem of human existence. What impressive illustrations are occurring every hour now, of the old, old truth, that "in the midst of life we are in death."

Oh, brethren, brethren, if you should be tossed on a bed of delirium *and unconsciousness*, without the power of thought, should you be *ready for the* advent of your Lord? I solemnly entreat you, prepare *to meet your* God. God grant that when He comes to you, if it be by

death, it may not be a dread surprise to you, but that, washed in your Saviour's blood and clothed in His perfect righteousness, your soul may go out of this sorrowful and shadowy world into the bright light of heaven, and have the vision of the throne of the King of kings before whom all angels bow. May God give us the spirit of repentance and true faith.

STAND UP FOR JESUS.

THE Emperor Vespasian commanded a certain Senator not to appear at the Senate, or, if he did come, not to speak anything the Emperor would not approve.

To this the Senator bravely replied that, "As he was a Senator, it was fit he should appear at the Senate; and if, being there, he was required to give his advice, he must speak freely what his conscience commanded him.

"Then you shall die," said the enraged ruler.

"I have never professed to be immortal," was the reply. "Do what you will, and I will do what I ought. It is in your power to put me to death unjustly, and in my power to die constantly."

If this heathen, with no Gospel sun-ray to lighten the dark valley, could thus stand firm to his principles, in the very face of death, surely we should not shrink from duty because of a few straws of opposition in our way. If we would come after Christ, we must take up our cross, and so follow Him.

At a certain council of war, it was remarked by a lord present that the enemy had many pieces of ordnance planted in a certain place, where it would be very dangerous to fight.

"My lords," said the valiant commander, the Sir Horace Vere, "if you fear the mouth of a cannon, you must never come into the field."

So the Christian must nerve himself for strong opposition from the great enemy if he seeks to be useful to his Master. He cannot stand up manfully for Jesus without having many seek to cast him down, and the worst foe of all will be found in his own bosom.

"Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

LIVING AND DYING.—For faith everywhere multitudes die willingly. It *is not the dying for* a faith that is so hard—men of every nation have *done that—it is the living* up to it that is difficult.

"LET NOT THE SUN GO DOWN UPON YOUR WRATH."

EPHESIANS iv. 26.

SEE behind the crimson west
Brightly sinks the sun to rest;
Gently close the drooping flowers,
Softly fall the vesper hours;
Hushed is every woodland note,
Bee's loud hum, and linnet's throat;
Silent is the liquid breeze,
Moonbeams kiss the rustling trees.
Ere the loving stars arise,
Ere soft slumber seals your eyes,
Mortals, bid contentions cease,
Let the sun go down in peace.

Join not hymns of praise to learn
While your hearts with anger burn;
Kneel not to your evening prayer
With resentment lurking there.
God, who bids you dwell in love,
God, who sees you from above,
He is grieved your pride to see
Every time you disagree.
Ere the silver stars arise,
Ere soft slumber seals your eyes,
Mortals, bid your quarrels cease,
Let the sun go down in peace.

BO'SUN; OR, THE COAST-GUARD'S DOG.

(Continued from page 228.

YOU know all about how I came by him, I think, sir? I picked him up on the deck of a Frenchman that had been wrecked off the Point; the crew, poor fellows, had taken to the boats, and had all gone down, for there was no small craft except the life-boat that could have lived five minutes in such a sea. As, therefore, nobody was there *to own him*, I took possession and brought him home. This happened soon after I lost my wife, poor cretur; and the little girl as

EVENING.—STEPPING STONES.

was left to me used to play about and amuse herself with the puppy, and they soon got to be such good friends that I resolved to keep the animal and rear it and give him the number of our mess. Well, he grew and he grew till he was as big as he is now, and there he stopped, and all the feeding in the world wouldn't get another inch out of him; but if he didn't get any bigger, he soon became most oudacious cunning; so I taught him his edication, and drilled him till he knew his duty well, and then I put him on the books as "Bo'sun A.B." He's uncommon useful to me, sir, and knows what I want afore I tell him a'most. He never makes a mistake; and if I were to send him home for anything this moment, he'd bring the right 'un. My daughter, who, young as she is, keeps house for me now, knows all his ways, and easily understands what I've sent him for; nor he won't take it from her if it aint right—not he. They're just as good friends as ever, the girl and him, but she's only a very young thing yet, whilst he's old, poor chap, and not so fond of moving about as he used to be. However, sir, he's been out with me a'most every night as I've been on watch this eight years, and I hope he'll last a good long time yet, for he's treated well and taken much care of, honest chap. And now you know so far, I'll just tell you of that night when he got lamed so. I'll just have a look round, and be back again in no time: I won't keep you a minute."

With this he rose from his stool, and walked a few paces out to where he could get a good sea view, scanned the horizon narrowly with his glass, gave a look aloft, and again came and seated himself on his rickety contrivance.

"Now, sir," said he, "I'm brought to again, and 'll go on with my yarn. Lie down, mate, and make yourself easy; I aint a-going to move again for a bit, I dessay."

Bo'sun resumed his comfortable position, and Rogers proceeded.

"I was off duty one night in the autumn some five or six years ago, and had just had my supper and was thinking of turning in, when there was a knock at the door, and in walked our skipper.

"'Rogers,' says he, 'slip on your boots again; I want you.' You see, sir, I'd taken 'em off, and was a having a toast at the fire afore going to my hammock. Well, I slips 'em on again sharp, and gets ready to go out, for I knew by the skipper's manner that there was something in the wind.

"'Look to all your arms, and leave that cur of yours at home to-night; we musn't have a sound, and he might spoil all with his barking. Now look sharp, and get down to the boat-house as soon as you can.'

"'Ay, ay, sir!' says I; and off he sails.

"Well, I uncharged my pistols, and loaded 'em again carefully, *stuck 'em in my belt,* buckled on my cutlass, and ran upstairs to give

Mary a kiss and tell her I was ordered on duty, for she'd gone to bed poorly: she aint strong, sir, and never was. Having done that, and told her to be sure and go to sleep and not be worrying about me, I came downstairs again and went to the door to go out. Uncommon anxious old Bo'sun was to go with me; but I dursn't take him for the life of me, so I shoved him back and locked the door, and went straight down to the boat-house ten knots an hour. There I found all our men mustered, and the skipper a-fidgeting about for all the world like a cockroach on a hot stove lid, as if he wanted to be off uncommon.

"'Now, lads,' says he, 'you're all here, so I'll tell you what you've got to do. I've heard from a source on which I can rely that that blackguard Long Jim is going to run a cargo at the Point to-night, just opposite the Devil's Ladder' (that's a pathway cut zig-zag up the face of the cliff, sir); 'and I mean to have him at last: he doesn't dream of any one knowing it, and thinks he'll do it quite easily. There will be rockets and signals going on about four miles to the eastward; take no notice of them, as it is only to draw us there whilst he does his business at the Point; but just do as I tell you, and come along.'

"With these words out he bolts and we arter him. It was as dark as pitch almost, and there was a nasty drizzling rain, which made it altogether as uncomfortable a night as you'd wish to see; but, for all that, we were ready enough for the work we had in hand, for this fellow had baffled us several times, and we'd been more than once jeered at and chaffed about him. After a stiffish walk all along underneath the cliff, we came to the place named, and here the skipper gave us his orders in a whisper.

"'Now, then, how many are there of you? Ten. Very good! You, and you, and you,' picking out three of us, 'go up to the third slant in the pathway, and gently too, so as not to make a sound. The rest, except Rogers and Humphrey, go round the Point and hide yourselves until you are called. You stay here, Humphrey, and when you have seen the blue light out at sea run up and join the party on the pathway, and let them know: they can see nothing from their position, because of that high ledge of rock between them and the sea. Now, Rogers, sneak down among these great stones, until you get to the water's edge almost, where you can see the top of the cliff as well as out to sea; keep your weather eye open, mind, for very much will depend upon you. First of all, they'll show a blue light out there somewhere, which will be answered by a similar light on the heights. This will be done twice, and they will then land. Lie quiet until they have all passed your hiding-place and have set *foot up the* pathway; then return as quietly as you can, summon the *men from the* other side of the Point, and cut off their retreat: and, *by-the-by,* should the signal-man come down after showing his light,

he must be stopped and secured, but without noise. Now, do you all clearly understand?'

"'Ay, ay, sir!' we answered.

"'Well, then, off to your posts; and remember, whatever you do, make no noise. I am going over to F —— as fast as I can, to get the cutter out, in case anything should prevent the landing. So good night, lads.' And away he went as silently as a ghost."

"After receiving our instructions, we at once set about obeying orders, and, having made sure that we all understood each other, repaired to our several posts, patiently to await whatever might happen.

"The first hour passed pretty well; the cold wasn't so sharp as I had expected it would be, and there wasn't a sound except the waves rolling in one after another. Another hour—still nothing going on, weather improving, rain gone off, and the stars creeping out one by one, as if they were ashamed of themselves for being late on deck. I began to get tired of crouching down, so I changed my position a bit to get more comfortable, and again turned my face out to sea, expecting every moment to sight the blue light.

"Time kept going on, and still nothing had occurred to give the slightest idea that any one besides ourselves was on the move, when suddenly I saw a rocket go up to the eastward of our position, and, as near as I could guess, about four miles off—in fact, just where the captain had pointed out; then there was another that appeared to have been fired from the shore; then another and another.

"'Oho,' thinks I, 'we shan't have to wait very long now, any ways. Don't you wish you may get us a-larking over there to look arter you, my boys? We know a trick or two, we do. You've tried that once too often this cruise.'

"Well, sir, I went on jabbering and chuckling to myself this way for ever so long, a-thinking how clever we should trick 'em, and looking straight at the place where I had last seen the light, when something caught my eye sideways-like. I started round, and my heart fairly jumped in my mouth, when I saw the blue light we had been expecting right out in front of us, and not a quarter of a mile off. I whips round my figure-head and stared up at the old cliff a'most hard enough to knock a hole in it. Well, there was the answering light just a-showing; bang round again I spins like a teetotum—not a bit too soon. 'There's number two,' says I. Face about, as the sojers say, there was the second number two. 'And now, Jack Rogers,' says I to myself, 'look out for squalls.'

"I knew very well that they couldn't lade the boat and put off from the smuggler under some little time, so I had a look at my arms, to see that everything was ship-shape and ready to hand, took in a reef *or two of my belt, and* cleared for action; then I sat down quiet and

ready, though my cutlass lay across my knees, and I could hear my heart go thump thump against the sides of my fore-cabin, fit to stave my ribs out.

"All of a sudden I heard a bit of a scuffle half-way up the Devil's Ladder, then a heavy thump, and all was still again. 'Oh,' thinks I, 'the gentleman in the gallery what's been a-showing the light, has tried to come down to the pit, and the door-keepers object to it. Poor fellow, he's got it, I fear, for I'd know the sound of Paddy Callaghan's "bit av a switch," as he called it, if there was a dozen shillelahs to the fore.' But though I thought all this to myself, I never took my eye off the sea; I watched with all my strength, I may say, and hardly dared wink for fear I should miss anything. There was just sufficient light from the stars to enable one to see a little, and presently a dark speck appeared on the crest of a wave some way out; then I lost it again. I waited a minute or more. 'No,' thinks I, 'that can't be her; she'd have shown again before now; besides, I must have heard them now it's so still. Yes, but it is them, though, and the blackguards are rowing with muffled oars.'

"I shrank down into nothing a'most now, and only just kept my head high enough to be able to see over the rock in front of me.

"Gradually they neared the shore, and I could see them more plainly; closer and closer still they crept, and as silently as the Flying Dutchman. A few hearty strokes, and her gunwale scraped on the shingle as they drove her clean out of the water on to the beach.

"One, two, three, four, five, I could count as they jumped out of the boat, and another in her yet; and, moreover, I was near enough to hear their voices and to distinguish their words. 'Now, then,' said Long Jim, 'we must make two trips of it, you know; we can't make it in once; so come on, and look alive to—we musn't dawdle about it. Those coastguard sharks will soon find out their mistake, and then they'll be sure to make all sail this way. Each man take his keg and march; now then, Ben, hand 'em out one by one, and let's start together in case of accidents. We needn't leave anyone with the boat; it would do no good, and we must have all hands to help carry the rum.'

(*To be continued.*)

TEMPERANCE.

DRINK not the third glass, which thou canst not tame
When once it is within thee, but before
May'st rule it, as thou list, and pour the shame
Which it would pour on thee upon the floor.
It is most just to throw that on the ground
Which would throw me there, if I keep the round.

—Herbert.

SWISS PASTOR AND SHEPHERDESS.

WHY is it that a trip to Switzerland more than any other tour offers pleasure to many of our countrymen? In reply it may be said, generally, that in no other place can we find so great a change from the habits of thought and life of Englishmen, and especially of those living in our towns. This in itself is a solace to an overworked mind, and tends to bring back to it that elasticity and freshness which are essential to its healthy action. No doubt the sublime Alpine scenery attracts hundreds of travellers, and presents a charm to which no one can be insensible who is not dead to the natural beauties with which God has adorned this earth. It is something to feel the exhilarating atmospheric influences which prevail at an altitude of two miles in a perpendicular line from the sea-level; to gaze upon the snow-clad mountain peaks, which even at that height seem to tower up to heaven, and are covered with a glory at sunset and sunrise unknown elsewhere; to look down into the unfathomable chasms of rock-fissures until your imagination is lost in wonder; to scan from lofty promontories the lovely valleys, down whose slopes shepherds may be seen tending their flocks, while birds of prey sail along with a majesty that makes the human beholder long

for wings; to cross its glaciers, those oceans of frozen waters, perforated with bottomless holes, down which pour streams of water, melted from snow and ice by the mid-day sun; or to stand awe-stricken for half-an-hour beside the Falls of Schaffhausen, where a torrent of water of crystal purity, sixty feet in depth, rolls incessantly in one broad sheet of a quarter of a mile in width down into the Rhine beneath.

Each of these attractions would, if properly described, occupy pages of this journal; but we hasten to notice another, which to the mind of the writer is as beautiful as the native hills, namely, the simplicity of Swiss life. Apart from its primitive character, there is a moral tone among the peasantry of Switzerland that gains our affections. The birds of the air and the beasts of the field know this as well as travellers; for on those hills and mountains the feathered tribe are not afraid of man, who is their best friend, and these approach him as domestic birds do in England. The very horses in the *diligences*, whose fleshy appearance indicates good treatment, entertain the same confidence in their drivers. Surely this is an honourable trait in the character of the Swiss. When crossing the Alps by the Splugen Pass, the writer observed numerous instances of the tenderness of the peasantry towards animals. On the Via Mala slopes, cows and sheep graze with perfect security, although to the traveller those inclines appear to be at so sharp an angle that destruction seems inevitable. Imagine a cleft in the rock forty to one hundred feet wide, and from three to four thousand feet deep. At the bottom rolls a deep, impetuous torrent, and half way up winds a roadway cut out of the mountain, over which your carriage passes. On either side is a perpendicular wall of rock, 2,000 feet high, and above this a slope of grass running up to still higher points of the Alps. On these the cattle feed, sometimes protected from falling by small plantations of trees, but often they are entirely without any barrier from the awful chasm beneath. In the middle of the slope there is a Swiss cottage and farmstead: the father and mother residing therein are engaged in their various duties, and the children on these apparently dangerous inclines are tending the live stock, just as shown by our artist. There you may see healthy-looking girls watching their flocks, or solitary cow, by day, industriously knitting, sewing, or embroidering, all the while, and occasionally making the sublime scenery around echo with the wild music of their happy bosoms. The Swiss are free, and glory in their freedom; but, thank God, they are brave, industrious, and humane too. Is it too much to affirm that brave people are always humane? Societies for the protection of animals seem out of place in Switzerland, and yet at Berne, Geneva, Lausanne, Rolle, St. Croix, *Vevay, Yverdon* and Zurich, societies are found, fostering in the minds *of rising generations* that love of God's creatures which their fathers *may well be* proud of.

THE ADVENT SEASON.

"HE COMES, NO ROYAL VESTURE WEARING."

HE comes, no royal vesture wearing,
An humble beast the Monarch bearing;
Receive the King, Jerusalem!
Go forth with palms, His triumph showing,
With branches green the pathway strewing,
And shout hosannas to His name.

O, Sovereign, by no host attended!
Strong Champion, by no spear defended!
O, Prince of Peace, and David's Son!
Thy throne, from whose approach for ever
The kings of earth Thy step would sever,
Is by Thee, without battle, won.

Unto the empire Thou hast founded,
Though not of earth, or by earth bounded,
All earthly realms shall subject be:
Forth into every land and nation,
Thy servants, armed with Thy salvation,
March to prepare a way for Thee.

And at Thy coming, clothed with power,
The sullen storm forgets to lower,
And waves grow calm beneath Thy tread;
The bonds, by man's rebellion blighted,
In a new covenant are united,
And sin and death in fetters led.

O, Lord of grace and truth unending,
And love, all reach of thought transcending,
Revisit us, so sorely tried!
Thy advent once again is needed,
To form anew Thy peace, unheeded
By worldly haughtiness and pride.

O, let Thy light which ne'er shall vanish,
From earth the power of darkness banish!
The lurid flames of discord quell;
That we, the thrones and people loyal,
As brethren 'neath Thy sceptre royal,
In Thy great Father's house may dwell.

MIRACLES; OR, THE TONGUE NOT ESSENTIAL TO SPEECH.

DR. NEWMAN and others, while endeavouring to prove that the power to work miracles did not cease with the apostolic age, but that on the contrary the power always has and still does exist in the Church, has laid great stress on the well-proved case of the martyrs of Tipata, who spoke "without impediment," "their words being formed full and perfect," with articulateness better than before, after having had their tongues cut out from the roots. The evidence of their tongues having really been cut out, and that, notwithstanding this, they afterwards spoke, is proved by evidence so strong that even the sceptic Gibbon was staggered. In a very interesting book just put out by the Honourable E. Twistleton entitled *The Tongue not essential to Speech*, it is clearly proved that tongueless people can and do speak perfectly well.

The appearance of Mr. Twistleton's book is singularly opportune just now when the Roman Catholic world has run mad on pilgrimages in celebration of imaginary miracles. The miracle of the martyrs of Tipata seemed to rest on authentic evidence, and this evidence has been now reduced to its due proportions, viz., that it was no miracle at all.

In one sense, and that the highest, every event of life is a miracle of God's power and greatness; but that is not the sense in which a miracle is understood and accepted by Roman Catholics in this latter age. If they are not altogether given over to believe a lie, they may learn a wholesome lesson from the exhaustive proofs Mr. Twistleton supplies that "the tongue is not essential to speech."

THE TREASURY.

BE COOL.—If you get heated, strive to get cool; you will succeed, and eventually become a cool man—that is, a man of judgment, and self-possession will keep you out of many things that you would regret.

A CANDLE wakes some men, as well as a noise; the eye of the Lord *works upon* a good soul as much as His hand, and he is as much *affected with* this consideration, The Lord sees me, as with this, The *strikes me.*

CHRIST VERSUS THE WORLD.—The rule of the world is, every man for himself; the law of faith is, if any man will be my disciple, let him deny himself. The rule of the world is, act like other men, and follow the fashion of the times; the law of faith is, if I seek to please men, then am I not the servant of Christ. "Be not conformed to this world."

HE prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

IF a Pharisee can but get a few husks of outward duties to feed upon, and muster up a few rags of self-righteousness to throw over his back, he is presently as proud as Lucifer.

THE Buenos Ayres *Daily News* of May 18th remarks:—"It is a significant fact that, at the time that English Dissent is doing its utmost to turn the Bible out of the schools the Roman Catholic peoples of the New World are arranging for its admission and general use in their schools."

HEN-PECKERS.

ILL fares the hapless family that shows
A cock that's silent and a hen that crows;
I know not which live more unnatural lives,
Obeying husbands, or commanding wives.
—F. QUARLES (*Queen Esther*).

BIBLICAL ACROSTICS.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC ON PAGE 239.

1. Cana ..... John ii. 1.
2. Abinodab ..... 1 Sam. xvii. 13.
3. Incense ..... Ex. xxx. 7, 8, 34—38.
4. Nail ..... Judges iv. 21, 22.

CAIN—ABEL.

DOUBLE BIBLICAL ACROSTIC.

1. In prison drear at midnight hour *his* voice in song doth sound.
2. The souls long tossed upon the floods *here* promised rest have found.
3. From distant *hill* is heard the sound of David's sad lament.
4. The *King* of Egypt, unto whom Hoshea message sent.
5. When *these* did stumble with the ark Uzza held forth his hand.
6. The *sin* of David, which entailed God's vengeance on the land.

Oh, man of strength, thou hast to learn thy might is not thine own;
And weaker than a child thou'rt found by God when left alone.

NOVEMBER.

PHASES OF THE MOON.

4—Full Moon ..	3h. m. 48p.m.	20—New Moon ..	3h. 37m. p.m.
12—Last Quarter ..	0h. 48m. p.m.	27—First Quarter ..	8 h. 13m. p.m

The Lessons are taken from the New Table.

1	S	Example is better than precept. 1. Peter xxi. 23.
2	✠	21st Sun. af. Trin. LESSONS {Morn: Ezek. xxxiv. 1 Tim. iii. Even: Ezek. xxxvii. or Dan. i. Luke xviii. 31 to Luke xix. 11.
3	M	Giving way makes way. Matt. v. 41.
4	Tu	He that goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing. Ps. xxxvii. 21.
5	W	Time spent in prayer is time saved. James v. 15–17.
6	Th	God's providence is our inheritance. Matt. vi 33.
7	F	Obedience should be a child's first lesson. Eph. vi. 1, 2.
8	S	A cheerful look makes a dish a feast. Pro. xv. 17.
9	✠	22nd Sun. af. Trin. LESSONS {Morn.: Dan. vi. Heb. ii. and iii. to 7. Even.: Dan. vii. 9. or Dan. xii. John i. 29.
10	M	God helps those who help themselves. 1 Sam. xvii. 46.
11	T	Knowledge is folly except grace guide it. 1 Cor. xx. 21.
12	W	Fear God and nothing else. Eccle. xii. 13.
13	Th	Let bygones be bygones. Phil. iii. 13.
14	F	Fair play is a jewel. Col. iv. 1.
15	S	No cross, no crown. Matt. xvi. 24–26.
16	✠	23rd Sun. af. Trin. LESSONS {Morn.: Hos. xiv. Heb. x. to 19. Even.: Joel ii. 21., or Joel iii. 9. John v. to 24.
17	M	The darkest hour precedes the dawn. Gen. xxii. 9–13.
18	T	Well begun is half done. Matt. vii. 25.
19	W	A still tongue makes a wise head. 1 Tim. iii. 8.
20	Th	Live well and you will die well. Gen. l. 26.
21	F	Cleanliness is next to godliness. Psalm li. 10.
22	S	Say well, and also do well. 1 Cor. xv. 33.
23	✠	24th Sun. af. Trin. LESSONS {Morn: Eccle. xi. and xii. James ii. Even: Hag. ii. to 10., or Matt. iii. and iv. John viii. to 31.
24	M	A good husband makes a good wife. 1 Cor. vii. 16.
25	T	Truth is the best speech. Prov. xii. 19.
26	W	Pride goes before a fall. Psalm lix. 12.
27	Th	Hope is the anchor of the soul. Psalm cxlvi. 5.
28	F	A man's discontent is his worst evil. 1 Tim. vi. 7, 8.
29	S	'Tis better to suffer wrong than do it. Gen. xxxix. 23.
30	✠	1st Sun. in Adv. LESSONS {Morn.: Isa. i. John i. 35–43. Even.: Isa. ii., or Isa. iv. 2. John xii. 20–42.

IN JANUARY, 1874, THE PAPER, TYPE, ILLUSTRATIONS, AND GENERAL APPEARANCE OF THIS MAGAZINE WILL BE GREATLY IMPROVED.

"For want of a nail the shoe was lost:
"For want of a shoe the horse was lost:
"For want of a horse the rider was lost,
"Being overtaken by the enemy."

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The thing is so extraordinary that I thought it better to let you know it. The name of the child's father is EDWARD ANDREW, collier, of this village.

I am, Sir, yours,

Mr. KERNICK DANIEL MORGAN

Extract of a letter from Mr. PRICE, Grocer, Cefn, near Merthyr, September 20, 1869

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From Mr. MEYRICK, Machen.

A customer of mine a short time ago bought a Box of your WORM LOZENGES to try their effect on his child, who was very ill. The little boy got rid of 40 large Worms, and so many small ones that they could not reckon them. Several other persons have given similar testimony.

I am, yours truly, JAMES MEYRICK.

From Mr. MORGAN, Pendarren.

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Yours truly, WILLIAM JONES.

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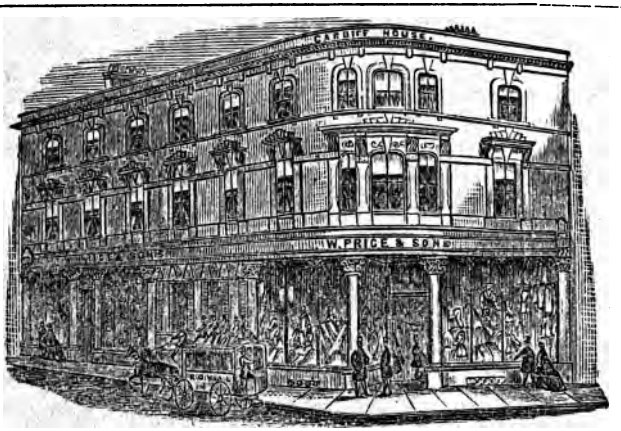
NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

So far as the limited space at our disposal will permit, we shall at all times be willing to insert any communications from the Clergy or Laity of general interest to the Church in Wales. A synopsis of papers read at Ruri-decanal meetings will be inserted if addressed to the Editor of "The Churchman in Wales," care of Messrs. Lewis and Williams, Cardiff, before the 20th of each month. Correspondents will, of course, observe the usual regulations of the Press, viz., writing legibly on one side of the paper only, and when using a "nom de plume," sending at the same time their name and address privately to the Editor.

Advertisements, and other matters connected with the business portion of THE CHURCHMAN IN WALES, to be addressed to Mr. H. Lascelles Carr, *Western Mail* Office, Cardiff.



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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE HARVEST REJOICINGS AND THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

THE Festivals of the Church in their historical connections, and the prominent part they have played in the religious training of the human soul, demand a careful consideration, and form a large subject, not at all to be flippantly treated, or summarily dismissed, except upon the assumption that man is a soul-less irreligious being; and the assemblages of forces by which he is surrounded exist, and act, without cause, order, or purpose. Creation and final causes must be disproved before the Festivals of the Church can be safely ignored. But it is not our purpose at present to deal with the subject in this wide sense—tracing their meaning and influence in the Jewish Church for one thousand years, and their fascinating power over the Israelite's mind in our own day—how they kept alive complex thoughts and memories, stimulated devotion, patriotism, and martial ardour in the race; nor in the Christian Church their bearing upon doctrine and practice, the extension of the Church and the intensifying of the religious life in various directions. One of the most curious chapters in the inner life of the early Church is the Christianization of the Jewish Festivals. The object of this article is merely to give a simple statement of what Harvest Festivals have become already, and what they might be made in connexion with the national Church. And in order to throw into shape and lay a foundation for the line of argument we intend to pursue, let us cast a rapid glance at the Jewish gatherings and the causes of their institution by Moses, the greatest and most patriotic and far-sighted of ancient constructive legislators. We must dismiss without a remark the Sabbatical festivals as having no immediate bearing on our subject; but the historical or great festivals, viz., the Passover; the Feast of Pentecost, or wheat harvest; and the Feast of Tabernacles or of ingathering, must be touched upon so far as they supply precedents for, or throw light upon what has

already been accomplished in this direction by the Church throughout Wales. Now, why we do or should refer to the Jewish customs instead of searching for examples as justification of our course in the hoary antiquities of Egypt and India, or illustrating our theme by more modern classical allusions is, the fact that the day observances of the Jews contained pregnant principles for modern Europe; and the scanty literature of this bigoted race, has become the Bible of thoughtful Christendom, the umpire and ultimate appeal of religious thought throughout the world. An astounding fact and utterly unsolvable by the philosophy of history. Their migrations and wars, their wonderful deliverances and their national life in its pastoral and agricultural aspects have become prophecies in action of the growth of the religious and spiritual life in man and in the world; the roll of Christianity through the ages, its onsets and checks and its calm irresistable progress.

Notice their entrance into the Land of Promise, and how from a wandering nomad tribe, they were turned into a civilized, and in a considerable degree, an agricultural commonwealth, then the feeling of repose, of enjoyment, of thankfulness that breathes through the 104th and 105th Psalms becomes at once intelligible. The festivals of the harvest and the vintage in the Feast of Weeks and in the Feast of Tabernacles were commemorations of the consciousness of permanent possession. The name of one of these feasts, Pentecost, has passed into our Whitsuntide; the spirit of the other in many respects corresponds to our Christmas; and even the spiritual significence of both the Christian festivals might gain from a recollection of the actual enjoyment which marked these ancient Israelite solemnities.

"And when their wondrous march was o'er,
And they had won their homes,
Where Abraham fed his flocks of yore
Among their father's tombs:
A land that drinks the rain of heaven at will,
Where waters kiss the feet of many a vine-clad hill.

Oft as they watched at thoughtful eve,
A gale from bowers of balm
Sweep o'er the billowy corn, and leave
The tresses of the palm.
It was a fearful joy, I ween
To trace the heathen's toil,
The limpid wells, the orchard green,
Left ready for the spoil."

So the ripe fields in the harvest and its ingathering stand for peace, security, home, country, possession; and the appropriateness of reading the above mentioned Psalms at every Christian harvest gatherings becomes apparent.

At each of the three great Jewish festival every male Israelite *was commanded* "to appear before the Lord," that is, to attend in *the court of* the tabernacle or the temple, and to make his offering *with a joyful heart.* And on all the days of holy convocation there

was to be an entire suspension of ordinary labour of all kinds. First of all they were religious, but besides this they must have had an important bearing on the maintainence of a feeling of national unity. This may be traced in the apprehensions of Jereboam, and in the attempts at reformation by Hezekiah, as well as in the necessity which in later times was felt by the Roman government of mustering a considerable military force at Jerusalem during the festivals. Besides, they had an agricultural significance which is clearly seen from reading the account of the sacred year contained in Leviticus xxiii. The prominence which not only in that chapter, but elsewhere, is given to this significance in the names by which Pentecost and Tabernacles are often called, and also by the offering of "the first-fruits of wheat harvest," at Pentecost, and of the "first of the first-fruits," at the Passover might easily suggest that the origin of the fruits was patriarchal, and that the historical associations with which Moses endowed them were grafted upon their primitive meaning.

The times of the festivals were evidently ordained in wisdom, so as to interfere as little as possible with the industry of the people. The Passover was held just before the work of harvest commenced, Pentecost at the conclusion of the corn-harvest and before the vintage, the Feast of Tabernacles after all the fruits of the ground were gathered in. In winter, when travelling was difficult, there were no festivals.

Besides the firstborn of man and beast, the Law required that offerings of firstfruits of produce should be made publicly by the nation at each of the three great yearly festivals, and also by individuals without limitation of time. No ordinance appears to have been more distinctly recognized than this, and it carried a great weight even in the times of our Lord and his apostles.

So, even in the light of this hurried sketch of the Jewish festivals and offerings it will be at once perceived what an important element they were in the moral and religious life of the nation, and there is no reason at all why they should not largely influence our mode of conducting the Harvest Festivals, in spirit and purpose, as annual expressions of national gratitude for all blessings received at the hands of a bountiful Providence.

These Harvest Festivals may be considered from several points of view. Of course, their first and most important aspect is the religious one. Deepening and widening the calm-producing belief in a personal God, and enkindling national gratitude. This is the principle object of their existence, the central and edifying thought that gives them meaning and coherency; apart from this they are merely social or parochial gatherings, of more or less significance, according to the organising talents of the minister and the oratorical displays of the preachers momentarily influencing the sentiments and no more. The Church must do all in her power that the religious life,—the glory and essence of these meetings *should not depart from them.* The ascription to God of what is *due from the* complex life of a highly civilized community.

There appears to me to be a wide-spread misapprehension as to the true meaning and purpose of these thanksgiving services as we have seen, the Jew was commanded to bring the first fruits of *all* the products of the land; *and man and beast included.* It is a most imperfect and one sided idea that it is the duty of the agriculturist only to bring first and thank-offerings to God's house, and that for his cereal products alone, and not equally as much for innumerable other benefits of earth and sky, and that not exclusively to one class, but to all classes alike from the student life of the recluse to the subterranean excavations of the Welsh miner. From a monetary point of view, and fortunes made, the publican and the flour merchant are laid under heavier obligations in this respect than the poor farmer who seldom gets anything but the mouse's share of the profits at least, only that he is compensated in other directions, in a life of health and contentment. The spirit of the harvest gatherings ought to be made to penetrate all departments of life, whether of thought or action. We are all equally dependent, and ought to be equally thankful. We are all pensioners of Him who gives all and receives nothing. All creation is but the self giving of God. The outflow of His goodness. And as these harvest festivals are sanctioned by the highest authority, and begin to take a hold upon our national worship, and one in harmony with the instincts of our insular life, and undoubtedly containing in them the germ and the means of religious revival in the parish and in the nation, it would be a slur on the character of those in authority in the Church not to convert them to be instruments of furthering the very best and heavenliest interests of the whole community who is in idea committed to the care of the Church. They are popular and have emerged to the surface, and compelled the attention of the unwilling, and if properly handled there is every reason to expect, at all events, I see nothing to hinder their becoming part and parcel of the organic life of the nation. The great mistake to be guarded against is, falling into the hollow show of dissent, in their monthly, quarterly, and yearly meetings; their imposition of numerical strength and clap trap rhetoric to captivate the masses to the infinite disgust of all thoughtful and intelligent men. So their day is gone and necessarily so. But more of this anon. I may have to show, in the course of this paper, other and collateral benefits to the Church and the nation arising from parochial gatherings of the nature of those now under discussion from social and ecclesiastical points of view; but above all things let them be religious, otherwise their decay is certain, and on human data, without claiming any prophetical insight, the day of their doom cannot be far off.

Decorations and other extraneous matters are already felt to be sore burdens. There is a loud cry against them, not so much on *the score of* their troublesomeness, and ill feeling created by them *in various* ways, and their uselessness, except as exhibitions of *decorative art*; but there is a grave misgiving gradually growing

that they stand in the way of true thankoffering. The Jewish offerings are our pattern in this respect also; the minimum was 1-60th of the field products, and this was not to be taken out of the tithe, or the corner left to the poor; and what a glorious law of liberty and equality; no bloated millionaires and discontented toiling millions, but the law of charity imposing a wise distribution amongst all, arising from a sense of gratitude to the Originator of all life and success. If this spirit of profound religious thankfulness were thoroughly impressed upon the nation by our Church, our beloved land would soon be filled with infirmaries and churches, to meet the double natured disease of our teeming bustling population. Their souls and bodies are to be healed, and our harvest home rejoicings seems to me to have shadowed out the means by which this glorious end is to be accomplished. This is their religious aspect. and if it only could be impressed through their means that some *precious* offering is due to God from all human life, the result would be of incalculable value.

During the last 60 years the annual gatherings of the various dissenting bodies in Wales have been a chief feature in their existence and the main source of their strength; they exercised power once and the people flocked by thousands to them, and no doubt were influenced for good. They retained their influence as long as they adhered to the simplicity of the Gospel, and the people brought their offerings according to their lights; and the result was that places of worship grew with the growth of the population in every dingle in Wales. But when people came from ostentation, and were not impelled by gospel motives; and when sermons were preached to tickle the ear and please the irreligious and uneducated, their meetings began to decline, and necessarily so; for both preacher and hearer had departed from the laws of religious and spiritual success. The great Annual Associations of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists which contain a literature and a history in themselves, and the *Cymanfaodd* of the Baptists, and the quarterly meetings of congregationalism are simply names; like the autumnal leaves, the dance of death, the life, the religion is gone—no more to return in the same form. People used to come from Cardiff and Holyhead, to the Calvinistic Sassignan at Llangeitho, in Cardiganshire, and remain there a whole week in religious exercises, pertaining to the awakened repenting consciousness, to describe which minutely is foreign to the scope of this paper, otherwise their religious significance is worth commenting upon; and there is every reason to expect that the Church Harvest rejoicings are taking their place in the shaping and development of the religious tendency of the day. The writer is old enough to remember great wooden structures called "stages," erected at a great cost and labour in the fields adjoining the chapels or villages, where the Sessian or Cymanfa was to be held, and from five to seven thousand people present, as the case may be; and the sermons of the most original and powerful description flowing forth in tremendous

cataracts from hearts warmed by the Pentecostal cloven flames of fire; and a kindred enthusiasm created in thousands of bruised hearts; and as a consequence, altars to the God of Jacob (as the phrase then was) springing up in innumerable families throughout the adjoining parishes in connexion with the denomination. But, alas! this is so no longer. No enthusiasm, no life—they drag on a kind of conventional withered, skeletonic existence. They excite no interest, and create no life. And the reason is not far to seek. They left the simplicity of the Gospel, and became political gatherings, with political ends. The religious spirit left them, and has taken its abode during the last five years, at least, in the Church Harvest gatherings. Now, let us learn this solemn lesson, from their failure; not to rely upon histrionic powers and decorative arts. That extremes meet, is as trite as the multiplication table, and that unreality, like murder, will out, under whatever disguise conceded, is as much a truism as that goodness is greatness; but how few pay attention to the why of the one or the other.

The theatrical performances on the Dissenting platforms—for you must bear in mind they are no longer pulpits—and the ritualistic exhibitions of modern mediævalism spring from the same source, and must terminate in the same disastrous failure. The populace will pay for performances rendered, and thus gratify their æsthetic feelings—and this they call religion; and are left to feel satisfied with their religious attainments; they rest in the outward, the objective, the human. High Church and Dissent, both appeal to the senses; one to the love of oratory, the other to the love of music.

But besides all this, there is another way of viewing these gatherings. They have a social and national significance. They might be turned to a great use to the Church and the clergy as means of explaining the causes of failure, and pointing out the true reformation lines. The isolation of the clergy is the weakness of the Church. Parochial work is done, but there is no concerted action, and this has thwarted, to a great extent, the onward progress of the Church in this country. These meetings should bring the clergy together, to understand each other, and to concert a common and definite plan of action. Ruridecanal and Archidiaconal meeetings have disastrously failed in this respect, owing to the too great stiffness of the ecclesiastical machinery. But the harvest rejoicings ought to be utilized by the clergy to understand one another, their powers, and the requirements of the situation, to stir up thought amongst the masses, and bring to the surface the varied talents and opportunities of the National Church. If the great central thought of *not* bringing offerings, which cost us nothing, to the Lord, be not overlooked in a multiplicity of minor displays, we see no reason why they should not be made subservient to other most important matters, such as *Church extension*, and the intellectual enlightenment of the members within its pale.

They may be made in the truest sense outlets for oratory, charity, and artistic displays, bringing together various talents and the multiform resources of the Church: the calm considerateness of one, the profound thoughtfulness of another, the highly cultivated oratory of a third, the sweet voice of the fourth, the stirring appeals, the logical acuteness, or the philosophical treatment of the fifth: they ought to be all, and are in fact to be found within the pale of the Church: the necessity is to get them all honestly dedicated at the foot of the Cross. Many a young man of surprising talent, who would have otherwise remained unknown, has been brought to notice at these festivals.

The great Dissenting gatherings are confessedly dying out, and the Church harvest meetings are taking their place, and have abundantly proved that the preaching talent of Wales is now in the Church, and not amongst the ranks of the Nonconformists. They have also shown that there is no hostility towards the Church in the minds of the Welsh people, as they easily snatch at every opportunity of listening to the utterances of her great preachers, wherever and whenever the chance is offered them. They have proved also that were the Church let alone by declamative agitators, and properly helped by those from whom help might have been naturally expected, and her resources carefully formed, she would in a short time reclaim her lost ground, and become the beloved Church of the whole nation. No reform or amelioration can now be effected, owing to the unreasoning and mad hostilities of those outside her pale. It is true there are dark spots here and there, as what Church or community has them not? And we are not of those who wish to hide or explain away; but what we say is, that there is nothing more effective to bring to the surface and at the same time suggest the remedy than the Harvest Gatherings. The clergy go from home, and see what is done in other parishes; interchange ideas, discuss their wants, bring out the weak points, probe the evils and suggest the modes of cure: and are roused to action by the example of others endeavouring to do good and elevate those committed to their charge.

With due liberty and respect for individual idiosyncrasies, predilections and friendship, there ought to be a definite scheme of teaching laid down for these meetings in every Archdeaconry; at at least in every county. The range for variety after all would be boundless. For example, let the first number of the autumnal series be fixed, and the main subject for the discourses suggested, and a definite end aimed at. And at that meeting let the next meeting be discussed, and another important subject for the discourses laid down; of course, the preachers and the subjects to be chosen at the discretion of the several ministers in whose churches the meetings are agreed to be held. I believe, in this way, church work would be carried on, church principles inculcated, her formularies explained, and her bulwarks defended in a much *more* efficient manner, than by the present loose purposeless

way these meetings are conducted in the majority of cases. It would conduce to more accurate thought amongst the clergy and more thorough handling of the various subjects introduced; if we lost somewhat in fire and rhetoric, it would be more than counterbalanced by the preparation necessitated and imposed on the clergy, the choirs, and the congregations.

So this subject may be approached on its ecclesiastical, moral, and social sides, as well as in its religious aspects. Many are the collateral uses to which the Harvest Gatherings are to be turned, but the paramount reason for their existence and development is their adaptability for fostering the spiritual life and enlightenment of the members of the National Church. J. J.

Observatory Cottage.

A FEW SUGGESTIONS ON—HOW BEST TO GATHER THE YOUNG INTO THE CHURCH, AND TO RETAIN THEM IN HER FELLOWSHIP.

THIS is a question that bears very directly on the truest welfare of the Church. If the young can be drawn to the Church, and be firmly wedded to it, its ulitmate success is sure, and its final ascendency as certain. This is an end to be desired, not simply nor chiefly on account of the Church; but pre-eminently on account of the nation. The Church in its doctrines and services, and sacraments, being such as it is, the highest welfare of the nation depends upon its prosperity. It may, I think, be safely stated that there is no other religious institution—no other Church that embodies so much Christian truth in its creeds and formularies as the Church of England does. Christian truth permeates every part of its beautiful Liturgy. It does not allow the Pulpit to be the only, nor the chief, exponent of doctrine. Indeed, were the voice of the Pulpit hushed into silence, the Church of England would continue to preach most effectively the holy truths of our religion in collects, and creeds, and confessions. In fact, in every office and service of the Church, Christian doctrine holds a very prominent place. Thus it is the chief repository of Divine Truth in the land, and *the* grand bulwark of the Christianity of the nation. We have at present arrived at a crisis in the history of our country—a *great revolution* in the religious thought of a considerable portion *of the nation is* taking place, and so far as we can judge, the

change is not in favour of the truth; but is rather destructive of it. Thus it is very important, how the children of England are taught, and how the youth of our country are directed in matters pertaining to religious faith and practice. There are some in our day, who are afraid to allow the "Word of God" to have free course—they would fain chain it fast in Churches and Conventicles and dwelling-places. So little faith have they in their views of the truth, and their manners of upholding it, that they must thrust the law of the land between the children of England and the Bible. Their cause must be a very bad one evidently, otherwise they would not be so apprehensive of danger to it. It must be *doubly* bad, since they fear that the *Bible* will prove prejudicial to it. God's own word can never hinder God's work. In this crisis of semi-belief, the Church of England holds firm to the ancient Apostolic faith—the Church holds to the Bible as a boon from Heaven—it holds to Christ and Christianity, amid all the fluctuations of human opinion.

Into this Church we would gather the young of our country. But how to do this?

We must begin where the Church itself begins. With Holy Baptism. We must exhort parents to bring their infants to Christ by means of the Holy Sacrament. In order to do this effectually, it would be necessary for the Clergy in their Sermons, to dwell upon the nature and importance of Holy Baptism, and not only in their public ministrations, but also in their pastoral visitations. Much may thus be done to remove old prejudices and erroneous views regarding the Sacrament. In securing the children, for baptism, much may be done by the lay members of the Church. It would be well to get some of the laity to take an interest in bringing the children of the Parish or District to Church to be dedicated to God by baptism. Where Guilds or Communicants' Associations are formed, some of the members of such Societies might be induced to visit certain districts, and in such visits to exhort and encourage parents to take their children to Church. In many cases, poor parents are hindered from taking their children to Church, because that their means will not allow them to dress their children in a decent manner. In every parish or district, there should be a fund for the purpose of either giving or lending a becoming dress to such indigent parents. This I am aware is being done in some, (if not in most) of our Town parishes; but in many other parishes where great poverty exists, such a thing is never thought of. It is a pity that poverty should be allowed to stand between the children of the poor and the privileges of the Church.

Having brought the children to Holy Baptism, now that the Day-schools are shut against the Clergymen, it would be well to try to induce parents to send their children to the Church Sunday-school. There under the care of judicious and enlightened teachers, they *may be instructed* in the truths of Christianity, and in the princi-

ples of the Church. The Sunday-school in connection with the Church, is becoming more important every day, a vast deal of good is being done in many parishes by means of it, and the future of the Church will depend to a very great extent, on the earnestness and efficiency shown in carrying on the work of the Sunday-school. In connection with the Sunday-school services for the children, may be held—say once a month, at which the children themselves shall sing, and a semi-catechetical sermon shall be delivered to them. A procession from the school-room to the Church, the school singing processionals on the way, may be the means of attracting others, and of creating a greater interest in the school generally.

In the Sunday-school too, as well as in his Parish-work, the Clergyman may mark out those who are of age to be confirmed, and then speak to them about becoming candidates. It would be a good thing to have the Confirmation-class held all the year round, and so at any time in the year, young persons may be drafted into the class, and thus be prepared for the holy rite.

It is frequently a cause of complaint, that but a comparatively small number of those who are confirmed, become communicants, and adhere firmly to the Church. After confirmation, they are not seen in Church even; but wander to some Chapel or other, or become totally thoughtless, and go no where. Holding the confirmation-class throughout the year, and inviting those who were already confirmed to attend the class, may be the means of keeping them together, and eventually of making them earnest and intelligent Churchmen. In addition to that kind of perpetual confirmation-class, it may answer a good purpose to invite the young of the congregation, and the young communicants to meet at stated times, when a practical address may be delivered to them, and an opportunity may be given them of conferring with the clergyman in a free and friendly manner on any point that may perplex them. Some may require guidance or encouragement in their religious life and such an opportunity may enable them to obtain the necessary guidance or help. Such meetings may also have another very desirable effect, that is, it may *tend* at least to bind the young together in Christian fellowship in mutual love. They would be made to feel that they had much in common one with the other, and so a strong sympathy may be created between them, as well as between the clergyman and themselves.

One suggestion more I would make. That is, the establishment of guilds or societies of a literary character. The members of such a society to meet once a week or fortnightly for discussion, for giving addresses, reading papers, and for occasional entertainments. In most cases the young like to have something to do, and if the clergy do not seek to interest them they are very likely to go astray and interest themselves in ways that would not be conducive *to their good* in any sense whatever. Experience has taught me *the fact that* the young will cluster around those who take an *interest in their* welfare, if we would bind the young to the Church *we must first* bind them to ourselves and through us to the *Church.*

THE ECCLESIASTICAL SIGNS OF THE TIMES—PILGRIMAGES.

OUR Nonconformist friends have recently been lecturing on this subject. There can be no doubt that the wild vagaries of an extreme section of ecclesiastics furnish an abundance of material for the purpose. There seems to be a fashion in fanaticism as well as in ladies bonnets, and ecclesiastical fashions are now passing from man millinery to pious pilgrimages. But it is not fair for Nonconformists to fix upon the whole Church of England practices which belong to a part of it. The Nonconformists claim to have some internal unity amongst themselves whilst they ontwardly form one hundred sects each contending for its own special points of ecclesiastical polity. The following proposals for a pilgrimage to the Holy Land are copied verbatim from the *Church Times*, November 21st, 1873. Such proposals will no doubt be rejected and condemned by a large proportion of Churchmen in England and Wales. Let the proposals be examined, as follows :—

PROPOSALS FOR A PILGRIMAGE TO THE HOLY LAND.

We have been requested to give publicity to the following :—

"It is proposed (if a sufficient number of men are found willing to join in what, at first sight may seem an arduous undertaking)—to organise a pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

The pilgrimage will have for its object :—Firstly—the honour and glory of God. Secondly—to offer prayer for the restoration of Catholic Truth in the hearts of all English speaking people. Thirdly—to pray for the restoration of unity to Christendom. Fourthly—to pray for the restoration of Catholic discipline and practice, in all churches in visible communion with the see of Canterbury. Fifthly—for the good of the souls of those who join in or aid the pilgrimage by their presence, prayers, alms, or assistance.

In order to ensure this being a pilgrimage and not a mere party of pleasure, it is suggested : That men who are willing to join should, for the time the pilgrimage lasts form themselves into a religious society, governed by certain officers, and bound to obey certain rules, presently to be drawn up by a committee appointed for that purpose. The following scheme is proposed as a basis on which the association may be founded.

I. The following officers shall be elected by those pilgrims who, on a certain day (hereafter to be decided) have notified their willingness to join the association.

1. A master, to be elected for the time the association lasts, by a majority of the members.
2. A council of three, to be elected at the same time as the master, but to be re-elected once a fortnight; any member of the council to be eligible for re-election.
3. A prior, to be appointed by the council, and to be re-appointed by them once a fortnight.
4. A secretary, who, acting under the master's orders, will negotiate all business matters with the contractor, and who may or may not be a pilgrim as may seem most convenient.

II. The pilgrims will be divided into small bands of ten or twelve each.

Each of these bands will once a week elect a warden out of their own number, through whom all orders will be issued, and all communications made with the master and prior.

The wardens to be eligible for re-election.

The council only to sit if an appeal is required from any decision of the master; the prior and master and wardens to have seats *ex officio*. So appeal will, in fact, lie from the master to the master in council.

A time table will be drawn up which all members of the association will be expected to observe; it will vary according to the amount of travelling to be accomplished. The 'Day Hours' to be said, and if anyhow possible there will be a daily celebration of the Holy Eucharist.

Any clergy who may join the association will be formed into a body by themselves, under the direction of a chaplain-general, who will be elected by themselves. They will be attached to the bands, if possible one to each band if there are enough of them, if not, one to every two or three bands, as the case may be.

The chaplain-general will take his orders from the master in all matters relating to discipline or the management of the pilgrimage, as far as they do not in any way interfere with the duties of his clerical position.

A committee of clergy will be requested to draw up such devotions as shall be used in addition to the 'Day Hours.'

III. All travelling to be third class (except on board ship) and food and lodging to be of as plain and simple a nature as possible, but good of its kind. No distinction will be made between rich and poor; indeed it would be very advisable if the pilgrims would take no private money with them, but would give over such money as they wish to spend to the contractor, who will be paymaster.

The bands to be decided either by the letter of the surname or or by lot, not by rank or station: indeed it will be very desirable that one or more bands should be formed in different places under a warden and chaplain of their own, and who would continue together during the Pilgrimage. Names of members will not be published, nor will the date of starting or route be made public, although pilgrims themselves will be informed privately as to how

the formation of the society is progressing. Notice will be given in the principal Church papers as to the monthly increase of the members of the association.

In order to avoid unnecessary public notoriety, no distinctive habits will be worn, but only a small badge. Of course, if any Church Guilds join the society in their capacity as corporate bodies, they will in this, as in other matters, be governed by their own bye-laws, which much be submitted for such alterations as may seem absolutely necessary to the master and council.

None but men being members of the Church of England, or of Churches in communion with her, are eligible to become members of this association; and the promoters of the association retain the right to ask for a letter of recommendation from each applicant from some clergyman who is known more or less to sympathise with the objects of the association. Of course this precaution will only be necessary in cases where there is reason to think the application is not *bonâ fidè*.

Every effort will be made to induce priests to accompany the pilgrimage, especially those who are experienced as givers of meditations, instructions, &c., &c. Persons willing to aid the pilgrimage are requested to give any sum of money, however small, towards the expenses of those, especially priests, who are unable to pay for themselves, and also to aid in the general purpose of the association. Persons are also asked to aid the society by their prayers.

The cost of each pilgrim will be from £25 to £35, according to the number who join. This will include all expenses of food, travelling, lodgings, &c., from London back to London. If sufficient numbers offer, a steamer will be chartered either from London, Marseilles, or Genoa to Jaffa. It is calculated that the time will be about five weeks, possibly less; but as soon as sufficient names are received a regular scheme will be drawn up and circulated among members and others.

It must be remembered that most likely the journey will involve considerable hardship and fatigue; and persons who feel unable to endure this, from ill-health or other causes, are advised not to join this association.

As to the time, nothing can be settled until after Easter; but the best season will be September, October, or November of next year; but persons who think they would like to join, or think they may be able to do so, will do well to enter into correspondence with "Promoter P.A.," 13, Grenville-street, Russel-square, W.C. Persons who wish to do this will kindly enclose three or four stamps for the preliminary expenses of postage, printing, &c., as the outlay necessary in order to commence operations will be by no means a small matter.

Those who join the association will be asked to subscribe (besides the expenses of travelling) a small sum towards the necessary expenses of printing, &c. It is not thought that more that ten shillings a head will be asked for.

If any members wish, they will be allowed to leave the association at the conclusion of the devotion at Jerusalem, or elsewhere on the way home; and the contractor will arrange with any number of members for a tour in the East, or to Egypt, on easy terms. A proportional portion of the origional money being returned.

If those who write to "Promoter" will mention to him what time of the year would be most convenient to them to be absent from home, it will aid much in a time being fixed which will suit the greater number of persons. It must be remembered that it will not do to leave England earlier than September, on account of the weather.

If a sufficient number of persons join, it may be found possible to organise two pilgrimages, starting at different times of the year.

Notice in the principal Church papers will be given, soon after Easter, if this scheme fails.

Looking at these proposals as a whole, there are internal evidences that the Promoter P. A., has had some experience in pilgrimages—but let us look at the object proposed, and the means suggested for compassing it. The object aimed at is the honour and glory of God, by means of prayer—but is it necessary for the purpose of offering that prayer to travel several thousands of miles, and to incur great expence? Assuming that 400 pilgrims travel to Jerusalem, and the cost to each of them is £30, it involves an outlay of £12,000, which is about one-seventieth part of all the contributions of the British Isles to Foreign Missions, including all the contributions to Church of England Missions, to joint societies of Churchmen and Nonconformists, to Nonconformist Societies and to Scotch and Irish Societies.

Now is there any just cause or impediment why these 400 persons could not pray as effectually in England as in Jerusalem, and give the £12,000 saved in travelling expenses to foreign missions? Should we be told that under the Christian dispensation there is the same necessity, as existed under the Jewish law, for coming up to Jerusalem at certain seasons? If it be so, then the conversation of the Saviour with the woman at the well of Samaria must be a fable, and all we are accustomed to hear about—not making long prayers at the corners of the streets, to be seen of men—but shutting our closet door and praying to our Father in secret—must be myths, and our next pilgrimage might just as well be proposed to Mecca as to Jerusalem.

L. LANGLEY.

WHAT IS THE PROBABLE DURATION OF THE COAL FIELDS OF GREAT BRITAIN?

THE answer to this interesting question must chiefly depend upon two things—first, the depth at which Coal can be worked, and secondly, the quantity raised annually.

Four thousand feet is generally considered to be the greatest depth at which Coal can be worked—but many eminent authorities believe that considerable quantities of Coal may be obtained below that depth; and after making due allowance for waste in working, and not reckoning seams under one foot in thickness, it is estimated that the British Coal Fields may produce 146,480 millions of tons of Coal.

As the annual consumption of Coal in this country has greatly increased during the past century, it may reasonably be expected that it will not remain stationary during the next century.

In 1660, the total consumption of Coal in the United Kingdom was about two and a quarter million tons; in 1750, it had increased to nearly five million tons; in 1800, the quantity exceeded ten million tons; in 1816, it had reached twenty million tons; in 1854, it was sixty-four million tons; and in 1872, it was one hundred and fifteen million tons.

We see then, how difficult it is to estimate how long our Coal fields will last, unless we can ascertain what our future consumption may be.

If our future out-put of Coal was not larger than it is at present, but continued at one hundred and fifteen million tons per annum, the British Coal Fields would continue that supply for 1273 years.

They would support a consumption of one hundred and forty-six million tons annually, for 1000 years; of one hundred and seventy five million tons for 837 years, and of two hundred and thirty million tons, or double our present out-put for 636 years.

Taking a geometrical diminishing progressive rate of consmuption founded upon census returns, and other facts, our Coal will last 360 years.

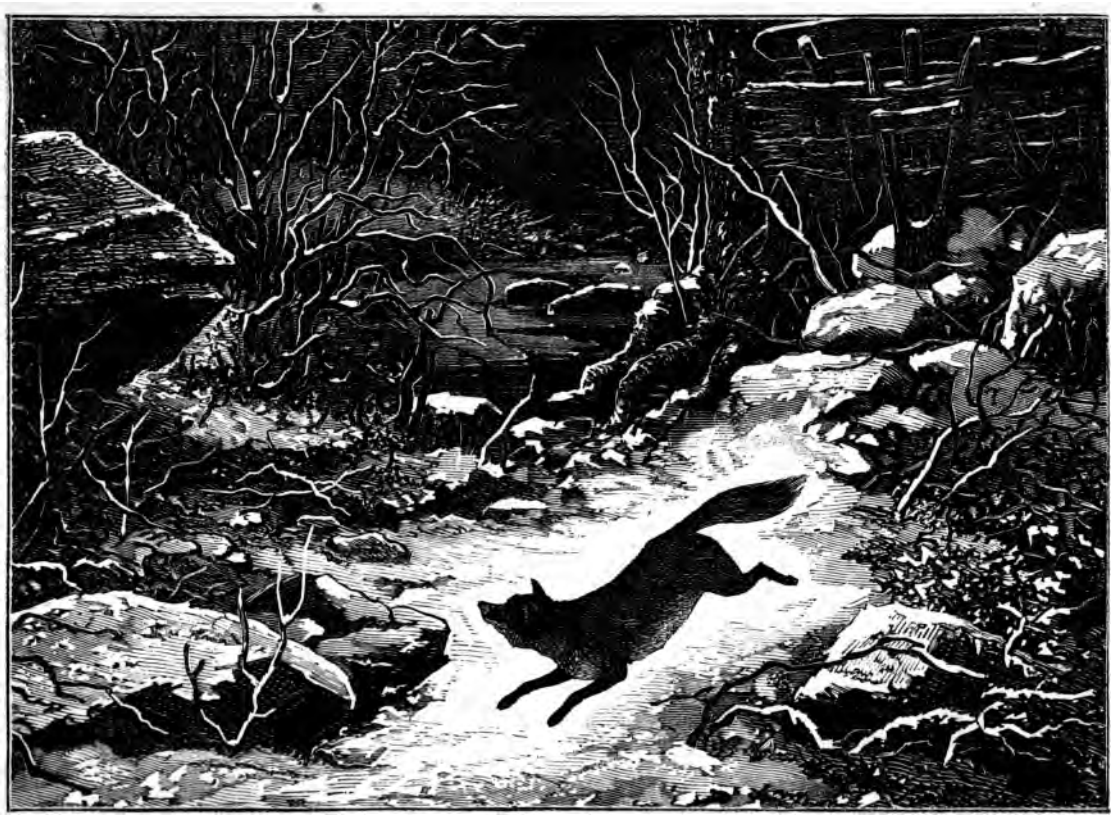
Using an arithmetical rate of progress, founded upon data—they will last 277 years; but taking the rate of consumption chosen by Mr. Jevons,—our Coal will last only 110 years.

THE PANOPLY OF PRAYER.

DR. HAMILTON narrates the following as symbolic of the effect of prayer. "Among the elegant forms of insect life, there is a little creature known to Naturalists, which can gather round it a sufficiency of atmospheric air—and so clothed upon, it descends into the bottom of the pool, and you may see the little diver moving about dry, and at his ease, protected by his crystal vesture, though the water all round and above be stagnant and bitter. Prayer is such a protector—a transparent vesture—the world sees it not, but a real defence, it keeps out the world. By means of it, the believer can gather so much of heavenly atmosphere around him, and with it descend into the putrid depths of this contaminating world, that for a season no evil will touch him; and he knows when to ascend for a new supply—Communion with God kept Daniel pure in Babylon."

NOTICE TO OUR READERS.

The 'Churchman in Wales' will not be continued in its present form after this month. It will probably be greatly enlarged and Published Quarterly, of which due notice will be given.



SEEKING A CHRISTMAS DINNER.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

ELCOME, Christmas, welcome here,
Happiest season of the year!
Fires are blazing thee to greet,
Families together meet;
Brothers, sisters, circle round,
Loud is laughter's joyous sound;
Let children's voices loudly ring,
Praising Christ, the children's King.

Welcome, Christmas, for thy voice
Calls upon us to rejoice;
Not with foolish, idle mirth,
Born and perishing on earth;
Far be the ungrateful thought!
Ours are blessings dearly bought;
Dearly bought, but freely given,
By the Lord of earth and heaven.

Fix we then on Christ our eye;
May we feel the Saviour nigh!
May we meet around the board,
All rejoicing in the Lord!
Be the Babe of Bethlehem near,
May His smiles the season cheer,
And each gladdened heart and tongue
Join the angels' Christmas song!

NO WORK, NO CHRISTMAS DINNER.

IT was a cold, drizzly evening, the 24th December, 1870, and Mrs. Brown and her son Charlie were sitting in front of the fire. Tea had been put away some time, and the teapot, which had been left upon the hob for father, was still in its place. Charlie at length broke silence.

"Why are you so dull to-night, mother?" he said.

"I can't help it," replied his mother, as a tear stole down her cheek; "I can't help thinking of those brighter days when father had plenty of work, and before Willie went to sea. I fear we shall have a sad Christmas, and a very poor dinner to-morrow."

Charlie drew closer to his mother's side, saying, "Don't cry, mother, who *knows what may* happen yet? father told me that Mr. Chant *had sent for him; perhaps* it is to tell him to come to work again."

"I wish it may be so," said Mrs. Brown, "but I don't think it possible."

At this moment the sound as of a man running was heard.

"That's father's step," said Mrs. Brown. "Open the door, Charlie, and show him a light."

Charlie had scarcely reached the door when Brown's voice was heard, and he entered the house, shaking off the snow.

"There, wife," said he; "we shall have a Christmas dinner, after all," and he began to untie a bundle.

Charlie held the light, while his father produced a fat goose, with some sage and onions, and three or four packages, which looked very much as if they had been done up at the grocer's.

"Wherever did you get those things?" said Mrs. Brown.

"Guess," said her husband, adding, "I thought we shouldn't have to go without a dinner on Christmas Day."

"How can I guess?" said his wife.

"Why, who's most like to care for the poor man, do you think?" replied Brown.

"I don't know, unless it's the Rector."

"You're right, wench," said Brown, "it was the Rector. He's been talking to the Squire about some of those who have been out of work through the bursting of the mill-dam; and the end of it is that Tom Wilkins and I had a goose apiece, and Norris and Williams each a piece of beef. But I say, wife, you'd better set Charlie to stone the plums while I go out and get some potatoes and greens."

No sooner said than done. Brown went off to the village shop, Charlie sat down to stone the raisins, while Mrs. Brown opened the various packages.

"I say, mother," Charlie broke in, as he tasted a piece of candied lemon peel which she had given him, "won't Tom and Jem be surprised? But," he added, "I can't help thinking of the kindness of Mr. Vernon. I heard him say last Sunday that our Lord's coming at Christmas ought to open our hearts and make us care for everybody."

Brown entered the cottage as his boy was talking, and, hearing him mention the Rector's name, he said, "Ay, God bless him! he's proved a true friend to more than one to-night. You remember how Norris and I fell out at Whitsuntide, and haven't spoken to each other since? Well, Mr. Vernon brought us face to face to-night, and he said, 'Now you two men,' says he, 'you both say you believe in the dear Lord, and that He came at Christmas-time to give peace on earth to men of good will. How can you expect to share His peace if you keep up *your quarrels*? Now shake hands, and let bye-gones be bye-gones.' *We both looked* very sheepish, I can tell you, and I was going to *put my hand in* my pocket; but I couldn't stand the look of his

eye, and so I said, 'Well, sir, if Norris'll shake hands, I will.' So we shook hands and made it up, and I can't tell you what a load it has taken off my mind."

* * * * * *

I haven't time to tell my young friends all about the plucking of the goose, or its stuffing, or the preparations for the roasting, nor how Willie, whose ship had reached Southampton on Christmas Eve, came in just before dinner-time. Perhaps the greatest treat was to see Brown carving the goose, splashing the gravy over the table, to the amusement of the boys and the terror of their mother. All this I should have liked them to see; and I should also have liked them to hear the hearty "Merry Christmas, Brown!" and the not less hearty "Same to you, Norris, and many of 'em!" as the two villagers met at the church gate on their way to celebrate, in God's own house, the birthday of the Prince of Peace.

You may depend upon it that Brown and Norris were much happier after they had made up their quarrel than while they were each feeling angry. What is true of grown-up people is equally true of boys or girls; and the peacemaker is always more blessed than the one who stirs up strife.

BO'SUN; OR, THE COAST-GUARD'S DOG.

(Continued from page 258.)

EN did as he was bid, and very soon the whole party left the boatside, each man with a brandy keg on his shoulder. I knew they must pass close to my hiding-place, so I shrunk down flat on my face, and held my breath for fear I should betray my whereabouts; but they seemed to have no suspicion of danger, and kept steadily on one arter another, as if this business they were about was perfectly just and lawful. First, I made out Long Jim's heavy tread as he came by my ambush, then another a few paces behind him, and so on, until I had counted all six of them. I waited a second or two, and then popped up my head like Jack-in-the box. They had reached the place where Humphrey had been stationed. 'Why, what are they stopping for? Oh dear, oh dear that silly chap can never have been and fallen asleep, surely! No; they're only shortening sail for a minute's rest; them kegs is heavy, I suppose. Now then, mates, trip anchor and get under weigh again. That's right, and we'll be ready to convoy you directly, *my jolly* merchantmen, as soon as ever you round the first *point on the Devil's* Ladder.'

"They were all at the foot of the cliff now; another minute's rest, and they were ascending. First of all, Long Jim's great carcase went round the corner of the zig-zag, and was 'lost to sight, to memory dear!' then came the others in order, and one by one disappeared, for the pathway up the face of the rock is cut through the projecting masses of it, so that there is a high wall like, towards the sea, and the road runs between that and the cliff; and it was this point that they had now gained.

"'Now's my time for action,' says I, as I jumped up and steamed along towards the Point, ready to burst the boiler. My shipmates were terribly tired of their berth, and uncommon glad when I came to relieve them. When I told 'em the right moment was come, and that our smugglers were nearly half-way up towards the party above, they slipped their moorings pretty sharp, and we were all round the corner and at the foot of the Devil's Ladder in no time. Having once gained this position, we had them nicely; they'd be sure to discover the party above them almost immediately, and then they'd turn round and make for the boats, and we should be just ready to receive them open-armed; in fact, what with the party above, and ourselves below, they were in a regular trap. And now, sir, as I've got 'em there, they'll keep for a minute or two, whilst I have a spell at resting, for yarn-spinning's dry work. Howsomever, there isn't any grog to be served out here, and I've finished my allowance; so, with your leave, I'll have a bit of 'baccy instead."

I was so interested in my companion's story, which he told in a comical manner impossible to describe, that stopping took me quite by surprise, and I must own did not altogether please me; but I knew it to be useless attempting to persuade him to proceed until he had indulged himself for a while, so I contented myself in the best way I could by following suit.

The same process of knocking his pipe clean and reloading was resorted to as before; I lit another havannah, and for some time we blew off steam in silence. Old Rogers seemed thoroughly to enjoy his pipe; he leaned back against the rock, closed his eyes, and emitted the smoke in great sudden jets from his mouth, more after the fashion of a Red Indian than of a civilized being. He finished, however, as suddenly as he began, and almost startled me a second time by bringing himself into the perpendicular with a sharp spasmodic jerk.

"All right again, sir," he exclaimed; "I'm victualled for another cruise. Let's see what latitude were we in? That's to say, where had I got to in my yarn?"

"Why, just where you and your party had come round the Point, and Long Jim and his men were in the trap," I answered.

"Haw! haw! haw: so 'twas, sir, so 'twas; and we hadn't a very *long time to* wait for their lordships either. The first they knew of

our presence was Paddy Callaghan standing right in front of 'em with his hat off, a-bowing and a-scraping like mad, and as purlite as possible, with the other men peering over his shoulder.

"'A foin night intirely, Misther Long Jim,' says Paddy; 'and how are ye afther laving yer frinds at home? Maybe ye'll allow me to help ye wid the keg? it seems moighty heavy, and we're as fresh as shamrocks, ivery mother's son av us.'

"'Betrayed!' roared Long Jim. 'Pitch the stuff over, boys, and away for the boat;' and down came the kegs on to the sharp rocks below, scattering far and wide their fiery contents.

"'Whoop! hooray;' screamed Paddy Callaghan; 'more power, boys! look out below, and be ready to recave the gintelmen.'

"Ready enough we were, and in another moment they were upon us with a rush, and a general struggle commenced. Our skipper, a kind-hearted man, though rough in the exterior, had ordered us to avoid all bloodshed, and only to use our arms in self-defence; so it was man to man and hand to hand, as it were. The smugglers well knew that their only chance was to reach the boat and put out to sea, and they fought hard to gain their object. Each one of us had enough to do to keep his opponent in tow, and though we were almost immediately reinforced by those from above, our adversaries seemed determined to resist to the utmost, and to struggle manfully for liberty.

"By some unfortunate chance I had to cope with the leader of the smugglers, the well-known Long Jim, as he was called, a man much superior to me in stature and bodily strength; and gradually but surely he forced me back through the *mêlée*, until ours became literally a single combat, for the light was insufficient to allow of my position being observed, even had there been a single one of my mates at liberty to assist me; but the truth was, we had expected little resistance when we had once hemmed them in; and their fierce onslaught had taken us by surprise, and every one's hands were full on his own account. I struggled with might and main, sir, but I felt that he was too much for me, and that I could only prevent his escape by clinging to him like a leech. But still nearer and nearer to the boat we drew, though I obstinately disputed every inch of ground, when suddenly I twisted my legs round his and we fell together, still grappling each other with the feelings of enraged animals. Again and again we struck blindly at each other in the uncertain light, as we rolled over and over on the beach, until scarcely ten yards separated us from the boat, whilst I could have screamed with mortification when I found that every second brought us nearer to it.

"Driven to extremities, I had several times attempted to use my cutlass; but we were at too close quarters, and instead of assisting, it only hampered me; so I was about to throw it away, when the ruffian

manage to come to your assistance just at the right moment? You left him locked up at home, you remember."

"Oh, I forgot that, so I did. Why, you see, sir, my girl Mary didn't know as my orders were to leave him at home, and he kept on making such a whining and scraping at the door that he kept her awake; and at last, not being able to bear his row any longer, she got up and let him out the back way, well knowing that he'd soon find me out—which he did, lucky for me."

"One more question, Rogers, and I'll bother you no more: tell me what became of your formidable opponent, Long Jim? I trust he met with his deserts."

"Why, yes, he was tried and found guilty; but, as there were no former convictions against him, he was not heavily punished. But that night was a lesson to him, sir, as well as to me; he's an altered being since then, and is working hard and earning an honest living as a boatman; him and me's very good friends now. I really believe he's a Christian man; and what's more, he's a'most as fond of the dog as I am, 'For didn't he save me from worse than death,' he says, 'notwithstanding I shall carry his mark to the grave?' Yes, Long Jim's doing well, sir; he lives close to me, and one day, if you'll condescend, you shall have a chat with him, for he's a right-down amusing chap."

"And now, Rogers," I exclaimed, "I promise never to ask you to sell your dog again, as I did last year, and I beg your pardon for doing so. Had I known how much you owe him, believe me, no such request had ever passed my lips."

"Thank ye, sir; thank ye kindly," he answered. "Yes, I do indeed owe him much, and I'm a different man since then, I humbly trust, and my life wasn't spared for nothing, I hope. I don't allow others, if I can help it, nor do I ever myself wantonly destroy or harm any of the creatures that God in His allwise purposes has made; and as for dogs, sir, why, every cur in the town knows old Jack Rogers. I'm always kind to them; for, says I to myself, 'Who knows but some poor fellow is as fond of that ugly chap as I am of my old Bo'sun?' Well, I suppose you're going to turn in now, sir?" as I buttoned up my coat preparatory to a start.

"Yes, it is getting rather late."

"Many thanks to you for so patiently listening to an old salt's yarn, and if ye've any fancy for another, one of these fine nights, I'll be only too glad to do my best to amuse yer honour."

With a hearty "Good night," and a shake of his honest hand, I turned towards home, my liking for the grateful old man still in the *ascendant*, and my respect, need I say, increased a hundred fold.

WISHING PAPA A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE MORNING

WHAT is the song the angels sing?
Sweetly sing,
Gladly sing—
What is the song the angels sing
On Christmas-day in the morning?
Oh "Peace on earth" the angels sing—
Sweetly sing,
Gladly sing—
Oh! "Peace on earth" the angels sing
On Christmas-day in the morning.

What is the blessing the angels bring?
Gladly bring,
Truly bring—
What is the blessing the angels bring
On Christmas-day in the morning?

"Good will to men" the angels bring—
Gladly bring,
Truly bring—
"Good will to men" the angels bring
On Christmas-day in the morning.

Then tell me why should children sing,
Sweetly sing,
Gladly sing?
Oh, tell me why should children sing
On Christmas-day in the morning?

In Bethlehem's town was born a King—
The children's King,
The Saviour King;
Oh! unto us was born a King
On Christmas-day in the morning.

Then children, men, and angels sing—
Sweetly sing,
Gladly sing;
Glory to Him whom love did bring
On Christmas-day in the morning.

YOUR PULSE.—My child, feel your pulse. If it stops, you die. God keeps it *in motion*. Put your finger there every morning before you *pray*. *Think* how God has kept it going.

A PLAIN CHRISTMAS SERMON.

"Unto us a Child is born."—ISAIAH ix. 6.

IT has been the custom of the world, almost from the beginning, to keep the birthdays of its celebrated characters,—its Kings and Queens, Warriors and Statesmen—with great rejoicing. But as the generation which knew them dies out, so, generally, does their memory. There are a few, and but very few, whose names are had in remembrance for 300 or 400, or it may be for even 500 years; but any *celebration* of the day is rarely kept more frequently than once in a century.

Yet there is ONE birth-day which has been observed with extraordinary rejoicing and festivity throughout the whole Christian world for more than 1800 years. That day we shall celebrate when we keep the Feast of Christmas.

The word "Christmas" means "the Feast of Christ." In France it is known by the name of "Noël," meaning "Good News." In some parts of Spain it is called "Eguberi," that is, "New Day;"—"Old things are passed away; behold, all things are become *new*."

May we join heartily in that song which then began at Bethlehem, and which has been echoed from Christmas to Christmas till now, and will be echoed so long as the world shall last—"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men!"

When Adam and Eve fell from their original state of innocence, God cursed the serpent, and said, "I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel."

And to Abraham, God had promised that "in *his seed* should all the nations of the earth be blessed." And later on, Jacob on his death-bed, speaking in prophecy, told his sons that "the sceptre shall not depart from Judah till Shiloh come."

And ever since then, mankind—especially the Jews—had been looking for some great deliverer, who should, in course of time, appear for the rescue of fallen man.

The patriarchs, the prophets, and all the holy men of old, looked for redemption, spoke of it, and foretold it. Isaiah prophesied, "Behold, a virgin shall conceive, and bare a son, and shall call His name Immanuel." And again, "For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given; and the government shall be upon His shoulder; and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace."

And Micah also, "But thou, Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be *little among the* thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall HE come

forth unto me that is to be Ruler in Israel; whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting."

The Jews misunderstood these prophecies. They looked for a temporal sovereign, who should restore their kingdom to its ancient power and splendour; and their women desired marriage, each hoping that she might be the one chosen to be the mother of the Saviour.

After long expectation, the time at length arrived when the serpent's head was to be bruised; and the promise made to Abraham, and so earnestly looked for by the Jews, was to be fulfilled, though not in the way they desired.

It was at this time that Augustus, the Roman Emperor, in the pride of his heart, ordered the people to be numbered, and put forth a decree that all the world should be taxed. "And all went to be taxed, every one into his own city. And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem (because he was of the house and lineage of David), to be taxed with Mary, his espoused wife. And so it was that, while they were there, she brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for him in the inn."

And who was this poor Babe that was thus brought into the world? His parents were poor—very poor—His foster father only a carpenter. No doubt, had they been *rich*, room *would* have been found for them in the inn; but the master of the house saw nothing in them to induce him to incommode either his guests or himself.

Yet this then was He of whom Isaiah in our text prophesied; this was He who was to save His people from their sins. Well might the angels sing, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men!"

"Hail, thou ever blessed morn!
Hail, Redemption's happy dawn!
Sing through all Jerusalem,
Christ is born in Bethlehem."

And yet, with the exception of the shepherds, to whom the angels announced the glad tidings, and who "came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the Babe lying in a manger," the Jews were perfectly indifferent as to who was thus born. Their eyes were blinded; they knew not, they would not see, that this was the promised Messiah. They looked for crowns and diadems, and, instead, here were swaddling clothes and a manger. "He was in the world, and the world was made by Him, and the world knew Him not; He came unto His own, and His own received Him not."

Let us see that we be not like them, but let each and all of us go in spirit to the God-Man, who thus "came down from heaven for us men, and for our salvation."

He took upon Him our nature—our flesh—and with it all its infirmi-

ties, its pains, and sufferings, not only as a part of the work He came to do—to redeem mankind,—but, also, that we might look upon Him as a Brother "born for adversity," as a Friend to whom we may go in all our troubles.

See Him lying, a helpless Babe, in the manger, among rude men and rough beasts, with straw for His bed, and nothing but swaddling cloths—that is, linen bands—to protect His tender form from the cold winter blasts, which found their way through the chinks in the walls and roof of that rude stable.

> "O may we keep and ponder in our mind
> God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind;
> Trace we the Babe, who hath retrieved our loss,
> From the poor manger to the bitter cross."

How our hearts should burn within us when we think of the great love wherewith He hath loved us! For He voluntarily chose to come on earth in this way. He might, if it had so pleased Him, have been born of rich parents; but no! He willed to come into the world in as humble a way as He could,—to "dwell among us," and to toil for His daily bread at the lowly occupation of a carpenter—thereby sanctifying poverty, and setting an example of HUMILITY to us,—an example which men at this present time would do well to bear in mind and to follow, instead of being filled with the covetous desire of becoming rich and thinking themselves of so much consequence, ever ready to resent anything which they fancy a grievance, or which in any way lessens their importance.

Dear reader, are you one of these? If so, you cannot enter fully into the spirit of Christmas; you have not learnt that great lesson of humility which is one of the special teachings of this holy festival.

Perhaps you are poor. Then think of HIM who, "though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich." Turn to Him in all your trials. He is ever ready to hear you, and—if it be for your good—to help and relieve you in your necessities.

He has said, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross *daily*, and follow me." See, then, in *your poverty your cross*, which, if borne patiently, and for love of Him, will make you like unto Him.

Or, are you well-to-do in this world's goods? If so, lift up your hearts in thankfulness to Him, the Giver; and out of your abundance help those who are not so blessed. We read in Holy Scripture that, "Whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth his compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?"

When at Christmas you are making merry with your friends and families, round the cheerful hearth, do not forget the poor, who are *without those* comforts,—many, indeed, without a home.

But there are many—both poor and rich—who take advantage of this holy season to indulge in feasting and merry-making, without ever thinking of Him who was "born as at this time." And there are some who, while they profess belief in Him, ridicule the practice of others in keeping holy the days which the Church has set apart in honour of her Divine Lord,—whether it be Christmas or Good Friday, Easter or Ascension-tide. Yet they are ever ready to take advantage of the holidays which accompany those holy seasons, forgetting that but for the practice of the Church, there would be no holidays to keep. To be consistent, these men should pursue their business as at other times. To them Christmas is no more a time of rejoicing than midsummer.

Dear reader, see that you be not like them. See that you give not yourself up to the rioting of the unbelieving.

"Through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins." When Adam fell, he brought upon us not only the taint of original sin, but also those temptations to commit *actual* sin which all have experienced, and, alas! to which all have, to a more or less degree, yielded. It was to expiate our sins that Jesus left the glory of His Father's kingdom to take our flesh upon Him, and after living a life of privation and persecution, to suffer the death of the cross. He "came into the world to save sinners." He paid the debt of our sins upon Calvary, and satisfied the justice of God in His own person, that we might be free.

Do not, then, dear reader, be ungrateful; for surely this is not a day to be profaned by idle mirth, or spent in revelry and dissipation. In keeping Christ's feast, do not forget the "good news" He came to proclaim; and if you have not been living "a godly, righteous, and sober life," let the thought of His suffering infancy melt your heart with sorrow for having been the cause of those sufferings. Do not put off repentance; do not delay, but begin at once; turn to Him this Christmas; next year it may be too late. Oh, let us love Him, who hath so freely and wondrously loved us!

Perhaps you will ask, "Is it wrong, then, to be merry? Are we to be sad and gloomy?" Oh, no! Far from it. God would have all His chosen people joyful. We do not wish to stop your mirth, but only to turn it into the right course. We may well rejoice and be glad on this happy day—not with the rejoicing and merriment of the world, in gluttony and drunkenness—but with hearts raised to Him, let us first of all go to church, decorated as it will be with the prickly holly—fit emblem of the sharp and thorny road He was to tread—and there thank Him for His great love in taking our flesh upon Him. "O go your way into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His courts with praise; be *thankful* unto Him, and speak good of His name."

manage to come to your assistance just at the right moment? You left him locked up at home, you remember."

"Oh, I forgot that, as I did. Why, you see, sir, my girl Mary ... knew as my orders were to leave him at home, and he kept up ... whining and scraping at the door that he kept me ... awake, and at last, not being able to bear his row any longer, she ... opened the door the back way, well knowing that he'd soon ... after me. Which he did, lucky for me."

"Now, no more preamble, Rogers, and I'll bother you no more: tell me ... name of your formidable opponent. Long Jim? I trust he ..."

"Why, you ... and found guilty: but, as there were no ... against him, he was not heavily punished. But that ... him, sir, as well as to me: he's an altered being ... working hard and earning an honest living as a ... very good friends now. I really believe he's ... and what's more, he's a'most as fond of the dog ... me from worse than death,' he says, ... my mark to the grave?' Yes, Long ... lives close to me, and one day, if you'll ... have a chat with him, for he's a right-down ..."

The lieutenant smiled, "I promise never to ask you ... question, and I did hush your, and I beg your pardon for ... that I know how much you owe him, believe me, no ... ever shall escape my lips."

"Thank you kindly," he answered. "Yes, I ... and I'm a different man since then, I hardly ... spared for nothing, I hope. I don't ... have myself wantonly destroy or harm any ... has made; and as for ... on the town knows old Jack Rogers. I'm ... myself, 'Who knows but some ... am of my old Bo'sun!' ... now, sir?" as I buttoned up ...

... evening to an old salt's yarn, ... nights, I'll be ... honour."

... his honest hand, I ... old man still in the ... watered field.

WISHING PAPA A MERRY CHR

DECEMBER.

PHASES OF THE MOON.

4—Full Moon ..	4h. 20m. a.m.	20—New Moon ..	6h. 29m. p.m.
12—Last Quarter ..	9h. 54m. p.m.	27—First Quarter ..	4h. 3m. p.m.

The Lessons are taken from the New Table.

1	M	Light strokes fell great oaks. James iii. 5.
2	T	All truths are not to be told. John xv. 12.
3	W	What can't be cured must be endured. 1 Cor. xiii. 7.
4	Th	Forgiveness is sweet revenge. Rom. xii. 20.
5	F	Gain honestly, spend honourably. Eph. iv. 28.
6	S	A moment of time is a moment of mercy. Ps. xxxix. 4.
7	☽	2nd Sun. in Adv. Lessons { Morn.: Isa. v. John i. Even.: Isa. xi. to 11., or Isa. xxiv. John xvi. to 16.
8	M	Every light has its shadow. Eccles. xi. 9.
9	Tu	As the tree falls, so shall it lie. Matt. vii. 19.
10	W	Hope and strive is the way to thrive. Heb. vi. 19.
11	Th	An act is better than a word. Luke x. 34, 35.
12	F	He who goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing. Matt. xviii. 28.
13	S	More haste, less speed. Prov. xi. 24.
14	☽	3rd Sun. in Adv. Lessons { Morn.: Isa. xxv. 2 John. Even.: Isa. xxvi. or Isa. xxviii. 5 to 19. John xx. to 19.
15	M	Ill weeds grow apace. 1 Kings xvi. 31—33.
16	T	Where God is nothing is wanting. 1 Tim. vi. 6.
17	W	Do well, and have well. Matt. vii. 17—19.
18	Th	An honest mind is a noble possession. Luke viii. 15.
19	F	A good name is better than a golden girdle. Prov. xxii. 1.
20	S	Poor timber makes a poor house. 1 Cor. iii.
21	☽	4th Sun. in Adv. Lessons { Morn: Isa. xxx. to 27, or Job xlii. to 7. John xx. 19 to 24. [xiv. to 8. Even: Isa. xxxii. or xxxiii. 2 to 23. John
22	M	Who dares not deserves not. Joshua xv. 16.
23	T	Live content with thy lot. Phil. iv. 11.
24	W	Fear God and nothing else. Eccles. xii. 13.
25	Th	Christmas Day. Lessons { Morn: Isa. ix. to 8. Luke ii. to 15, Even: Isa. vii. 10 to 17. Titus iii. 4 to 9.
26	F	'Tis good to be merry and wise. Phil. iii. 1.
27	S	Second thoughts are best. Matt. xxi. 29.
28	☽	1st Sun. af. Xmas. Lessons { Morn.: Isa. xxxv. Rev. xvi. Even.: Isa. xxxviii. or Isa. xl. Rev. xviii.
29	M	A good tongue is a good weapon. Eccles. xii. 10, 11.
30	T	Charity begins at home. 1 Tim. v. 4—8.
31	W	Never meet sorrow half way. Matt. vi. 34.

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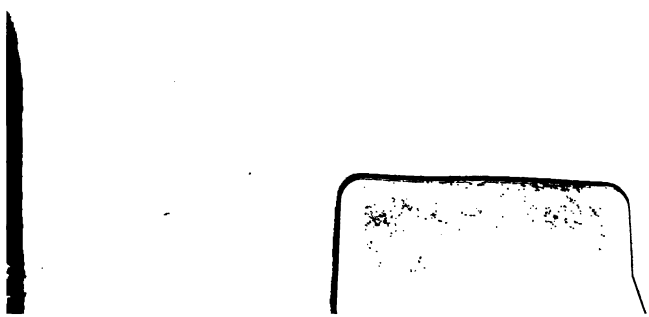
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